

# THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1824.

## CONTENTS.

<b>The Lion's Head.</b>		<i>Specimens of Sonnets from the most eminent Poets of Italy.</i>	
		Torquato Tasso.....	55, 56
		Claudio Tolomei .....	57
<b>LILIAN OF THE VALE, with Ballads</b>	5	<b>REVIEW:—Godwin's History of the Commonwealth</b> .....	57
<b>SCHILLER'S LIFE AND WRITINGS. Part III.</b>		<b>FACETIÆ BIBLIOGRAPHICÆ, or the OLD ENGLISH JESTERS. No. VII.</b>	
From his Settlement at Jena to his Death (1790—1805).....	16	Peele .....	61
<b>NOTES from the Pocket-Book of a late OPIUM-EATER. No. V.</b>		<b>MORE GHOST-PLAYING: Banquo's Spirit brought to Book</b> .....	65
Superficial Knowledge .....	25	<b>REVIEW:—Redgauntlet, by the Author of Waverley</b> .....	69
Manuscript of Melmoth .....	28	<i>Stanzas</i> .....	78
Scriptural Allusion Explained ..	28	<b>ON THE MADNESS OF LEAR. By Mr. WM. FARREN.</b> .....	79
<b>ON ENGLISH VERSIFICATION. No. VI.—By the Public-Orator of Oxford</b> .....	29	<b>REPORT of MUSIC</b> .....	84
<i>Sonnet on Time</i> .....	35	<b>THE DRAMA:—Drury-Lane; Mr. Munden. Covent-Garden; Charles the Second or the Merry Monarch, My Own Man, &amp;c. The Haymarket Theatre</b> .....	89
<i>The Cuckoo; a Scottish Song. By Allan Cunningham</i> .....	36	<b>PODAGRÆ ENCOMION, or Praise of the Gout</b> .....	91
<b>REVIEW:—Captain Cochrane's Pedestrian Journey through Russia and Siberia</b> .....	36	<b>Sketch of Foreign Literature</b> .....	95
<i>John A'Schaffelaar. Translated from the Dutch of Tollens</i> .....	42	<b>VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, Agriculture, Commerce</b> .....	100
<b>FOREST LEGENDS. No. I.</b>		<b>Literary Intelligence, and List of Books published</b> .....	109, 110
The Archer of Ulvescroft .....	44	<b>Ecclesiastical Preferments</b> .....	111
<i>The Last Day of Summer</i> .....	52	<b>Births, Marriages, and Deaths.</b> ..	111, 112
<b>A PLEA FOR FEMALE GENIUS</b> ....	53		
<i>Sonnet. By John Clare</i> .....	55		

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## THE LION'S HEAD.

THERE are many communications sent us from time to time, which our limits prevent us inserting when and where their authors would wish to see them. We have asked leave of our Lion this month to publish a few of these articles under the sign of his head, and he, with a kind of grumbling graciousness, has awarded us his permission accordingly.

The champions of the female sex are rising *en masse* against X. Y. Z.; SURREY breaks a spear with him a few pages onwards, and our correspondent H. N. T. S. appears quite as ambitious, under a somewhat less aspiring name, to try his strength with the aforesaid ungallant knight.

### To the Editor.

SIR,—I am no advocate for the doctrine occasionally advanced, which affirms the original equality of the sexes in intellectual power; on the contrary, I think it as false in fact, as it is dangerous in tendency, yet I cannot help feeling that your gifted correspondent, X. Y. Z. has, in the consciousness of his own sexual and individual superiority, treated the ladies with but little justice, and with still less gallantry. So much is this the case, indeed, that utterly unknown to me as he is, I would almost venture to assert, that his judgment has been warped, or his feelings embittered, by his having been, at some period or other, unfortunately placed in contact with female ignorance, or with female pedantry. The one would tend to produce a belief in the incapacity of women:—the other, to create a wish that that incapacity were universal.

While, however, I am cordially disposed to concede the point of equality between the sexes, I am obliged in candour to admit, that the question has never been fairly tried; nor, while the occupations of women, both natural and artificial, differ so essentially from those of men, as the welfare of society requires that they should, can we ever do more than “take the high *priori* road” in our reasonings upon the subject. To very few women have the gates of knowledge been thrown open by other hands than their own; and for none has been, or could be, obtained an exemption from those peculiar circumstances, moral and physical, which must exercise so powerful an influence in the formation of their literary character; and which, even under the most advantageous system of education, will ever contribute to affix the impress of inferiority upon the exertions of female intellect.

I cannot, however, agree in the inference drawn by your correspondent, that because women have not succeeded in producing works of imagination of the highest class, they are therefore incapable of comprehending and of relishing such works. If X. Y. Z.—the profound political economist,—has ever, in the versatility of his talents, deigned to trifle with the muse, he probably does not entertain the opinion, that his poetry is equal to Lord Byron's; yet would he not justly question the rectitude of the decision which should, for that reason only, pronounce him incompetent to feel and to estimate the higher bard? “Where,” he exultingly asks, “where is *Mrs.* Shakspeare?” Does he forget, that in the opinion of all orthodox Englishmen, we might in vain inquire of a neighbouring nation, “where is *Monsieur* Shakspeare?” There is something almost of a trading spirit in the criterion of *quantity* adopted by X. Y. Z. in judging of the value of female productions. Are there no *gems* in literature, as well as masses of gold? Gray never wrote an epic, nor even a poem of any length; yet are his odes therefore the less invaluable? Until the appearance of Lallah Rookh, Moore lived in our memories and on our lips, only as the writer of the most beautiful short poems ever composed:—to the Grecian bard, whom he has made our own, belonged the same character in his day:—and Pindar—the masculine, the sublime, the magnificent Pindar—might with dismay behold his claims adjusted by the balance or the yard.

I apprehend that X. Y. Z. has not rendered adequate (it is certainly reluctant) justice to the value of Signora Agnesi's contributions to mathematical science; but, with the recollection present of even one successful female adventurer in that region of profound abstraction, how could he proceed to assert, that the abstractions of poetry are “utterly inapprehensible” by a woman's mind? Has *Madame de Staël*, too, that great redeemer of her sex, lived and written in vain for X. Y. Z.? Has the power of her spirit never passed thrillingly over his own? Has the radiance of her surpassing glory never lighted up the secret places of his heart? If he reply in the negative, we must be constrained to admit, that there are some, for whom the charmer charmeth wisely to very little purpose.

I have, however, no design to enter into a defence of the sex, and still less to controvert X. Y. Z.'s general position; but, differing from him only with regard to some particulars, I must at the same time venture to express my regret, that in his mode of treating his fair adversaries, he has exhibited less of suavity than of strength. He brandishes the club of mental superiority in the style of an intellectual North American; and woe to the literary squaw, who should presume to await its dire descent. Away, Ladies, to your strong-holds and your hiding-places;—to your store-closets and your nurseries:—there, you may possibly be allowed to compass, in peace and credit, the composition of a lullaby for your children, or “an excellent new ballad” for your maids. But beware how you put forth your noses beyond these sanctuaries:—beware,—for the Mohawk is abroad.

H. N. T. S.

Our poets will leave nothing untouched. Even “Sleep, gentle Sleep,” the most inoffensive of all the deities, cannot escape their visitation.

## AN ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

Oh! gentle Sleep!  
Leave not thy lover now,  
But thy fair tresses steep  
Where Lethe's streamlets flow,  
And lave my burning brow!

Oh! faithless maid!  
To fly when grief appears,  
And the languid frame is laid  
On a couch bedew'd with tears!

Alas! in happier hours,  
When Peace, thy bridal-maid,  
Wooded thee to the secret shade,  
Where a gorgeous screen was twined,  
O'er a couch of summer-flowers—  
Thou wert not so unkind!

Farewell thou faithless maid!  
Yet not a long farewell,  
For swiftly speeds the coming night,  
When Death, with unresisted might,  
Shall bring thee to the silent cell,  
Where a broken heart is laid!

D. L. R—n.

Some doubts have agitated Lion's Head respecting the Essay or Story which Q. somewhat querulously asks after. It may perhaps be inserted in the next Number, but no positive opinion can be given till our Lord Chancellor has made up his mind.

The Reverend Gentleman who has sent us a Letter concerning the Destruction of Lord Byron's Memoirs has much misconceived the true state of the case, if we are rightly informed; but as our information is chiefly derived from the public papers, it may be incorrect. Certain statements, however, have appeared, professing to bear the authority of Mr. Moore, which completely set aside the view taken by our Correspondent. We have good reason to suppose that another version, distinct from any that has yet appeared, may some day be communicated to the public, which will afford us a proper opportunity of speaking our sentiments on the subject.

The family of poor Bloomfield the poet are in great distress, and a subscription has been set on foot for their relief—Among our numerous correspondents we are sure there are many, to whose benevolence this intimation will be a sufficient appeal.

Paul Jefferies,—Amicus,—On the Heart of Lord Byron,—The Minute Gun,—Translation of a Spanish Song,—The Traveller,—are amongst our unsuccessful communications.



THE

# London Magazine.

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## LILIAN OF THE VALE.

HAVING partially recovered from a nervous distemper, brought on by a severe course of academical studies, I determined to withdraw for the summer months into the country, where my constitution, naturally weak, might be invigorated, and my mind be diverted from preying on my body, by the novelty and variety of such amusements as woods, and rivers, and mountains, and valleys, afford. Both inclination and necessity (for I was not affluent) induced me to seek a place of retirement at once humble and private, where my expenditure would be inconsiderable, and my actions might escape from that ceremonious restraint, which the forms of society impose upon its members. I had travelled for some time in search of such an abode, but with little success; when one evening as I was returning, quite chagrined, to the village where I had lain the night before, my eyes were attracted to a narrow sheepwalk, which deviated nearly at right angles from the high road, by something which I thought resembled an ornament of dress lying in the middle of the path. Upon taking it up, I found it to be a pale blue ribband, simply folded in the form of a star-knot, and held together by a silken thread of the same colour. This was some proof at least, that a habitation was not far distant, and I immediately determined to attempt discovering it; for,

JULY, 1824.

beside the desire of returning the trifle to its owner, I was strongly tinged with that theory which appropriates much of our future destiny to such accidental occurrences, and I firmly believed that this path-way and no other would lead me to the object in search of which I had set out; especially as the aforesaid ribband did not lie near the road I was pursuing, but a considerable distance from it on the byepath, thereby obviously pointing out to me the way I should choose.

The path I speak of sunk down between two hills, descending much below the level of the high road, and at length opening into a green platform which overlooked a still deeper declivity. I shall never forget the enchanting prospect which offered itself to my view, as I stood in the green recess, formed by the two banks, which rose from the platform, and concealed both it and the steep-down valley it overhung, from the passengers on the high road. I seemed as if suspended in middle air, for the purpose of surveying the hollow woodland beneath me to the greatest advantage; for the precipitous descent of the mountain, on whose side I was placed, prevented me from seeing that there was any thing under my feet but the surface of the platform itself. The valley was of considerable extent, and terminated either way in a dark glen;

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it was perfectly verdant, except where its green mantle was relieved by the deeper tints of several masses of foliage with which the lawns were interspersed, by a few glistening rocks, or by the bright surface of a stream which ran at the bottom, forming innumerable cascades and waterfalls, which gave an uncommon sweetness and purity to the air. At one end of the valley appeared a small cottage scarcely indeed apparent, from the number of trees which surrounded it, and open only in front towards the river, on whose opposite side it lay. A few wreaths of thin blue smoke curling above it, showed it to be inhabited. Here then (said I), shall my labours at length cease, if all the wealth I am master of can purchase a corner in such a paradise. Looking about to see how I should descend from my present altitude to this Eden, a little goat made its appearance on the edge of the precipice, just where it was met by the bank forming the side of the recess where I stood, and gazing full at me for some time, disappeared. I approached the place where it had vanished, and found that the former pathway still wound by the foot of the bank wall, and continued in a slanting direction down the side of the precipice, till it ended at the ford which lay across the river, and led up to the cottage door. With some difficulty and considerable danger I doubled this promontory, and descended cautiously, my four-footed guide running on before me, and stopping at intervals to see if I followed. Surely (said I), still theorizing as I followed my active conductor to the bottom, my fate lies this way; here have I a second regulator of my path; there must be something in these governing accidents. I found the river much wider and more rapid than I expected; a large tree, supported at each end on massive stones, lay across the deepest part of the stream, where there were no rocks to serve as steps. Over this my nimble vaunt-courier trotted, and in a few moments led me to the threshold of the cottage, which it entered unceremoniously. As my figure darkened the door, a matron, who sat within, raised her eyes from the book which lay upon her knee, and somewhat astonished,

I suppose, at the suddenness of my appearance, waited without speaking till I had explained myself. Having apologized for my intrusion, and related the circumstances which occasioned it, I briefly mentioned the object in search of which I was travelling. The matron civilly replied, that her cottage, from its smallness, was ill adapted to my purposes, but that if I was satisfied with such an humble residence, if I thought my health would be improved by the situation, I was welcome to a part of her house; that she only regretted her inability to provide me with a suitable apartment.

I agreed with the good woman on her own terms, and finding myself fatigued by my journey, I soon retired to my chamber. It was a small room, neatly but simply furnished; a little bed lay in one corner, a woman's dressing-stand, and a couple of old-fashioned chairs, with an oaken table, nearly completed the inventory. A few books, chiefly moral and religious, stood upon a shelf near the window; one of these I opened, and found the word *Lilian*, written in a delicate character, on the title-page. Without waiting to make any further observations, I went to bed and fell asleep immediately.

When the soul is entranced in slumber, and we are as if divided between life and death, there are sounds often heard in such moments, which seem to partake of another and a superior world; sounds of that wild and visionary description to which, waking, we can find no parallel. With such celestial music in my ears I awoke in the morning, but the sounds seemed to die away as I returned to the consciousness of earthly existence. While I was regretting that my dream was not reality, and before the echoes of its ideal symphony had ceased to vibrate in my brain, methought I heard the same notes distinctly repeated by a voice, human indeed, but more exquisitely sweet than ever I had heard on earth before. The imperfect sensations of sleep had given it its spirituality, but waking perception left it all its wildness and melody. The words, struck apparently by a silver tongue, penetrated to my brain, while lost in breathless transport my vision seemed to return. Again it sung:—

Vale of the Waterfalls!  
 Glen of the River!  
 Where the white torrents roll  
 Fast and for ever!

Wild sings the mountain-lark,  
 Bird of the air!  
 And down in the valley  
 There's music as rare.

Sweet blow the mountain-bells,  
 High o'er the dale,  
 Waking the little bells  
 Down in the vale.

Fresh breathes the morning-wind,  
 Bright looks the day,—  
 Up to the heather-hills!  
 Lilian, away!

Raising myself on one elbow to catch these delicious sounds, and looking through the lattice which commanded a view of the ford, and the opposite side of the valley, I saw a light female figure glide swiftly over the sylvan bridge, and with the speed of wind fly up the pathway which I had descended yester-evening. I arose instantly, and going to the window beheld her, accompanied by the little goat, rapidly ascending the precipice. When she had gained the platform, she turned towards the sun, which rose on the other side of the vale, and after a few moments, apparently given to contemplation of its splendour, disappeared between the banks which formed the verdant recess.

Though the morning was not far advanced, I felt too much interested, by the song I had heard, and the form I had seen, to think of returning to bed. I hastily dressed myself, and taking up one of the books which lay near me, fixed my eyes on the written characters which I had observed the night before. I know not how long I remained in this state of abstraction, when the shadow of the good woman of the house, passing over the book, awakened me from my reverie. In a few minutes she re-passed my window, and proceeded to the other end of the cottage, where a thick copsewood reaching from it to the river, shut out the view of the mountains behind. A green plat, fresh and dewy, lay in front of the cottage, and sloping down to the river, mingled its short herbage with the sedgy borders of the channel; a rustic bench, shadowed by the overhanging copse, formed a kind of bow-

er in which the matron now sat, looking anxiously towards the path which led down from the hills. As she sat there, I had a good opportunity of observing her appearance. It was that of one who had seen better days, who had felt misfortunes keenly but not impatiently; melancholy predominated in her countenance, but resignation strove hard for the superiority; sickness more than age had robbed her of youth's graces; but though the rose had faded on her cheek, the lily still remained in all its former delicacy. Turning towards my window, her eye caught mine, and I instantly went forth to salute her. She inquired kindly for my health, hoped a few days would restore it, and told me that her daughter had gone to pull some herbs which she thought would be of use to me, and would soon return. I asked, if it was her daughter whom I had heard that morning singing so exquisitely. "Yes (said she), my Lilian is more like a bird of the air, than a thing of the earth; in joy she sings of her happiness; in woe she sings away her sadness; when in neither, like the birds she sings for very thoughtlessness." "And if I may judge (said I) by the rapidity with which she ascended yon precipice,—she must have their wings too, as well as their song." The matron smiled. "Lilian (said she) has lived here for fourteen years, from infancy to girlhood; and these mountains are grown so familiar to her, that she might tread them blindfold. In truth, sir, she is a wild one; when her duty to me does not require her presence, she spends her time wandering



through the recesses of this valley and the surrounding hills; she goes singing her little roundelays over the whole wilderness, and there is scarcely a rock, a cave, or a precipice, which has not echoed to her song." "Forgive me (said I), if I ask whether you are a native of this valley; your conversation would lead me to think not." "Alas, sir! (replied the matron,) I saw many years of sorrow before I came to this solitude. My husband was an officer of distinction in the army—but, hush! (said she, putting her finger to her lips,) Lilian is coming;—and I think it but fair to keep the canker from the bud, let the old tree decay as it will," added she, forcing a smile as her daughter approached.

At the end of the harbour where I sat, the foliage was sufficiently thick to conceal me, yet not so dense as to prevent my seeing what might pass without; receiving a significant smile from the widow, I withdrew myself farther into the shade, just as the girl had reached the foot of the bridge. When she came to the middle where the water was deepest, she stopped, and clasping her hands, while she drew them to her neck with that natural grace which belongs to the period of extreme youthfulness, at the same time bending her aerial form into the attitude of one supplicating inwardly, she looked at her mother with an intensity of expression, which denoted more heartfelt feelings than words could possibly convey. This beautiful apparition seemed to have but just escaped the age of childhood; or rather, extreme innocence had prolonged that portion of her life beyond its due period; her figure was small, but exquisitely proportioned, as was evident from her delicate arms bare almost to the

shoulder, and her tiny feet and ankles which the mountain dress she wore was not calculated to conceal. Her hair was of a glossy fairness, and her complexion of that fine bloom which arises from health and purity of blood. Considerably heightened by exercise, the glow of her cheek was only surpassed by the bright redness of her mouth, which seemed indeed the very bed of sweetness. Eyes, with which we are inclined to imagine angels, heavenly blue and liquid from the overflowing of a tender and sensitive heart. A simple white wrapper of very thin muslin, showing off the harmony and gracefulness of her figure to the greatest advantage, and more like a mist than a garment, shrouded this little goddess; and as the foam of the cataract curled to her foot, or burst in a thousand frothy shapes around her, she stood like the Naiad of the River, which thundered in unruly joy at receiving her amongst its billows.

In this attitude she advanced, brightening as she approached her mother, and mincing her steps with girlish sportiveness, till she came within a few paces of the bower; then unclasping her hands and spreading her arms, as if to embrace her anxious parent, like a spirit at play, she began a kind of fantastic dance; and as her nimble fairy feet twinkled on the green turf, and her thin garb floated on her shoulders like wings, I thought the veritable Ariel swam before my sight. Fondly tantalizing her delighted mother, who sat with outstretched arms to receive her, while tears of joy trickled from her eyes, the playful girl still continued, without actually touching, to hover round her, accompanying her fantastic movements with a little song of the wildest sweetest cadency.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!  
Where the meadow dew is sweet,  
And I'm coming! and I'm coming!  
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!  
O'er red rose and lily fair,  
And I'm coming! and I'm coming!  
With their blossoms in my hair.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!  
Where the honeysuckle creeps,  
And I'm coming! and I'm coming!  
With its kisses on my lips.



Here the fairy threw herself into her mother's breast, and was covered with kisses, as fervently repaid.

The favourite goat, which had been her companion, now presented itself at the entrance of the bower, having a little basket of light osier suspended from one of its horns, and containing a profusion of flowers which its mistress had gathered in her excursions. In rising from her mother's lap to relieve her companion from its charge, my figure met her view. A blush, at the recollection that she had been seen by a stranger, overspread her whole face, bosom, and even her arms, with the deepest crimson. When the good woman presented her to me as her daughter, with her cheek half averted, she made me a simple curtsey, and retired almost like a child behind her mother. In a little time we went to breakfast in the arbour, and the business of the scene was a relief to her embarrassment, but she remained in total silence, whilst at every turn of my head the blood mantled involuntarily to her cheek and bosom. In this secluded valley, where perhaps no one of my sex above the grade of a peasant had ever appeared, and from which society was naturally excluded, neither her bashfulness nor her reserve surprised me, especially when I considered her extreme youth; but that such a beautiful creation could exist upon earth, without drawing the world to adore it as the symbol of heavenly perfection, was to me totally inexplicable.

Sensations which I never had experienced before, sensations under which my entire frame trembled with an agitation at once excessive and pleasurable, now took possession of my soul; I seemed to have plunged into a new world, a world of superior purity, where the softness of the air, and the brightness of the verdure, had exalted my feelings to a height of enthusiasm and intense sensitiveness, which we attribute to the inhabitants of our visionary vales of eternal blessedness. Shut in from the common occurrences of life which might destroy the illusion, placed amid scenery so romantic, so melancholy, so lovely, it was no wonder if to one of my fervid imagination, his nature should seem to be exalted by the place, rather than the beauty of the scene to be exaggerated by his en-

thusiastic disposition. I forgot the actual world,—forgot that I was in it, and gave myself wholly up to the dreams of fancy. The sylvan Goddess, or spirit of this place, had now become familiar, and as she hovered around my path, pointing out the freshest spots where I might recline while she sung me into slumber, and showing me the various flowery treasures of her enchanted garden, I thought of Eden, of Elysium, of Paradise, fancied I had already by some forgotten means been transported to one of these delightful abodes, and her own angelic airy form confirmed the delusion. In fact, this singular girl had a character of mind and frame which was quite preternatural; she was a perfect, I had almost said real, Wood-nymph; her form, her actions, her thoughts, were those that belong to such a being. She seemed to have imbibed the very spirit of germination which pervaded the wild productions of her native valley; the tenderness and diminutive symmetry of its herbage, had imparted a like delicacy and grace to her form; the purity and fineness of its elements had infused themselves into her blood; the wildness of its imagery, its sublimity, and its beauty, had assimilated the disposition of her mind to themselves. She was something between earthly and celestial; she had the form of a mortal, but the habits of a spirit.

For the first two or three days which I spent in the Vale of the Waterfalls (as it was called), Lilian was distant and reserved, but when a little habituated to my presence, with the freedom which we see in childhood when fear has subsided, she became affectionate and familiar, nor was there ever in her manners that coyness which generally distinguishes maidenhood; she seemed to be totally unconscious that it was necessary, and gave herself to my society as she would to that of a brother.

I became her inseparable companion. She would lead me through the devious paths of the wilderness, and bring me to the several grottos and fountains, and fresh rolling streams, with which this solitude abounded; she would guide my steps over little hillocks blooming with the loveliest flowers, and glades of the sweetest verdure; then having em-

bosomed me among these inextricable recesses, disappear like a wraith in some dell or hollow, and start up again when I least expected her. One day as I sat alone under the shade of a rock, I felt something rustle softly in my bosom, and looking round perceived the girl skipping down from the rock, with the ribband which had first seduced me to this valley in her hand, and laughing

gaily as she waved it round her head. She had silently mounted the rock behind me, and snatched the ribband from my breast, where I had preserved it. I attempted to recover it, but she escaped me like a shadow before I had run a dozen paces. In a short time she re-appeared, and coming up to me, threw a little knot of blue flowers into my bosom, singing—

Sweet blue-bells we,  
Mid flowers of the lea  
The likest in hue to heaven,  
Our bonnets so blue  
Are tinged with the dew  
That drops from the sky at Even.

Our bloom more sweet  
'Than dark violet,  
Or tulip's purple stain,  
At every return  
Of the dew-breathing morn,  
Grows brighter and brighter again!

A very remarkable circumstance attending my acquaintance with this creature was, that, except on the above occasion, I never knew what it was to feel her touch; and even here, the sensation was more that of a breeze rustling in my bosom, than of a mortal hand. Though perfectly familiar and unsuspecting, whenever I approached within the possibility of touching her, she seemed to flit from me by imperceptible degrees, so that I could not at this moment assert, except from the evidence of sight and reasoning, that she was actually corporeal. Indeed all her habits and actions partook of another nature. She spoke little; expressing herself mostly by gestures or inarticulate modulations of voice. When she did utter words, they were breathed in a kind of recitative or cadence, or, as was most generally the case, her sentiments were conveyed in the form of a song. I have given a few specimens of these; and although simplicity is their principal attribute, when aided by her angelic voice and expressive gestures, they were the wildest and sweetest imaginable. In fact she had a natural turn for poetry; education had nothing to do with it; both her poetry and the music with which she accompanied it, were irregular and inartificial, like the song of a bird, the murmur of a brook, or the sigh of a tree—more the involuntary emanations than the premeditated combina-

tions of sounds. Such of her songs as I can recall to memory—for as she sung from momentary impulse it was extremely difficult to find her repeating the same words except on similar occasions—such of these as I could collect on the instant will appear in order, whilst I endeavour to give some notion of this extraordinary girl, with whom the happiest, if not the most rational moments of my life were spent.

Her mother has often told me that she did not know how Lilian subsisted. She would never sit down to a regular meal, but would sometimes take a morsel of bread with her when she purposed a distant excursion, and even this would be found strewed on some pathway for the birds who might happen to light there. She was impatient of confinement; and often when her mother had seen her to bed, on going into her room an hour after, it would be found empty, and Lilian escaped unseen to wander by moonlight in the valley. This happened frequently during my residence there; and once being excited by curiosity, I went out in search of her and found her in the bottom of a dell—drinking dew out of the cups of flowers. “Lilian,” said I, “why have we lost you?” “My sisters! my sisters!” answered she impatiently. “What sisters?” “Look! look!” said she, pointing to some fantastic shapes into which the spray of the distant cataract were formed by the reflection of



the moon. "I see nothing but the river foam dancing in the moonbeams." "These," she replied, "these are my sisters,—the only sisters Lilian ever knew; Listen! do they not speak to each other?" "Come, you are too romantic, Lilian; the water as it falls murmurs indistinctly, and at this distance misleads you." "Nearer then!" said the girl, "I must hear what they say." And before I could interpose, she rushed to the brow of the cata-

ract and disappeared. Uttering a cry of terror I followed, and just as I had reached the spot where she vanished, her mother came to tell me that Lilian had returned to the cottage. I retired to my chamber, lost in astonishment at this singular occurrence. In the morning, when her mother expostulated with Lilian about the imprudence of wandering in the night air, she replied in a roundelay.

The wren hath her nest at the root of a tree,  
And the tufted moss is the couch of the bee,  
Where rain nor cold hath power to harm her;  
The bed of the eagle is built in the sky,  
And the bittern in rushes doth nightly lie;  
Then why should Lilian's bed be warmer?

Her senses were incontestably more acute than belongs to the nature of mortality. She would often stop in the midst of our conversation, to listen, as she said,—to the wind walking over the flowers; and accordingly in a little time I would perceive the breeze to swell into a transient gust as it passed by the place where we stood. Whether in some instances her romantic imagination might not have suggested ideal murmurs I will not decide, but her de-

licate perceptions of sound were mostly verified by fact. I remember sitting with her one sunny day on the river bank in a sequestered part of the vale, when, after a fit of contemplative silence, upon my addressing myself to break it, she raised her head, and motioning me to be still, began in a low tremulous voice, scarcely distinguishable from the mixed murmur which rises from the breast of the woodland in summer time, a kind of irregular chaunt—

Hear! hear!  
How the vale-bells tinkle all around  
As the sweet wind shakes them—hear!  
What a wild and sylvan sound!  
Hear! hear!  
How the soft waves talk beneath the bank,  
And rush sighs to willow—hear!  
Most reeds sigh to willow dank!  
Hear! hear!  
How the blue fly hizzes in the air  
With his voice in his tiny wings—hear!  
He sings at his flowery fare!  
Hear! hear!  
How the wood-bird murmurs in the dark,  
And the distant cuckoo chimes—hear!  
From the sun-cloud trills the lark!

She could discriminate accurately between the scents of flowers of the same species, so as to name them blindfold. Her sight was so fine that she would detect the minnows lying on the bed of a stream, in the darkest weather, when to me they were indistinguishable from the slimy pebbles of the bottom; on putting down a straw to the place she pointed out, they flitted. Her other senses were equally discriminative.

But in what she chiefly resembled

our notions of a spirit, was the lightness, grace, and peculiar swiftness of her motion. Something between flying and dancing. Her movements were so rapid that sometimes it required no great stretch of superstition to believe that she actually vanished into the air. The wild and restless life she led, wandering over hill, dell, rock, and precipice, had given an elasticity to her foot, which made her seem to tread on air; whilst the slightness of



her limbs, formed on the most delicate model of beauty and grace, appeared by the tremulous instability which they gave to her frame, to indicate a necessity for perpetual and ever-varying motion. I had often dreamed of Attendant Spirits, Sylphs, Houris, Semi-deities, and imagined beings partaking of a double nature, the spiritual and corporeal, beings of an intermediate class, whose outlines and figures were human, but whose form was insubstantial; whose actions, habits, and thoughts were not preternatural, nor supernatural wholly, but such as human actions, habits, and thoughts, would be when refined by some celestial alchemy which would clear them of their grossness without divesting them of their specific essence: with such visionary beings had my waking dreams been peopled, but never until now were these conceptions apparently realized. This creature adequately represented my preconceived notion of an intermediate being.

The surface of the Vale of the Waterfalls was not uniform, but was broken into numberless hillocks and dells in miniature, interspersed with the several varieties of rock, cleft, grove, glade, and declivity. Amid these romantic solitudes was Lilian ever straying; every singular or characteristic point of the Vale, was to her in place of a companion; hillocks, rocks, shrubs, and flowers, the people of the wilderness, were to her in place of society. I have frequently wandered for the whole day in search of her, and perhaps found her at length in a shady nook singing to the wild flowers, or on a sunny bank dancing round a knot of cowslips, or hovering on the brink of the torrent chaunting her mystic verses to its monotonous numbers. Sometimes I have accompanied her from the cottage door, while she rambled like a wild bee from bank to dell, and from shrub to flower, conversing with her by snatches, but never finding it possible to confine her either to one subject or one place. The character of her thoughts was wildness mingled with deep tenderness and melancholy; but she was at times gay and playful. A high strain of sublimity would often convert the sylph into a sybil, when the changes in the face of nature gave a gloomy colour to

her mind; for her wildness, melancholy, gaiety, and sublimity of imagination, were nothing but the transcripts of those passions which seem to animate the system of natural things. A wild rock or a solitary cave attracted her notice, she grew romantic or melancholy: a sunny flower or a darkly-waving pine caught her eye, she became gay or gloomy accordingly. But as the predominating features of the solitude even in its most charming dress were melancholy and wildness, so the general characteristics of her thoughts were sadness and romance.

We sat one evening on the river side, just at the foot of the principal cataract, where the waves plunging from on high down into a rocky basin, shook the very bank we sat on by their fall, and drowning each other in the pool, raised a continual din and echo by their struggles and tumultuous contentions. The wind had swept in frequent gusts through the vale during the latter part of the day, but as night approached the old trees began to groan with a heavier blast, and the wild birds flew with fearful screams to the groves; the small flowers closed up their breasts rapidly, and committed themselves to the storm, whilst the river seemed to foam and swell under the chafing wing of the tempest. In a few minutes the rack began; thunder broke in tremendous peals over our heads, leaves flew in eddies through the air, the shrill reed whistled, and the swinging pine moaned loudly in the night wind, whilst the caves and narrow passages between rocks swelled the terrific chorus by their hollow voices. Shuddering, I turned to Lilian. She had risen, and was hanging over the brink of the whirlpool, muttering something which, by its wildness and incoherence, resembled an incantation. Her delicate white arms were crossed upon her bosom, her long hair flew over her shoulders on the wind, and her little cheek grew pale as she uttered her mystic numbers to the roar of the torrent. "Lilian," said I, "come away, the night grows terrific." She answered not, but elevating her voice till it nearly reached a scream, and mingled with the noise of the waves like the cry of one drowning, she chaunted a wild rhapsody, her eye almost lighted to frenzy, and her cheek whitening every moment—

The woods are sighing !  
 And the wild birds crying !  
 And loud and sorely the wild waters weep !  
 Dark pines are groaning !  
 And night winds are moaning !  
 And muttering thunder rumbles hoarse and deep !

Ghastly, frantic, and appalling, she broke into a yet wilder measure :

Come, Sisters, come, come !  
 Bring the storm, and bring the rain,  
 Let the raving winds loose upon the swelling billows  
 Down, Spirits, down, down !  
 Shake the oak, and split the rock,  
 Scream amid the dashing waves, and shriek among the willows !

Her voice ended in a wild shriek, and she disappeared. I had no courage to follow up this adventure. Her character seemed to change here ; enthusiasm degenerated into frenzy, and gentleness gave way to more than sybilline extravagance of voice and gesture. I returned to the cottage, and as I did not wish to be questioned by the woman concerning her daughter, I retired immediately to my chamber.

There was something of a foreboding nature in this last incident. The morning after, I received a post letter from the neighbouring town whither the widow had gone for provisions, acquainting me that my father was on his death-bed, and requiring my immediate attendance to receive his last blessing. This was imperative ; and though I had neither seen nor heard of Lilian since the preceding night, after having taken a hasty leave of her mother, I set off immediately to the village where I might procure some mode of conveyance to my father's residence. The direct path from the Vale of the Waterfalls to the village lay through one of the glens or dingles in which the valley terminated. The sides of the mountains which formed this defile were so precipitous that they almost met overhead, and they were moreover clothed with a dark mantle of hanging fir, which increased the gloom and horror of the place. At the very bottom lay the path, and as I looked up the sides of this dreary profound, which seemed the very realization of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, my fancy grew bewildered ; though waking, I seemed to walk in a dream, and a thousand dim and terrible phantoms appeared to rise from the brambles under my feet, and darken still more the obscu-

rity which encompassed me. The incidents of last night returned forcibly to my mind ; there was something mysterious, unreal, and preternatural in every thing connected with that Vale, and this was a fit place for executing the final catastrophe. As I passed on, at intervals some horrid thing would brush by me, and a wet flaccid wing like that of a monstrous bat would flap me in the face ; sometimes a phantom would come and whisper busily in my ear, yet I heard nothing ; and I saw many hideous shapes, who by their distortions were apparently in the acts of screaming, laughing, and making other abominable noises, yet the air was as silent as death. All of a sudden, this subterranean passage of horror and darkness opened into the bright fields of day ; I was reinvigorated ; but the recollection of the dreary glen, the vale, Lilian and her preternatural disappearance, still remained. Pondering on these subjects, and endeavouring to account for them in some probable manner, I proceeded through the open valley into which the sides of the glen had widened, and passing by a tuft of green bushes, I thought I heard from within them, some one weeping like a deserted child. I immediately opened them, and to my astonishment found Lilian sitting on the green plat in the midst with her head in her lap, lamenting piteously, and drowned in a flood of tears. She rose and spread her arms to receive me. I flew to her embrace, but when I thought to have caught her to my bosom, she was still at the same distance from me as before. "Lilian," said I, "why do you avoid me? I am going." "I know it," she replied, "and I came to take my last farewell." "Not the last, not the last, dear girl! (said I, forgetting yesterday's adventure) if



heaven will spare us for each other : when I have paid the duties which I owe to my father, I will return to love and Lilian." "Lilian," said she, faintly smiling, "Lilian will then be no more!" As I stood, unable from the impressiveness of her manner to make any answer, whether it was imagination, or that the echo in this place was extraordinarily powerful, I heard her last words repeated several times up the mountains, and "No more! no more! no more!" at length died away in hollow sighs among the rocks of the valley. Per-

ceiving me silent, she said, "Come, I will delay you no longer; depart to your home! On that glade," (pointing to a sloping bank at some distance,) "we separate for ever!" We proceeded in silence. When we had reached the spot, she stopped; and turning to me, her innocent bosom filled with tears, and her blue eyes dropping crystal, she pointed towards the vale which lay behind us, and in a voice scarcely audible with sorrow, "Listen," said she, "to the Rover's Farewell"—

Farewell the groves, and farewell the bowers!  
Ye rocks, ye mountains, and ye streams, farewell!  
Farewell the bloom and sweet breath of flowers!  
Farewell for ever-more! a long farewell!

Farewell, O Vale of fast falling water!  
Ye banks, ye bushes, and ye glades, farewell!  
Farewell, lone parent of one wayward daughter!  
Farewell for ever,—a long, long farewell!

And farewell, Lilian! . . .

Here she was interrupted by a loud laugh uttered over my shoulder. I turned to see from whom it came, but no one appeared. On turning again towards Lilian, she was gone. Immoveable with astonishment, I stood for some time stupified, but recovering my senses, I called several times, "Lilian, Lilian! dear Lilian, answer me!" She appeared a long way off at the entrance of the valley, with her hands covering her face, and walking slowly towards her home. I now recollected my father, and considering that it would be useless to pursue this adventure any farther at present, summoning up my courage, I proceeded onwards to the village. I had scarcely walked twenty paces, when, to my utter surprise, this apparition stood before me again in the midst of the path, but when I approached, quitted it and appeared on the top of some rock or prominence at a distance, where her small figure whitening in the sun would seem to kiss its hand to me as I passed. In this way, she continued to accompany me, till the signs of population began to appear. She had gradually kept behind me as I approached the high road, and when I at length reached it, on looking round I perceived her standing on a high rock at some distance, the sunbeams glistening in her eyes which were filled with tears, whilst she kissed her hand re-

peatedly, till she faded entirely from my view.

When I reached my father's house, I found him partially recovered. I accompanied him to Italy, where he had been ordered by his physicians.—too late however for his preservation; he died within a few miles of Turin. My attention to him on his death-bed was necessarily unremitting; and this, combined with my own previous delicate state of health, occasioned a relapse of my nervous disorder. With some difficulty I recovered so much of my health as to think of returning to my native country, to which the desire of revisiting the Vale of the Waterfalls, and investigating its mysteries completely, was no small inducement. The unceasing attendance which my father's illness required upon my part, added to the novelty of scene and society, had prevented me from dwelling intensely on the extraordinary incidents which I so lately experienced; but my thoughts now reverted naturally to them, as well from my innate tendency to the romantic, as from the singularity of the facts themselves, and the influence of my late illness and my father's death, in rendering such melancholy recollections attractive. The cottage where my father died was situated on the borders of a lake in the bosom of a deep valley among the Piedmontese hills, and I



was sitting, about the close of the evening, in the room that had been his, ruminating successively on him and on Lilian. The window where I sat looked out on the lake which lay in calm unruffled stillness before me, and the blue mountains towards the west were just sinking into that mellow haze which characterises the softness of an Italian evening; the lattice was open, and I leaned forward to catch the summer breeze as it gently moved the tendrils of a jessamine which crept to the roof of the cottage. A rustic bench outside rose nearly to the level of the window;—Lilian came and sat down on it. I started at the sight, but looking steadfastly on the figure, I saw it melt gradually into air. In a little time it appeared standing on the bright surface of the lake, but disappeared in the same manner as before. Then on a rock at some distance, and again vanished. I had no doubt but this was a shadow raised by my own imagination, pursuing the same train of ideas intensely. Indeed the figure I now saw was very different from the original in the Vale of the Waterfalls. The form was evidently insubstantial; the figure, though preserving its characteristic outlines, was emaciated and stiff; the bloom had totally faded from its cheek and lip, and was replaced by the wan sickliness of death; the eyes were glazed and motionless. "Lilian is dead," said I. Whilst I journeyed home, the figure occasionally appeared, but at each time more faintly than before, till it disappeared entirely.

Upon reaching England, the Vale of the Waterfalls was my first object. I quickly sought out the village near to which it lay, and pursuing my former steps, soon found myself in the midst of the valley. It was beautiful as ever, but methought appeared to wear less the air of enchantment than when I had left it. I turned to the cottage; it was in ruins. The bower was overgrown with nettles and tall weeds; the smooth plat had shot up into long rank grass that waved heavily in the breeze, and emitted a close suffocating odour. As I stood ruminating on these changes, my heart swelling with the melancholy conviction that Lilian was indeed no more, a peasant appeared on the hills, carrying a mattock and other instruments. Up-

on his approach I made inquiries concerning the widow and her daughter. He replied, that the person who had lived in the cottage was dead some months, that she never had any daughter to his knowledge, but lived quite alone; that the only person he had ever heard of in the valley, beside her, was a young man who came there for the recovery of his health, but he remained for a short time only; that the cottage now belonged to himself, and he was about repairing it for his own family. This account, to me, appeared very singular. I went to the entrance of the dreary glen, where I had experienced such horrors. The mountains seemed to have opened overhead, and the place was comparatively lightsome. I passed through it safely, and came to the circle of green bushes where I had found Lilian weeping. A rude stone cross stood in the midst. It was apparently of very great age, yet I never had observed it before. These things were still more extraordinary. On returning to the village, the inhabitants gave me the same account as the peasant had, and when I spoke of Lilian they seemed not to understand me. Many of them recognised me, yet I could gain no father satisfaction. They also called the vale by a different name.

I have frequently revisited this valley, but never could obtain any intelligence concerning the extraordinary being whom it was my fortune alone to have met there. An impenetrable veil seemed to have been drawn over her history, and I am at length compelled to give up all attempts at investigating it. That she was mortal and had actual existence, the evidence of my senses, and my disbelief in the theory of spirits visiting this world, induce me to assert; yet it is totally unaccountable how such a being could exist, and but the whole world, with one exception, remain ignorant of it. I have never been able to come to any conclusion upon this point; sometimes, indeed, I am inclined to think that this vision of Lilian of the Vale was a mere creation of my own brain, naturally very imaginative, and at the period of this adventure, disturbed and overheated by the fever which accompanies a nervous disease such as mine.

## SCHILLER'S LIFE AND WRITINGS,

## PART III.

FROM HIS SETTLEMENT AT JENA TO HIS DEATH (1790—1805.)

THE duties of his new office naturally called upon Schiller to devote himself with double zeal to history; a subject, which from choice he had already entered on with so much eagerness. In the study of it, we have seen above how his strongest faculties and tastes were exercised and gratified; and new opportunities were now combined with new motives for persisting in his efforts. Concerning the plan or the success of his academical prelections, we have scarcely any notice: in his class, it is said, he used most frequently to speak extempore; and his delivery was not distinguished by fluency or grace,—a circumstance to be imputed to the agitation of a public appearance, for as Woltmann assures us, “the beauty, the eloquence, ease and true instructiveness with which he could continuously express himself in private, were acknowledged and admired by all his friends.” His matter, we suppose, would make amends for these deficiencies of manner: to judge from his introductory lecture, preserved in his works, with the title, *What is Universal History, and with what views should it be studied*, there perhaps has never been in Europe another course of history sketched out on principles so magnificent and philosophical. But college exercises were far from being his ultimate object; nor did he rest satisfied with mere visions of perfection: the compass of the outline he had traced, for a proper historian, was scarcely greater than the assiduity with which he strove to fill it up. His letters breathe a spirit not only of diligence but of ardour; he seems intent with all his strength upon this fresh pursuit; and delighted with the vast prospects of untouched and attractive speculation, which were opening around him on every side. He professed himself to be exceedingly “contented with his business:” his ideas on the nature of it were acquiring both extension and distinctness; and every moment of his leisure was employed in reducing them

to practice. He was now busied with the *History of the Thirty Years' War*.

This work, which appeared in 1791, is considered by the German critics as his chief performance in this department of literature: the *Revolt of the Netherlands*, the only one which could have vied with it, never was completed; otherwise, in our opinion, it might have been superior. Either of the two would have sufficed to secure for Schiller a distinguished rank among historians, of the class denominated philosophical; though even both together, they afford but a feeble exemplification of the ideas which he entertained on the manner of composing history. In his view, the business of history is not merely to record, but to interpret; it involves not only a clear conception and a lively exposition of events and characters, but a sound, enlightened theory of individual and national morality, a general philosophy of human life, whereby to judge of them, and measure their effects. The historian now stands on higher ground, takes in a wider range than those that went before him; he can now survey vast tracts of human action, and deduce its laws from an experience extending over many climes and ages. With his ideas, moreover, his feelings ought to be enlarged: he should regard the interests not of any sect or state, but of mankind; the progress not of any class of arts or opinions, but of universal happiness and refinement. His narrative, in short, should be moulded according to the science, and impregnated with the liberal spirit of his time.

Voltaire is generally conceived to have invented and introduced a new method of composing history: the chief historians that have followed him have been by way of eminence denominated philosophical. This is hardly correct. Voltaire wrote history with greater talent, but scarcely with a new species of talent: he applied the ideas of the eighteenth century to the subject; but in this



there was nothing radically new. In the hands of a thinking writer history has always been "philosophy teaching by experience;" that is, such philosophy as the age of the historian has afforded. For a Greek or Roman, it was natural to look upon events with an eye to their effect on his own city or country; and to try them by a code of principles, in which the prosperity or extension of this formed a leading object. For a monkish chronicler, it was natural to estimate the progress of affairs by the number of abbeys founded; the virtue of men, by the sum total of donations to the clergy. And for a thinker of the present day, it is equally natural to measure the occurrences of history by quite a different standard; by their influence upon the general destiny of man, their tendency to obstruct or to forward him in his advancement towards liberty, knowledge, true religion and dignity of mind. Each of these narrators simply measures by the scale, which is considered for the time as expressing the great concerns and duties of humanity.

Schiller's views on this matter were, as might have been expected, of the most enlarged kind. "It seems to me," said he, in one of his letters, "that in writing history for the moderns, we should try to communicate to it such an interest as the history of the Peloponnesian war had for the Greeks. Now this is the problem: to choose and arrange your materials so that, to interest, they shall not need the aid of decoration. We moderns have a source of interest at our disposal, which no Greek or Roman was acquainted with, and which the *patriotic* interest does not nearly equal. This last, in general, is chiefly of importance for unripe nations; for the youth of the world. But we may excite a very different sort of interest if we represent each remarkable occurrence that happened to *men* as of importance to *man*. It is a poor and little aim to write for one nation; a philosophic spirit cannot tolerate such limits, cannot bound its views to a form of human nature so arbitrary, fluctuating, accidental. The most powerful nation is but a fragment; and thinking minds will not grow warm on its account, except in so far as this nation or its fortunes

have been influential on the progress of the species."

That there is not some excess in this comprehensive, cosmopolitan philosophy, may perhaps be liable to question. Nature herself has, wisely no doubt, partitioned us into "kindreds, and nations, and tongues:" it is among our instincts to grow warm in behalf of our country, simply for its own sake; and the business of reason seems to be to chasten and direct our instincts, never to destroy them. We require individuality in our attachments: the sympathy, which is expanded over all men, will commonly be found so much attenuated by the process that it cannot be effective on any. And as it is in nature, so it is in art, which ought to be the image of it. Universal philanthropy forms but a precarious and very powerless rule of conduct; and the "progress of the species," will turn out equally unfitted for deeply exciting the imagination. It is not with freedom that we can sympathize, but with free men. There ought, indeed, to be in history a spirit superior to petty distinctions and vulgar partialities; our particular affections ought to be enlightened and purified; but they should not be abandoned, or, such is the condition of humanity, our feelings must evaporate and fade away in that extreme diffusion. Perhaps, in a certain sense, the surest mode of pleasing and instructing all nations is to write for one.

This too Schiller was aware of, and had in part attended to. Besides, the Thirty Years' War is a subject in which nationality of feeling may be even wholly spared, better than in almost any other. It is not a German but a European subject; it forms the concluding portion of the Reformation, and this is an event belonging not to any country in particular, but to the human race. Yet, if we mistake not, this over-tendency to generalization both in thought and sentiment has rather hurt the present work. The philosophy, with which it is imbued, now and then grows vague from its abstractness, ineffectual from its refinement: the enthusiasm which pervades it, elevated, strong, enlightened, would have told better on our hearts, had it been confined within a narrower space, and

directed to a more specific class of objects. In his extreme attention to the philosophical aspects of the period, Schiller has neglected to take advantage of many interesting circumstances, which it offered under other points of view. The Thirty Years' War abounds with what may be called picturesqueness in its events, and still more in the condition of the people who carried it on. Harte's *History of Gustavus*, a wilderness which mere human patience seems unable to explore, is yet enlivened here and there with a cheerful spot, when he tells of some scalade or *camisado*, or an officer made bullet-proof by art magic. His chaotic records have, in fact, afforded to our Novelist the materials of Dugald Dalgetty, a cavalier of the most singular equipment, of habits and manners well worth study and description. To much of this, though, as he afterwards proved, it was well known to him, Schiller paid comparatively small attention: his work has lost in liveliness by the omission, more than it has gained in dignity or instructiveness.

Yet with all its imperfections, this is no ordinary history. The speculation, it is true, is not always of the kind we wish; it excludes more moving or enlivening topics, and sometimes savours of the inexperienced theorist who had passed his days remote from practical statesmen; the subject too has not sufficient unity; in spite of every effort, it breaks into fragments towards the conclusion: yet still there is an energy, a vigorous beauty in the work which far more than redeems its failings. Great thoughts at every turn arrest our attention, and make us pause to confirm or contradict them; happy metaphors,\* some vivid descriptions of events and men, remind us of the author of *Fiesco* and *Don Carlos*. The characters of Gustavus and Wallenstein are finely developed in the course of the narrative. Tilly's passage of the Lech, the battles of Leipzig and Lützen figure in our recollection, as if our eyes had witnessed them: the death of Gustavus is de-

scribed in terms, which might draw "iron tears" from the cheeks of veterans. If Schiller had inclined to dwell upon the mere visual or imaginative department of his subject, no man could have painted it more graphically, or better called forth our emotions, sympathetic or romantic. But this, we have seen, was not by any means his leading aim.

On the whole, the present work is still the best historical performance which Germany can boast of. Müller's histories are distinguished by merits of another sort; by condensing, in a given space, and frequently in lucid order, a quantity of information, copious and authentic beyond example: but as intellectual productions, they cannot rank with Schiller's. Woltmann of Berlin has added to the *Thirty Years' War*, another work of equal size, by way of continuation, entitled *History of the Peace of Munster*; with the first negotiations of which treaty the former concludes. Woltmann is a person of ability; but we dare not say of him, what Wieland said of Schiller, that by his first historical attempt he "had discovered a decided capability of rising to a level with Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon." He will rather rise to a level with Belsham or Smollett.

This first complete specimen of Schiller's art in the historical department, though but a small fraction of what he meant to do, and could have done, proved in fact to be the last he ever undertook. At present very different cares awaited him: in 1791, a fit of sickness overtook him, he had to exchange the inspiring labours of literature, for the disgusts and inquietudes of physical disease. His disorder, which had its seat in the chest, was violent and threatening; and though nature overcame it in the present instance, the blessing of entire health never more returned to him. The cause of this severe affliction seemed to be the unceasing toil and anxiety of mind, in which his days had hitherto been passed: his frame, which though tall had never been robust, was too weak for the vehement

\* Yet we scarcely meet with one so happy, as that in the *Revolt of the Netherlands*, where he paints the gloomy silence and dismay of Brussels on Alba's first entrance by the striking simile of a man that has swallowed poison, and sits in horrid expectation of the issue.



and sleepless soul that dwelt within it: and the habit of nocturnal study had, no doubt, aggravated all the other mischiefs. Ever since his residence at Dresden, his constitution had been weakened: but this rude shock at once shattered its remaining strength; for a time, the strictest precautions were required barely to preserve existence. A total cessation from every intellectual effort was one of the most peremptory orders. Schiller's habits and domestic circumstances equally rebelled against this measure; with a beloved wife depending on him for support, inaction itself could have procured him little rest. His case seemed hard; his prospects of innocent felicity had been too banefully obscured. Yet in this painful and difficult position, he did not yield to despondency; and at length assistance and partial deliverance reached him from a very unexpected quarter. Schiller had not long been sick, when the hereditary Prince, now reigning Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg, jointly with the Count Von Schimmelmann, conferred on him a pension of a thousand crowns for three years.\* No stipulation was added, but merely that he should be careful of his health, and use every attention to recover. This speedy and generous aid, moreover, was presented with a delicate politeness, which, as Schiller said, touched him more than even the gift itself. We should remember this Count and this Duke; they deserve some admiration and some envy.

This disorder introduced a melancholy change into Schiller's circumstances: he had now another enemy to strive with, a secret and fearful impediment to vanquish; in which much resolute effort must be sunk without producing any positive result. Pain is not entirely synonymous with evil; but bodily pain seems less redeemed by good than almost any other kind of it. From the loss of fortune, of fame, or even of friends, philosophy pretends to draw a certain compensating benefit; but in general the permanent loss of health will bid defiance to her alchemy. It is a universal diminution; the diminution equally of our resources and of our

capacity to guide them; a penalty unmitigated, save by love of friends, which then first becomes truly dear to us, or by comforts brought from beyond this earthly sphere, from that serene Fountain of peace and hope, to which our weak philosophy cannot raise her wing. For all men, in itself, disease is misery; but chiefly for men of finer feelings and endowments, to whom, in return for such superiorities, it seems to be sent most frequently and in its most distressing forms. It is a cruel fate for the poet to have the sunny land of his imagination, often the sole territory he is lord of, disfigured and darkened by the shades of pain; for one whose highest happiness is the exertion of his mental faculties, to have them chained and paralyzed in the imprisonment of a distempered frame. With external activity, with palpable pursuits, above all, with a suitable placidity of nature, much even in certain states of sickness may be performed and enjoyed. But for him, whose heart is already over keen, whose world is of the mind, ideal, internal,—when the mildew of lingering disease has struck that world, and begun to blacken and consume its beauty, nothing seems to remain but despondency and heaviness and desolate sorrow, felt and anticipated, to the end.

Woe to him if his will likewise falter, if his resolution fail, and his spirit bend its neck to the yoke of this new enemy! Idleness and a disturbed imagination will gain the mastery of him, and let loose their thousand fiends to harass him, to torment him into madness. Alas! the bondage of Algiers is freedom to this of the sick man of genius, whose heart has fainted and sunk beneath its load. His clay dwelling is changed into a gloomy prison; every nerve has become an avenue of disgust or anguish; and the soul sits within, in her melancholy loneliness, a prey to the spectres of despair, or stupified with excess of suffering, doomed as it were to a "life in death," to a consciousness of agonized existence, without the consciousness of power which should accompany it. Happily, death, or entire fatuity, at length

\* It was to Denmark likewise that Klopstock owed the means of completing his *Messias*.

puts an end to such scenes of ignoble misery, which however we should view with pity more than with contempt.

Such are frequently the fruits of protracted sickness, in men otherwise of estimable qualities and gifts, but whose sensibility exceeds their strength of mind. In Schiller its worst effects were resisted by the only availing antidote, a strenuous determination to neglect them. His spirit was too vigorous and ardent to yield even in this emergency: he disdained to dwindle into a pining valetudinarian; in the midst of his infirmities he persevered with unabated zeal in the great business of his life. As he partially recovered, he returned as strenuously as ever to his intellectual occupations; and often in the glow of poetical conception he almost forgot his maladies. By such resolute and manly conduct, he disarmed sickness of its cruellest power to wound: his frame might be in pain, but his soul retained its force, unextinguished, almost unimpeded; he did not lose his relish for the beautiful, the grand, or the good, in any of their shapes; he loved his friends as formerly, and wrote his finest and sublimest works when his health was gone. Perhaps no period of his life displayed more heroism than the present one.

After this severe attack, and the kind provision which he had received from Denmark, Schiller seems to have relaxed his connexion with the university of Jena: the weightiest duties of his class appear to have been discharged by proxy, and his historical studies to have been forsaken. Yet this was but a change not an abatement in the activity of his mind. Once partially free from pain, all his former diligence awoke; and being also free from the more pressing calls of duty and œconomy, he was now allowed to turn his attention to objects which attracted it more. Among these one of the most alluring was the Philosophy of Kant.

The transcendental system of the Königsberg Professor had for the last ten years been spreading over Germany, which it had now filled with the most violent contentions. The

powers and accomplishments of Kant were universally acknowledged; the high pretensions of his system, pretensions, it is true, such as had been a thousand times put forth, a thousand times found wanting, still excited notice, when so backed by ability and reputation. The air of mysticism was attractive to the German mind, with which the vague and the vast are always pleasing qualities; the dreadful array of first principles, a forest huge of terminology and definitions, where the panting intellect of weaker men wanders as in pathless thickets, and at length sinks powerless to the earth, oppressed with fatigue, and suffocated with scholastic miasma—seemed sublime rather than appalling to the Germans; men who shrink not at toil, and to whom a certain degree of darkness appears a native element, essential for giving play to that deep meditative enthusiasm which forms so important a feature in their character. Kant's philosophy accordingly found numerous disciples, and possessed them with a zeal unexampled since the days of Pythagoras. This, in fact, resembled fanaticism rather than a calm ardour in the cause of science; his warmest admirers seemed to regard him more in the light of a prophet than of a mere earthly sage. Such admiration was of course opposed by corresponding censure; the transcendental neophytes had to encounter sceptical gainsayers as determined as themselves. Of this latter class the most remarkable were Herder and Wieland. Herder, then a clergyman of Weimar, seems never to have comprehended what he fought against so keenly: he denounced and condemned the Kantian metaphysics, because he found them heterodox. The young divines came back from the university of Jena with their minds well nigh delirious; full of strange doctrines, which they explained to the examiners of the Weimar *Consistorium*, in phrases that excited no idea in the heads of these reverend persons, but much horror in their hearts.\* Hence reprimands, and objurgations, and excessive bitterness between the applicants for ordination, and those

\* Schelling has a book on the "Soul of the World;" Fichte's expression to his students: "To-morrow, gentlemen, I shall create God," is known to most readers.



appointed to confer it; one young clergyman at Weimar shot himself on this account; several appeared inclined to imitate him. Hence Herder's vehement attacks on this "pernicious quackery;" this delusive and destructive "system of words." \* Wieland strove against it for another reason. He had, all his life, been labouring to give currency among his countrymen to a kind of diluted epicurism; to erect a certain smooth, and elegant, and very slender scheme of taste and morals, borrowed from our Shaftesbury and the French. All this feeble edifice the new doctrine was sweeping before it to utter ruin, with the violence of a tornado. It grieved Wieland to see the work of half a century destroyed: he fondly imagined that but for Kant's philosophy it might have been perennial. With scepticism quickened into action by such motives, Herder and he went forth as brother champions against the transcendental metaphysics: they were not long without a multitude of hot assailants. The uproar produced among thinking men by the conflict has scarcely been equalled in Germany since the days of Luther. Fields were fought, and victories lost and won; nearly all the minds of the nation were, in secret or openly, arrayed on this side or on that. Goethe alone seemed altogether to retain his wonted composure; he was clear for allowing the Kantian scheme to "have its day, as all things have." Goethe has already lived to see the wisdom of this sentiment, so characteristic of his genius and turn of thought.

In these controversies, soon pushed beyond the bounds of temperate or wholesome discussion, Schiller took no part: but the noise of their jarring afforded him a fresh inducement to investigate a set of doctrines so important in the general estimation. A system which promised, even with a very little plausibility, to accomplish all that Kant asserted his complete performance of; to explain the difference between matter and spirit, to unravel the perplexities of neces-

sity and free-will; to show us the true grounds of our belief in God, and what hope nature gives us of the soul's immortality; and thus at length, after a thousand failures, to interpret the enigma of our being—hardly needed that additional inducement to make such a man as Schiller grasp at it with eager curiosity. His progress also was facilitated by his present circumstances: Jena had now become the chief well-spring of Kantian doctrine, a distinction or disgrace it has ever since continued to deserve. Reinhold, one of Kant's ablest followers, was at this time Schiller's fellow-teacher and daily companion: he did not fail to encourage and assist his friend in a path of study, which, as he believed, conducted to such glorious results. Under this tuition, Schiller was not long in discovering, that at least the "new philosophy was more poetical than that of Leibnitz, and had a grander character;" persuasions, which of course, confirmed him in his resolution to examine it.

How far Schiller penetrated into the arcana of transcendentalism it is impossible to say. The moral and logical branches of it seem to have afforded him no solid satisfaction, or taken no firm hold of his thoughts; their influence is scarcely to be traced in any of his subsequent writings. The only department to which he attached himself with his ordinary zeal was that which relates to the principles of the imitative arts, and which in the Kantian nomenclature has been designated by the term *Æsthetics*,† or the doctrine of sentiments and emotions. On these subjects he already had amassed a multitude of thoughts; to see which expressed by new symbols, and arranged in systematic form, and held together by some common theory, would necessarily yield enjoyment to his intellect, and inspire him with fresh alacrity in prosecuting such researches. The new light which dawned, or seemed to dawn, upon him in the course of these researches, is reflected in various treatises, evinc-

\* That Herder was not usually troubled with any unphilosophical scepticism, or aversion to novelty, may be inferred from his patronising Dr. Gall's system of "Scull-doctrine," as they call it in Germany. But Gall had referred with acknowledgment and admiration to the *Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit*. Here lay a difference.

† From the verb *αἰσθάνομαι*, to feel.

ing, at least, the honest diligence with which he studied, and the fertility with which he could produce. Of these the largest and most elaborate are the essays on "*Naive, and Sentimental Poetry*"; on *Grace and Dignity*; and the *Letters on the Æsthetic culture of Man*: the other pieces are on *Tragic Art*; on the *Cause of our delight in Tragic Objects*; on *Employing the low and common in Art*.

Being cast in the mould of Kantism, or, at least, clothed in its garments, these productions, to readers unacquainted with that system, are encumbered here and there with difficulties greater than belong intrinsically to the subject. In perusing them, the uninitiated student is mortified at seeing so much powerful thought distorted, as he thinks, into such fantastic forms: the principles of reasoning, on which they rest, are apparently not those of common logic; a dimness and doubt overhangs their conclusions; scarcely any thing is proved in a convincing manner. But this is no strange quality in such writings. To an exterior reader, the philosophy of Kant almost always appears to invert the common maxim: its end and aim seems not to be "to make abstruse things simple, but to make simple things abstruse." Often a proposition of inscrutable and dread aspect, when resolutely grappled with, and torn from its shady den, and its bristling entrenchments of uncouth terminology, and dragged forth into the open light of day, to be seen by the natural eye and tried by merely human understanding,—proves to be a very harmless truth, familiar to us from of old, sometimes so familiar as to be a truism. Too frequently the anxious novice is reminded of Dryden in the Battle of the Books: there is a helmet of rusty iron, dark, grim, gigantic; and within it, at the farthest corner, is a head no bigger than a walnut. These are the general errors of Kantian criticism: in the present works, they are by no means of the worst or most pervading kind; and there is a fundamental merit which does more than balance them. By the aid of study, the doctrine set before us can in general at length be comprehended; and Schiller's fine intellect, recognizable even in its mas-

querade, is ever and anon peering forth in its native form, which all may understand, which all must relish, and presenting us with passages, that show like bright verdant islands in the misty sea of metaphysics.

That Schiller's genius profited by these ardent and laborious attempts to improve his taste, has frequently been doubted, and sometimes denied. That after such investigations the process of composition would become more difficult, might be inferred from the nature of the case. That also the principles of this critical theory were in part erroneous, in still greater part too far-fetched and fine-spun for application to the business of writing, we may farther venture to assert. But excellence, not ease of composition, is the thing to be desired; and in a mind like Schiller's, so full of energy, of images and thoughts and creative power, the more sedulous practice of selection was little likely to be detrimental. And though considerable errors might mingle with the rules by which he judged himself, the habit of judging early or not at all is far worse than that of sometimes judging wrong. Besides, once accustomed to attend strictly to the operations of his genius, and rigorously to try its products, such a man as Schiller could not fail in time to discover what was false in the principles by which he drew them, and consequently, in the end, to retain the benefits of this procedure without its evils. There is doubtless a purism in taste, a rigid fantastical demand of perfection, a horror at approaching the limits of impropriety, which obstructs the free impulse of the faculties, and if excessive would altogether deaden them. But the excess on the other side is much more frequent, and for high endowments, infinitely more pernicious. After the strongest efforts, there may be little realized; without strong efforts there must be little. That too much care does hurt in any of our tasks is a doctrine so flattering to indolence, that we ought to receive it with extreme caution. In works impressed with the stamp of true genius their quality, not their extent is what we value: a dull man may spend his life-time writing little; better so than writing much; but



man of powerful mind is liable to no such danger. Of all our authors, Gray is, perhaps, the only one that from fastidiousness of taste has written less than he should have done: there are thousands that have erred the other way. What would a Spanish reader give had Lope de Vega composed a hundred times as little, and that little a hundred times as well!

Schiller's own ideas on these points appear to be sufficiently sound: they are sketched in the following extract of a letter, interesting also as a record of his purposes and intellectual condition at this period.

Criticism must now make good to me the damage she herself has done. And damaged me she has most certainly; for the boldness, the living glow which I felt before a rule was known to me, have for several years been wanting. I now *see* myself *create* and *form*; I watch the play of inspiration, and my fancy, knowing she is not without witnesses of her movements, no longer moves with equal freedom. I hope, however, ultimately to advance so far that *art* will become a second *nature*, as polite manners are to a well bred man; then the imagination will regain its former freedom, and submit to none but voluntary limitations.

Schiller's subsequent writings are the best proof that in these expectations he had not miscalculated.

The historical and critical studies in which he had been so extensively and seriously engaged could not remain without effect on Schiller's general intellectual character. He had spent five active years in studies directed almost solely to the understanding, or the faculties connected with it: and such industry united to such ardour had produced an immense accession of ideas. History had furnished him with pictures of manners and events, of strange conjunctures and conditions of existence; it had given him more minute and truer conceptions of human nature in its many forms, new and more accurate opinions on the character and end of man. The domain of his mind was both enlarged and enlightened; a multitude of images and detached facts and perceptions had been laid up in his memory; and his intellect was at

once enriched by acquired thoughts, and strengthened by increased exercise on a wider circle of knowledge. But to understand was not enough for Schiller; there were in him faculties, which this could not employ, and therefore could not satisfy. The primary vocation of his nature was poetry: the acquisitions of his other faculties served but as the materials for his poetic faculty to act upon, and seemed imperfect till they had been sublimated into the pure and perfect forms of beauty, which it is the business of this to elicit from them. New thoughts gave birth to new feelings; and both of these he was now called upon to body forth, to represent by visible types, to animate and adorn with the magic of creative genius. The first youthful blaze of poetic ardour had long since passed away; but this large increase of his knowledge awakened it anew, refined by years and experience into a steadier and clearer flame. Vague shadows of unaccomplished excellence, gleams of ideal beauty were now hovering fitfully across his mind: he longed to turn them into shape, and give them a local habitation and a name. Criticism, likewise, had exalted his notions of art: the modern writers on subjects of taste, Aristotle, the ancient poets, he had lately studied; he had carefully endeavoured to extract the truth from each, and to amalgamate their principles with his own; in choosing, he was now more difficult to satisfy. Minor poems had all along been partly occupying his attention; but they yielded no space for the intensity of his impulses, and the magnificent ideas that were rising in his fancy. Conscious of his strength, he dreaded not engaging with the highest species of his art: the perusal of the Greek tragedians had given rise to some late translations;\* the perusal of Homer seems now to have suggested the idea of an epic poem. The hero whom he first contemplated was Gustavus Adolphus; he afterwards changed to Frederick the Great of Prussia.

Epic poems, since the time of the Epigonias and Leonidas, and especially since that of some more recent at-

\* These were a fine version of Euripides' *Iphigenia in Aulide*, and a few scenes of his *Phoenissae*.

tempts, have with us become a mighty dull affair. That Schiller aimed at something infinitely higher than these faint and superannuated imitations, far higher than even Klopstock has effected, will appear by the following extract from one of his letters.

An epic poem in the eighteenth century should be quite a different thing from such a poem in the childhood of the world. And it is that very circumstance, which attracts me so much towards this project. Our manners, the finest essence of our philosophies, our politics, œconomy, arts, in short, of all we know and do, would require to be introduced without constraint, and interwoven in such a composition, to live there in beautiful harmonious freedom, as all the branches of Greek culture live and are made visible in Homer's *Iliad*. Nor am I disinclined to invent a species of machinery for this purpose; being anxious to fulfil with hair's-breadth accuracy all the requisitions that are made of the epic poet even on the side of form. Besides, this machinery, which, in so modern a subject, in so prosaic an age, seems to present the greatest difficulty, might exalt the interest in a high degree, if it were suitably adapted to this same modern spirit. Crowds of confused ideas on this matter are rolling to and fro within my head: something distinct will come out of them at last.

As for the sort of metre I would chuse, this I think you will hardly guess: no other than *ottave rime*. All the rest, except iambic, are become insufferable to me. And how beautifully might the earnest and the lofty be made to play in these light fetters! What attractions might the epic substance gain by the soft yielding form of this fine rhyme! For the poem must not in name only, but in very deed, be capable of being *sung*; as the *Iliad* was sung by the peasants of Greece, as the stanzas of Jerusalem Delivered are still sung by the Venetian gondoliers.

The epoch of Frederick's life that would best fit me, I have also considered. I should wish to select some unhappy situation; it would allow me to unfold his spirit infinitely more poetically. The chief action should if possible be very simple, perplexed with no complicated circumstances, that the whole might easily be comprehended at a glance, though the episodes were never so numerous. In this respect there is no better model than the *Iliad*.

Schiller did not execute or even commence the project he has here so philosophically sketched: the constraints of his present situation, the greatness of the enterprise compared with the uncertainty of its success,

were sufficient to deter him. Besides, he felt that after all his wide excursions, the true home of his genius was the drama, the department where its powers had first been tried, and were now by habit or nature best qualified to act. To the drama he accordingly returned. The *History of the Thirty Years' War* had once suggested the idea of Gustavus Adolphus as the hero of an epic poem; the same work afforded him a subject for a tragedy: he now decided on beginning *Wallenstein*. In this undertaking it was no easy task that he contemplated: a common play did not now comprise his aim; he required some magnificent and comprehensive object, in which he could expend to advantage the new poetical and intellectual treasures, which he had for years been amassing; something that should at once exemplify his enlarged ideas of art, and give room and shape to his fresh stores of knowledge and sentiment. As he studied the history of *Wallenstein*, and viewed its capabilities on every side, new ideas gathered round it: the subject grew in magnitude, and often changed its form. His progress in actual composition was of course irregular and small. Yet the difficulties of the subject, increasing with his own wider, more ambitious conceptions, did not abate his diligence: *Wallenstein*, with many interruptions and many alterations, sometimes stationary, sometimes retrograde, continued on the whole, though slowly, to advance.

This was for several years his chosen occupation, the task to which he consecrated his brightest hours, and the finest part of his faculties. For humbler employments, demanding rather industry than inspiration, there still remained abundant leisure, of which it was inconsistent with his habits to waste a single hour. His occasional labours, accordingly, were numerous, varied, and sometimes of considerable extent. In the end of 1792, a new object seemed to call for his attention; he once about this time seriously meditated mingling in politics. The French Revolution had from the first affected him with no ordinary hopes; which, however, the course of events, particularly the imprisonment of Louis, were now fast converting into fears. For the



ill-fated monarch, and the cause of freedom, which seemed threatened with disgrace in the treatment he was likely to receive, Schiller felt so much interested, that he had determined, in his case a determination not without its risks, to address an appeal on these subjects to the French people and the world at large. The voice of reason advocating liberty as well as order might still, he conceived, make a salutary impression in this period of terror and delusion; the voice of a distinguished man would at first sound like the voice of the nation which he seemed to represent. Schiller was inquiring for a proper French translator, and revolving in his mind the various arguments that might be used, and the comparative propriety of using or forbearing to use them: but the progress of things superseded the necessity of all deliberation. In a few months, Louis perished on the scaffold; the Bourbon family were mur-

dered or scattered over Europe; and the French government was changed into a frightful chaos, amid the tumultuous and bloody horrors of which, calm truth had no longer a chance to be heard. Schiller turned away from these repulsive and appalling scenes, into other regions where his heart was more familiar, and his powers more likely to produce effect. The French Revolution had distressed and shocked him; but it did not lessen his attachment to liberty, the name of which had been so desecrated in its wild convulsions. Perhaps in his subsequent writings we can trace a more respectful feeling towards old establishments; more reverence for the majesty of custom; and with an equal zeal, a weaker faith in human perfectibility; changes indeed which are the common fruit of years themselves, in whatever age or climate of the world our experience may be gathered.

(To be concluded in our next Portion.)

#### NOTES FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF A LATE OPIUM-EATER.

##### No. V.

#### SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE.

IT is asserted that this is the age of Superficial Knowledge; and amongst the proofs of this assertion we find Encyclopædias and other popular abstracts of knowledge particularly insisted on. But in this notion and in its alleged proofs there is equal error:—wherever there is much diffusion of knowledge, there must be a good deal of superficiality: prodigious *extension* implies a due proportion of weak *intension*; a sea-like expansion of knowledge will cover large shallows as well as large depths. But in that quarter in which it is superficially cultivated the intellect of this age is properly opposed in any just comparison to an intellect without any culture at all:—leaving the deep soils out of the comparison, the shallow ones of the present day would in any preceding one have been barren wastes. Of this our modern encyclopædias are the best proof. For whom are they designed, and by whom used?—By those who in a former age would

have gone to the fountain heads? No, but by those who in any age preceding the present would have drunk at no waters at all. Encyclopædias are the growth of the last hundred years; not because those who were formerly students of higher learning have descended, but because those who were below encyclopædias have ascended. The greatness of the ascent is marked by the style in which the more recent encyclopædias are executed: at first they were mere abstracts of existing books—well or ill executed: at present they contain many *original* articles of great merit. As in the periodical literature of the age, so in the encyclopædias it has become a matter of ambition with the publishers to retain the most eminent writers in each several department. And hence it is that our encyclopædias now display one characteristic of this age—the very opposite of superficiality (and which on other grounds we are well assured of)—viz. its tendency in

science, no less than in other applications of industry, to extreme subdivision. In all the employments which are dependent in any degree upon the political economy of nations, this tendency is too obvious to have been overlooked. Accordingly it has long been noticed for congratulation in manufactures and the useful arts—and for censure in the learned professions. We have now, it is alleged, no great and comprehensive lawyers like Coke: and the study of medicine is subdividing itself into a distinct ministry (as it were) not merely upon the several organs of the body (oculists, aurists, dentists, cheiropodists, &c.) but almost upon the several diseases of the same organ: one man is distinguished for the treatment of liver complaints of one class—a second for those of another class; one man for asthma—another for phthisis; and so on. As to the law, the evil (if it be one) lies in the complex state of society which of necessity makes the laws complex: law itself is become unwieldy and beyond the grasp of one man's term of life and possible range of experience: and will never again come within them. With respect to medicine, the case is no evil but a great benefit—so long as the subdividing principle does not descend too low to allow of a perpetual reascent into the generalising principle (the *res commune*) which secures the unity of the science. In ancient times all the evil of such a subdivision was no doubt realized in Egypt: for there a distinct body of professors took charge of each organ of the body, not (as we may be assured) from any progress of the science outgrowing the time and attention of the general professor, but simply from an ignorance of the organic structure of the human body and the reciprocal action of the whole upon each part and the parts upon the whole; an ignorance of the same kind which has led sailors seriously (and not merely, as may sometimes have happened, by way of joke) to reserve one ulcerated leg to their own management, whilst the other was given up to the management of the surgeon.—With respect to law and medicine then, the difference between ourselves and our ancestors is not subjective but objective; not, i. e. in

our faculties who study them, but in the things themselves which are the objects of study: not we (the students) are grown less, but they (the studies) are grown bigger;—and that our ancestors did not subdivide as much as we do—was something of their luck, but no part of their merit.—Simply as subdividers therefore to the extent which now prevails, we are less superficial than any former age. In all parts of science the same principle of subdivision holds: here therefore, no less than in those parts of knowledge which are the subjects of distinct civil professions, we are of necessity more profound than our ancestors; but, for the same reason, less comprehensive than they. Is it better to be a profound student, or a comprehensive one? In some degree this must depend upon the direction of the studies: but generally, I think, it is better for the interests of knowledge that the scholar should aim at profundity, and better for the interests of the individual that he should aim at comprehensiveness. A due balance and equilibrium of the mind is but preserved by a large and multiform knowledge: but knowledge itself is but served by an exclusive (or at least paramount) dedication of one mind to one science. The first proposition is perhaps unconditionally true: but the second with some limitations. There are such people as Leibnizes on this earth; and their office seems not that of planets—to revolve within the limits of one system, but that of comets (according to the theory of some speculators)—to connect different systems together. No doubt there is much truth in this: a few Leibnizes in every age would be of much use: but neither are many men fitted by nature for the part of Leibnitz; nor would the aspect of knowledge be better, if they were. We should then have a state of Grecian life amongst us in which every man individually would attain in a moderate degree all the purposes of the sane understanding,—but in which all the purposes of the sane understanding would be but moderately attained. What I mean is this:—let all the objects of the understanding in civil life or in science be represented by the letters of the alphabet; in Grecian life each man would se-



parately go through all the letters in a tolerable way ; whereas at present each letter is served by a distinct body of men. Consequently the Grecian individual is superior to the modern ; but the Grecian whole is inferior : for the whole is made up of the individuals ; and the Grecian individual repeats himself. Whereas in modern life the whole derives its superiority from the very circumstances which constitute the inferiority of the parts : for modern life is *cast* dramatically : and the difference is as between an army consisting of soldiers who should each individually be competent to go through the duties of a dragoon—of a hussar—of a sharp-shooter—of an artillery-man—of a pioneer, &c. and an army on its present composition, where the very inferiority of the soldier as an individual—his inferiority in compass and versatility of power and knowledge—is the very ground from which the

army derives its superiority as a whole, viz. because it is the condition of the possibility of a total surrender of the individual to one exclusive pursuit.—In science therefore, and (to speak more generally) in the whole evolution of the human faculties, no less than in Political Economy, the progress of society brings with it a necessity of sacrificing the ideal of what is excellent for the individual, to the ideal of what is excellent for the whole. We need therefore not trouble ourselves (except as a speculative question) with the comparison of the two states ; because, as a practical question, it is precluded by the overruling tendencies of the age—which no man could counteract except in his own single case, i. e. by refusing to adapt himself as a part to the whole, and thus foregoing the advantages of either one state or the other.\*

\* The latter part of what is here said coincides, in a way which is rather remarkable, with a passage in an interesting work of Schiller's which I have since read (*on the Æsthetic Education of Men*, in a series of letters : vid. letter the 6th). " With us, in order to obtain the representative word (as it were) of the total species, we must spell it out by the help of a series of individuals. So that on a survey of society as it actually exists, one might suppose that the faculties of the mind do really in actual experience show themselves in as separate a form, and in as much insulation, as psychology is forced to exhibit them in its analysis. And thus we see not only individuals, but whole classes of men, unfolding only one part of the germs which are laid in them by the hand of nature. In saying this I am fully aware of the advantages which the human species of modern ages has, when considered as a unity, over the best of antiquity : but the comparison should begin with the individuals : and then let me ask where is the modern individual that would have the presumption to step forward against the Athenian individual—man to man, and to contend for the prize of human excellence ?—The polypus nature of the Grecian republics, in which every individual enjoyed a separate life, and if it were necessary could become a whole, has now given place to an artificial watch-work, where many lifeless parts combine to form a mechanic whole. The state and the church, laws and manners, are now torn asunder : labor is divided from enjoyment, the means from the end, the exertion from the reward. Chained for ever to a little individual fraction of the whole, man himself is moulded into a fraction ; and, with the monotonous whirling of the wheel which he turns everlastingly in his ear, he never develops the harmony of his being ; and, instead of imaging the totality of human nature, becomes a bare abstract of his business or the science which he cultivates. The dead letter takes the place of the living understanding ; and a practised memory becomes a surer guide than genius and sensibility. Doubtless the power of genius, as we all know, will not fetter itself within the limits of its occupation ; but talents of mediocrity are all exhausted in the monotony of the employment allotted to them ; and that man must have no common head who brings with him the geniality of his powers unstripped of their freshness by the ungenial labors of life to the cultivation of the genial."—After insisting at some length on this wise, Schiller passes to the other side of the contemplation, and proceeds thus :—" It suited my immediate purpose to point out the injuries of this condition of the species, without displaying the compensations by which nature has balanced them. But I will now readily acknowledge—that, little as this practical condition may suit the interests of the individual, yet the species could in no other way have been progressive. Partial exercise of the faculties (literally '*one-sidedness* in the exercise of the faculties') leads the individual undoubtedly into error, but the species into truth. In no other way than by concentrating the whole energy of our spirit, and by converging our whole being, so to speak, into a single faculty, can we put wings as it were to the individual faculty and carry it by this artificial flight far beyond the limits within which nature has else doomed

## MANUSCRIPTS OF MELMOTH.

A lady who had been educated by Melmoth (the translator, author of Fitzosborne's Letters, &c.), told me, about the year 1813, that she had a trunk full of his manuscripts. As an article of literary gossip, this may as well be made known: for some author, writing a biographical dictionary, may be interested in knowing all that can be now known of Melmoth,—and may even wish to examine his manuscripts, which (from the liberality of the lady) I am confident would be readily lent. For my part, I never looked into Fitzosborne's Letters since my boyhood: but the impression I then derived from them—was that Melmoth was a fribble in literature, and one of the "sons of the feeble." Accordingly I shrunk myself even from the "sad civility" of asking to look at the

manuscripts. Melancholy lot of an author—that, after a life of literary toil, he must be destined to no better fate than that of inflicting an emotion of pure disgust upon a literary man, when he is told that he may have the sight of "a great trunk-full" of his manuscripts!—However the lady was to some degree in the wrong for calling it "a great trunk:" if she had said "a little trunk," I might perhaps have felt some curiosity. The Sybil was the first literary person who understood the doctrine of market price; and all authors, unless they write for money to meet an immediate purpose, should act upon her example—and irritate the taste for whatever merit their works may have, by cautiously abstaining from overstocking the market.

## SCRIPTURAL ALLUSION EXPLAINED.

In p. 50, of the "Annotations" upon Glanvill's \* *Lux Orientalis*, the author (who was, I believe, Henry More the Platonist) having occasion to quote from the Psalms—"The sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night," in order to illustrate that class of cases where an ellipsis is to be suggested by the sense rather than directly indicated, says—"the word *burn* cannot be repeated, but some other more suitable verb is to be supplied."—A gentleman however, who has lately re-

turned from Upper Egypt, &c. assures me that the moon *does* produce an effect on the skin which may as accurately be expressed by the word 'burn' as any solar effect. By sleeping a few hours under the light of a full moon, which is as much shunned in some parts of the East, as sleeping on the wet ground with us, or standing bareheaded under the noon-day sun in Bengal,—my informant brought a severe complaint upon his eyes.

it to walk. Just as certain as it is that all human beings could never, by clubbing their visual powers together, have arrived at the power of seeing what the telescope discovers to the astronomer; just so certain it is that the human intellect would never have arrived at an analysis of the infinite or a *Critical Analysis of the Pure Reason* (the principal work of Kant), unless individuals had dismembered (as it were) and insulated this or that specific faculty, and had thus armed their intellectual sight by the keenest abstraction and by the submersion of the other powers of their nature.—Extraordinary men are formed then by energetic and over-excited spasms as it were in the individual faculties; though it is true that the equable exercise of all the faculties in harmony with each other can alone make happy and perfect men."—After this statement, from which it should seem that in the progress of society nature has made it necessary for man to sacrifice *his own* happiness to the attainment of *her* ends in the development of his species, Schiller goes on to inquire whether this evil result cannot be remedied; and whether "the totality of our nature, which art has destroyed, might not be re-established by a higher art."—but this, as leading to a discussion beyond the limits of my own, I omit.

\* This *Lux Orientalis* was first published about 1662; but republished, with Annotations, in 1682.



## ON ENGLISH VERSIFICATION.

## No. VI.

## OF THE SPECIES OF POETRY WHICH ADMIT OF RHIME.

RHIME is to be esteemed an ornament of verse, but not of the highest order: it may therefore not merely be dispensed with as unnecessary, but is to be rejected as improper in some kinds of poetry. Other kinds there are in which it is required; to some of these it is suitable, and to some attached by custom. Blair says of rhyme "that it finds its proper place in the middle, but not in the higher ranges of poetry:" and he suggests good reason for its exclusion from these when he adds, that it is "suitable to subjects where no particular vehemence is required in the sentiments, nor sublimity in the style."

The ornament of rhyme is proper, and required in the shorter pieces of verse; as, epigrams, songs, madrigals, sonnets, epitaphs, elegies, and the like: and in general, all pieces that are written in stanzas, or in any other measure than the heroic. It is likewise commonly thought necessary to give to translations the embellishment of rhyme; and this rather from custom and compliance with the public taste, than for any reason that has been alleged. The translations of Virgil and Homer into blank verse failed, and are forgotten; though we have no translation of the latter which represents the Greek so faithfully. In the present day another

attempt in blank verse has been made with better acceptance, and well-deserved success; the translation of Dante by Mr. Cary, for fidelity to the original and good versification, is not surpassed by any in the English language.

Some of the lighter kinds admit rhimes, either single or double, in the middle of the line; which King James, in his *Treatise on Scottis Poesie*, calls broken verse, and gives this example.

Lo, how that lytil God of love  
Before me then appear'd;  
So myld-like and chyld-like, with bow  
three quarters skant;  
So moylie and coylie he lukit like a sant.

But such rhimes are of so little repute that English critics have passed them by without name or notice.

It is further to be observed concerning the kinds of poetry now mentioned, that in strictness of propriety they require different measures, according to the subjects treated of: The Elegy, for instance, being (as its name denotes) of a mournful nature, is most fitly composed in a staid and grave kind of verse; viz. the heroic.\* The same kind of verse is likewise best adapted to the epitaph. We have, indeed, epitaphs of great merit in other measures; such is that of Gray on Mrs. Clarke, beginning with these lines,

\* The form in which English Elegy has most commonly appeared is the stanza of four lines in which the rhimes alternate. Dr. Johnson seems to censure this form; for he says, "Why Hammond or other writers have thought the quatrain of ten syllables elegiac, it is difficult to tell. The character of the elegy is gentleness and tenuity: but this stanza has been pronounced by Dryden, whose knowledge of English metre was not inconsiderable, to be the most magnificent of all the measures which our language affords."—*Life of Hammond*.

In alleging the authority of Dryden, Dr. Johnson has not dealt fairly with his readers; for, granting that Dryden had a perfect knowledge of English metre, he did not always speak according to that knowledge: and this the Doctor knew; for, in his *Life of Dryden*, he says of him, "his occasional and particular positions (in criticism) were sometimes interested, sometimes negligent, and sometimes capricious. It is not without reason that Trapp says, novimus viri illius maximi non semper accuratissimas esse censuras, nec ad severissimam critices normam exactas: illo judice id plerumque optimum est, quod nunc prae manibus habet, et in quo nunc occupatur. He is therefore by no means consonant to himself." Such, according to Dr. Johnson, was the judgment of Dryden in his occasional criticisms. It is needless, we think, to vindicate the practice of our elegy-writers against so disputable an authority. When Dryden gave that high character to the quatrain, he was composing his *Annu Mirabilis*, which is written in that measure.

Lo, where this silent marble weeps,  
A friend, a wife, a mother, sleeps:  
which yet we cannot but consider as  
defective, in that the verses, being of

eight syllables only, want the gravity  
of the heroic line, and the solemnity  
which is required by their subject.\*

## OF THE DISPOSITION OF RHIMES.

Under this head rhimes will be considered; first, as to the order in which they stand; and 2d, the number which rhyme together.

The simple, and most natural order is that, when adjoining verses rhyme together, as in the couplet: the next seems to be that of alternate rhimes in the stanza of four lines. But as rhimes are frequently disposed, both in order and number, very differently from the instances here given, it is proper to notice how that is done; not indeed every licentious

manner of doing it, but only some of the most approved examples.

To describe this verbally would at least be tedious: we shall therefore borrow, from Puttenham's *Art of Poetry*, his method of showing the disposition of rhimes, which is compendious and clear, and applicable to every rhiming poem.

It is a bracket, by the points of which the rhimes are represented; and the part which connects those points shows the connexion and place of the rhimes.

By this method the couplet will be represented thus:

O parent of each lovely Muse,  
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse.

J. Warton.

And thus the alternate rhimes in a quatrain.

How meanly dwells th' immortal mind !  
How vile these bodies are !  
Why was a clod of earth design'd  
T'enclose a heavenly star ?

Watts.

\* The following stanzas, by Ben Jonson, are part of an epitaph on a child of Queen Elizabeth's chapel.

Weep with me, all you that read  
This little story:  
And know, for whom a tear you shed  
Death's self is sorry.  
'Twas a child that so did thrive  
In grace and feature,  
As Heaven and Nature seem'd to strive  
Which own'd the creature; &c. &c.

It would not be easy to frame any thing more different from what it ought to be, than the combination of short measures, double rhimes, and false thoughts, which enter into this epitaph.

We shall presume on the reader's patience to lay before him a Latin epitaph, of a most singular form; it being in Sapphic verse: in other respects of much propriety and beauty. It is that in Westminster Abbey, upon Carteret, a boy of the school. The device of the monument is a figure of Time, holding a scroll with these lines inscribed:

Quid breves Te delicias tuorum  
Naniis Phœbi chorus omnis urget,  
Et meæ falcis subito recisum  
Vulnere plangit ?

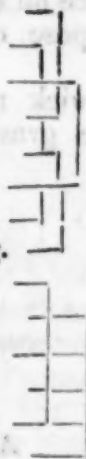
En, Puer, vitæ pretium caducæ:  
Hic tuas Custos vigil ad favillas  
Semper astabo, et memori tuebor  
Carmine famam.

Audies clarus pietate, morum  
Integer, multæ studiosus artis;  
Hæc frequens olim leget, hæc sequetur  
Æmula pubes.



A more complicated form of the bracket will be seen if applied to the sonnet:

I once may see when years shall wreck my wrong;  
 When golden hairs shall change to silver wire,  
 And those bright rays that kindle all this fire  
 Shall fail in force, their working not so strong :  
 Then Beauty (now the burden of my song)  
 Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,  
 Must yield up all to tyrant Time's desire ;  
 Then fade those flowers that deck'd her pride so long.  
 When, if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,  
 Which then presents her winter-wither'd hue,  
 Go you, my Verse, go tell her what she was ;  
 For what she was she best will find in you :  
 Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,  
 But, phoenix-like, shall make her live anew.



Daniel.

By these brackets may be seen the disposition of the rhimes : i. e. how they are connected and placed : and it is evident that such brackets may be formed as will show the same thing in any poem by mere inspection of them, independent of the words which they represent. This we shall have occasion to exemplify when we come to treat of lyric poetry.

The sonnet which is here given is in the regular form of that species of poem. It came to us from the Italians, and, according to Ellis, (*Specimens of English Poets*, vol. ii. p. 3) who calls it a "difficult novelty,"\* was introduced here, probably by the court poets of the reign of Henry VIII. But in that age the name of Sonnet was very loosely applied. "Some think, (says Gascoigne, in his *Instruction concerning the making of Verse in English*,) that all poems, being short, may be called sonnets ; as indeed it is a diminutive word derived of *sonare* ; but yet I can best allow to call those sonnets which are of fourteen lines, every line containing ten syllables," p. 10.

Even this limitation is not strict enough for the regular sonnet : for there the rhimes of the first eight lines are to be such, in number and

place, as in the example above. In the remaining six lines the composer has liberty to arrange his rhimes at discretion. It may be added, that our early writers very seldom constructed their sonnets upon the regular plan. Three quatrains with alternate rhimes, and a couplet in the close was the most usual form of their composition. Such are the sonnets of Lord Surrey, Gascoigne, Spencer, and Shakspeare ; those of Sir Thomas Wyatt are an exception, for they are all regular.

Under the disposition of rhimes is to be noted the distance at which they may stand apart, and the number that may properly rhyme together.

It has been already observed that the quick return of rhyme is inconsistent with sublimity in verse : by which was meant a return at the end of every line of eight, or fewer, syllables ; but, on the other hand, the extent to which correspondent rhimes may be separated, is not easy to determine. When three heroic lines intervene, they seem to be set as far asunder as can be allowed with propriety. The following verses, from a sonnet of Milton, exhibit an example.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
 Of attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise  
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice  
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air ?  
 He who of these delights can judge, and spare  
 To interpose them oft, is not *unwise*.

\* Although our poets in that century did not choose to encounter the difficulty of composing regular sonnets, they were not backward to contrive and execute various difficulties of composition in verse, of which some ridiculous specimens may be seen in Webbe's *Discourse of English Poetry*, edited by Haslewood, p. 64, 65.

If rhimes should be set further apart than in this instance, their correspondence on the ear, which is the main purpose of rhyme, would be lost.

As a quick return of rhyme destroys the gravity and dignity of

Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence  
Did silently and constantly dispense  
The gentle vigorous influence  
To all the wide and fair circumference.

And all the parts upon it lean'd so easily,  
Obey'd the mighty force so willingly,  
That none could discord or disorder see  
In all their contrariety :

Each had his motion natural and free,  
And the whole no more moved than the whole world could be.

A rhyme continued for three lines together is allowable, and often graceful if the last be an alexandrine, as here.

Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join  
The varying verse, the full resounding line,  
The long majestic march, and energy divine.\*

*Pope's Imitations of Horace. Epist. 1.*

\* It is not unlikely that the bracket which used to be set against such triplets as this, and which the printers have lately omitted to insert in our books, had the same origin with those adopted by Puttenham ; and that its design was to apprise the reader of the connexion of the rhimes.

The criticism contained in these celebrated lines seems to have been received by subsequent critics as a sentence of decisive authority. Dr. Johnson's account of Waller and Dryden is a sort of commentary upon them. He says, Waller "certainly very much excelled in smoothness most of the writers, who were living when his poetry commenced. The poets of Elizabeth had attained an art of modulation, which was afterwards neglected or forgotten. Fairfax was acknowledged by him as his model ; and he might have studied with advantage the poem of Davies (on the Immortality of the Soul) which though merely philosophical, yet seldom leaves the ear ungratified." Of Dryden he affirms that "veneration is paid to his name by every cultivator of English literature ; as he refined the language, improved the sentiments, and tuned the numbers, of English poetry : that after about half a century of forced thoughts, and ragged metre, some advances towards nature and harmony had been already made by Waller and Denham ; they had shown that long discourses in rhyme grew more pleasing when they were broken into couplets, and that verse consisted not only in the number but the arrangement of syllables."—*Life of Dryden.*

It is unpleasant to contradict such grave authors, when they are treating of a subject with which they must have been well acquainted : but unless we will suffer some of our chief poets to lie under the reproach of great ignorance and incapacity ; unless we are ready to acknowledge that the art of modulation which existed in Queen Elizabeth's age was neglected or forgotten ; that for half a century afterward nothing was produced but ragged metre ; that our writers did not perceive, till Waller and Denham showed them, that the arrangement of syllables, as well as the number, was necessary to make a verse ; that till they were taught by Dryden, they knew not how to compose ; that neither energy nor majesty, nor sonorous lines, nor variation of numbers, is to be found in their works ; unless we will acquiesce in the justice of these injurious censures, we cannot permit them to pass without contradiction. In fact, they are altogether unfounded. Waller indeed was smooth ; yet not (as Pope would insinuate) the first by many who wrote smoothly in English verse ; and some of them equally so with Waller himself, for example William Browne : but Dryden taught nothing of what is attributed to him. If the poets who wrote before him should be examined, there will be found, in some one or other of them, each particular quality for which he is here praised ; and all of them in Milton. Neither is it true that the art of modulation was ever forgotten by our poets. After the time of Queen Elizabeth it was preserved by many, besides William Browne above mentioned ; namely by the brothers Beaumont, by Giles and Phineas Fletcher, by Sandys, to whom others might be added : and when Dr. Johnson speaks of "ragged metre," he must have had in his recollection only Donne, and Ben Jonson, and the disciples of their school.

We subjoin the following commendatory verses, not only as an authority for our cha-



But if the lines be of a measure shorter than the heroic, the continued rhimes suit not so well with grave, as with light subjects: as this,

His helmet was a beetle's head,  
Most horrible and full of dread,  
That able was to strike one dead,  
Yet it did well become him:  
And for a plume a horse's hair,  
Which, being tossed by the air,  
Had force to strike his foe with fear,  
And turn his weapon from him.

*Drayton's Court of Fairy.*

In some burlesque poems may be found more than three lines rhiming together, but our serious versification admits of no such licence.

#### OF THE CESURA, OR PAUSE, IN VERSE.

By cesura, or pause, is meant the rest which the voice makes in pronouncing a verse, especially of many syllables. It has been said of the pause "that it remained, till later times unnoticed:" but in fact, one of the earliest writers on English versification (Gascoigne) expressly mentions it, and gives these rules concerning it. "In mine opinion, in a verse of eight syllables, the pause will stand best in the midst; in a verse of ten, it will best be placed at the end of the first four syllables, in a verse of twelve in the midst; in verses of twelve in the first and fourteen in the second, we place the pause commonly in the midst of the first, and at the end of the first eight syllables in the second. In rhyme royal it is at the writer's discretion."\*

From hence it appears that this

ancient English critic and poet had not only noticed the cesura, or pause, but also had pointed out in general where it might best stand, and the variety of place which it admitted. To what he has said we shall add something respecting the iambic verses of ten and twelve syllables: i. e. the heroic and alexandrine.

In the heroic verse, if taken singly, the pause will be most grateful to the ear, when at the middle, or near it; viz. at the fifth, fourth, or sixth syllable: so likewise in a couplet; and so generally in poems of that sort, i. e. in couplets and rhyme: but, for the sake of variety, it may be put at any syllable, from the first to the ninth. Pope, so eminent for the smoothness and regularity of his verse, admits a pause upon each; for example, on the first.

racter of W. Browne's poetry, but also as a proof that before Waller began to compose there existed examples of English versification, not inferior in smoothness to the most polished of his.

*To his friend, Mr. Browne.*

All that do read thy works and see thy face  
(Where scarce a hair grows up thy chin to grace)  
Do greatly wonder how so youthful years  
Could frame a work where so much worth appears:  
To hear how thou describ'st a tree, a dale,  
A grove, a green, a solitary vale,  
The evening showers, and the morning gleams,  
The golden mountains, and the silver streams;  
How smooth thy verse is, and how sweet thy rhimes,  
How sage, and yet how pleasant are thy lines,  
What more or less can there be said by men,  
But Muses rule thy hand, and guide thy pen?

*The Author, Thomas Wenman; about the year 1613.*

The sonnet at p. 31, is another instance of smoothness before Waller's time.

\* George Gascoigne's Instructions concerning Verse, &c.; edited by Haslewood, § 13. Rhime royal is the stanza of seven heroic lines rhiming after a certain rule: thus, .....



Strange ! by the means defeated of the ends :  
and, to omit others, on the ninth,

But an inferior not dependant, worse.—*Moral Essays, Epist. 2.*

But his most usual and favourite pause was on the fourth, as in these lines.

That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,  
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,  
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,  
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.—*Essay on Man, Epist. 1.*

These lines have been praised and censured upon the same account, namely, the pause. The censure was that they wanted variety because of the repetition of the pause upon the same syllable, in every line, the last only excepted. On the contrary it was said, that this repetition gave to the lines a good and proper effect. Without deciding any thing here, we shall apprise the reader that in this same poem, and likewise in others of Pope, above half the lines have the pause at the fourth syllable, which we consider as too frequent a recurrence.

The heroic line admits of more than one pause, especially if it occurs near the beginning or the end ; as in this,

Die, and endow a college, or a cat.

For the place, or number of these pauses there is no rule. But it is a rule, observed by careful versifiers, that, in general, there should be some pause at the end of each couplet. It is a fault to terminate the couplet in the middle of a sentence, as here,

He spoke ; the heavens seem'd decently to bow,  
With all their bright inhabitants ; and now  
The jocund spheres began again to play,  
Again each spirit sung Halleluia :  
Only that angel was straight gone : even so  
(But not so swift) the morning glories flow  
At once from the bright sun, and strike the ground:  
So winged lightning the soft air doth wound.

*Cowley's David, Book 1.*

A principal reason why this construction of the couplet is faulty, is, that, for want of a pause, the rhyme is nearly lost : it does not dwell upon the ear to produce that effect which is the purpose of making rhyme. This fault, which since the time of Pope had almost disappeared from our poetry, seems to be returning at the present day. In the last century it was seldom admitted, but by those who valued themselves upon the rough structure of their verse. Such was Churchill ; and the following is one instance of many in his satires.

By Him that made me, I am much more proud,  
More inly satisfied, to have a crowd  
Point at me as I pass, and cry—" That's He—  
A poor, but honest bard, who dares be free  
Amidst corruption," than to have a train  
Of flickering levee-slaves, to make me vain  
Of things I ought to blush for ; to run, fly,  
And live but in the motion of my eye.—*Churchill. Independence.*

Another fault respecting the cesura is made, when the line is so constructed that the sense does not terminate where the pause falls ; i. e. the measure requires a pause, and the sense would reject it, as in these,

Is the great chain that draws | all to agree.—*Pope's Essay on Man, Ep. 1.*

And from about her shot | darts of desire.—*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

If, in pronouncing either of these lines, the pause were to be made where



the sense requires it, the iambic measure would be changed for another of a very different character, viz. the dactylic, ex. gr.

Is the great | ch  in that draws |   ll to a|gree.

This forced pause therefore, though countenanced by such high authorities, is hardly within the bounds of poetical licence.

For the alexandrine verse it has been laid down as a rule, without any exception, that the pause must be at the sixth syllable. That certainly is the best place ; but it may stand at the seventh without impairing the measure, if the next syllable be strongly accented : examples,

And Cupid's self about her | flutter'd all in green.—*Spencer's Fairy Queen.*

From out his secret altar | touch'd with hallow'd fire.

*Milton's Christ's Nativity.*

But, if that syllable (the eighth) be not accented, the measure will suffer in some degree ; as,

And birds of calm sit brooding | on the charmed wave.—*Milton, ibid.*

Swindges the scaly horror | of his folded tail.—*Ibid.*

On any other syllable of the alexandrine verse, except these two, the pause is not to be endured ; as from a few instances will be evident.

She strikes an universal peace | through sea and land.

Than his bright throne | or burning axletree could bear.

Make up full consort | to the angelic symphony.

The dreadful Judge | in middle air | shall spread his throne.

Isis and Orus | and the dog Anubis | haste.—*Milton, ibid.*

In every one of these lines the character of the alexandrine is destroyed. Instead of its "long majestic march," we have only hobbling verses with broken measure.

The cesura, besides giving variety to the numbers, is sometimes introduced to give expression to the sentiment. Under this head it may be sufficient, for the present, to observe, that, when placed at the fourth syllable, it is suitable to what is brisk and sprightly ; when at the sixth, to that which is more grave and dignified.

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### TIME.

Slow roll—swift fleet—the years. How heavily  
The hours, leaden-paced, drag on the day's dull chain  
From grey morn till the glowing western main  
Receive the weary sun-god from the sky !  
—And yet the seasons vanish. Infancy,  
Childhood, and youth are melted, as the stain  
Of breath, that dimming the bright air, again  
Fades in the resolution of a sigh.  
—Now manhood STAYS :—nay goes !—Now wiser Hope  
Leads justlier measured toils to issues meet :  
Tasks of ripe strength,—births of the thoughtful head.  
Now the tried spirit eyes the well-chosen scope  
Toward which she onward strains untiring feet :  
—And see !—that glance of lightning, LIFE,—has fled.

X.

## THE CUCKOO.

## A SCOTTISH SONG.

## 1.

The pleasant summer-time is come,  
 I hear the sweet cuckoo,  
 The corn is growing green and long,  
 The lamb bleats by the ewe ;  
 The grasshopper sings for the sun,  
 The cricket sings for heat,  
 But when ye hear the cuckoo's song,  
 Be sure the season's sweet.

## 2.

The throstle sings not till the light,  
 The lark not till the dawn,  
 The linnet when the pear-trees bud,  
 And woman sings for man :—  
 They sing but to be heard or seen  
 In bower or budding bough,  
 Sae sings nae my meek modest bird,  
 The gray unseen cuckoo.

C.

CAPTAIN COCHRANE'S PEDESTRIAN JOURNEY THROUGH  
RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.\*

THIS is certainly a most extraordinary book. Or perhaps we should rather say, that the writer is a most extraordinary person. His title-page does not explain half his merits, a fault of modesty not very usual with travellers. From the gulph of Finland to the Peninsula of Kamtchatka, a longitudinal extent of 135°, was but half his peregrination. He set out from Dieppe, in the year of our Lord 1820, and arrived at Ostrovnoi, a village in the most northern part of Siberia, about 20° from the north-east coast of America, before the end of the eleventh month, having thus performed a tour of nearly half the terrene globe! We

think it is Puck who promises to "put a girdle round the earth," but this, it would appear, is no great feat for a fairy: had Captain Cochrane had the power of spinning a thread from his own body, like a spider, he, though a mere mortal of sizeable dimensions, and without wings (for aught we know to the contrary), might have actually done half at least what the ouphe only promised to do. But even the latter statement of our author's performance does him very inadequate justice: to give the reader some idea of its real magnitude, we will exhibit an outline of the journey in as few words as possible. From Dieppe,

\* Narrative of a Pedestrian Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary, from the Frontiers of China to the Frozen Sea and Kamtchatka; performed during the Years 1820, 1821, 1822, and 1823, by Captain John Dundas Cochrane, R.N. Murray, London, 1824.



through Paris, Berlin, Petersburg, and Moscow, he penetrated to Tobolsk, the capital of Western Siberia. From thence he directed his course southward to Ubinsk, on the borders of China; and from thence again, inclining northwards, to Irkutsk on the Baikal Lake, about the middle of Asia. From Irkutsk he passed along the river Lena through Yuketsk and Lashiversk to the Frozen Ocean, near Shelatskoi Noss, the interval between which and Cape North (about  $50^{\circ}$ ) is the only coast of the old world which has never yet been traversed. This, as we have said before, is near the extremity of Asia, approaching the New Continent. From the Frozen Ocean our pedestrian again turning his back upon the North Pole, travelled downwards to Okotsk, and crossing the gulf of that name, visited Kamtchatka. After having surveyed the whole length of this peninsula, he again crossed to Okotsk, and passing a second time through Irkutsk, (from which latter town he makes a retrograde movement upon the Chinese territory,) he returned through Tobolsk and Moscow to Petersburg, exactly three years and three weeks from the time he had been there before. Our readers have only to look at their maps to acknowledge the extraordinary length of this journey, the greater part of which was performed on foot, through a wilderness of snow. They may, perhaps, be tempted to inquire of us the motive which prompted this extensive undertaking. Was it business or science?—No; the author is a captain in the royal navy, and for science, he professes his utter ignorance of it. Were the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty at the bottom of the business? Or the Missionary Society? Or the Royal Society?—No; none of them. Was it *love*? the reader will ask, in despair of conjecturing a more reasonable motive, and well knowing the immoderate lengths to which that passion will carry us? To this query (improbable as it might seem) we are not equally prepared to return the simple negative, inasmuch as it appears that our author was really “netted” (as he himself declares)—in Kamtchatka! But it is more than likely that even here we

might have ventured a denial, our author's lady never having visited England till after his marriage with her, being in fact a native *Kamtchatdale*. The book itself indeed supplies an answer to this riddle to which we cannot but allow some plausibility; we beg leave to give it *literatim*:—(speaking of his departure from Petersburg,) “The night was beautifully clear, though rather cold from the effects of a northern breeze; while the moon was near her full. I looked at the beautiful luminary, and actually asked myself whether I were, *as had been asserted*, under the baneful influence of that planet.” Captain Cochrane is, however, as well as we can judge, as far perhaps from a genuine madman, as any of those who call him so; he is certainly a little eccentric in his disposition, and this, probably combined with a jot of vanity, in being the first to accomplish such an adventurous journey, really might have developed itself in a promenade of fifteen thousand miles, or so, without any external inducement. However this may be, he is at least a man of an inextinguishable thirst for experimental knowledge, and of an incorrigible propensity towards locomotion, in proof of which his own words may stand: “After such a journey I might be supposed cured of the spirit of travelling, at least in so eccentric a way; yet the supposition is far from the fact, for as I am conscious that *I never was so happy as in the wilds of Tartary*, so have I never been so anxious to enter a similar field as at this moment.”

Except as a biographical curiosity, however, the Narrative can scarcely be considered either profitable or amusing to the reader. Those who are very inquisitive, or those who look with an eye of science towards farther discoveries in the yet partially-known regions of the north, those also who are at the head of governments, (especially the Autocrat of the regions themselves,) might peruse this volume, and derive from it some instruction; but to the general reader, from the uniformity of its details, and their insignificance, it would after a few pages become tedious and oppressive. This, we are aware, is more chargeable upon

the scene itself, which is little else than a boundless tract of invariable desolation, without any peculiar phenomena to characterise it, than to the writer; but however good an excuse this may be, it is certainly no recommendation. The table of contents alone is enough to frighten a common reader from the contents themselves; it is made up (wholly) of the names of places,—such a hideous catalogue of unpronounceable words, as we never saw brought together before in a given space, except on the map itself.

The whole interest of the volume centres in Captain Cochrane individually,—the hardships he suffered, the privations he endured, the obstacles he overcame, the dangers he escaped. Of some of these, the following passages afford good illustrations.

On the 9th day I started for Zashiversk, distant forty miles, the first twenty of which was by a rising path, until I reached the greatest elevation of a lofty mountain, with some peril and more difficulty. The scene reminded me of my journey across the sand hills at the back of Vera Cruz, with this difference only, that the gale, generally attending both, obscures in the one instance the atmosphere with sand, and in the other with snow; in both no traces of a path can long exist if there be any wind. The snow lay from four to six feet deep, and our situation was at one time extremely dangerous, being completely ignorant which way to turn; not the smallest vestige of verdure was to be seen, and, except a few crosses (another resemblance to Vera Cruz), which were sure to receive the offering of the Yakuti, consisting of horse-hair drawn from the tail or mane of horses, in token of their gratitude for safe arrival at the summit, nothing was visible. I left this desert of snow, and rapidly descended the north-east side of the hills, enjoying the magnificent winter scene which gradually opens to view. I soon reached the banks of the Chouboukalah, and the more considerable Galanima, and then along a well-wooded valley, gained the rapid Indigirka just at the point where the latter falls into it; not long after which I entered the town of Zashiversk.

Of all the places I have ever seen, bearing the name of city or town, this is the most dreary and desolate; my blood froze within me as I beheld and approached the place. All that I have seen in passing rocky or snowy sierras or passes in Spain, in traversing the wastes of Canada, or in crossing the mountains in North America,

or the Pyrennees, or the Alps, cannot be compared with the desolation of the scene around me! The first considerable halting-place from Yakutsk, the half-way house, is nine hundred or one thousand miles removed from a civilized place. Such a spot gives name to a commissariat, and contains seven habitations of the most miserable kind, inhabited severally by two clergymen, each separate, a non-commissioned officer, and a second in command; a post-master, a merchant, and an old widow. I have, during my service in the navy, and during a period when seamen were scarce, seen a merchant ship with sixteen guns, and only fifteen men; but I never before saw a town with only seven inhabitants.

Fish is fine and most abundant, and constitutes almost the only support of the numerous inhabitants. There is not a blade of grass near the place, and no horses are kept nearer than thirty miles; so that there is no little difficulty in bringing the hay which maintains a couple of cows. The planner or proposer of this site for a town might deserve punishment, but certainly less than that of being made its perpetual commander. I remained three days, living in a state of luxury to which I had, of late, been a stranger. Hares, wolves, bears, wild rein-deer, and elks, which abound here, were my ordinary food; foxes, which are also in great plenty, are here used as food. Bear and wolf meat I found good when very hungry; rein-deer I found a delicate diet; but elk I think surpasses every thing I have tasted, having all the nutriment of beef, with all the delicate flavour of the rein-deer. (P. 220—223.)

In order to understand what our author means by the "luxury" of bear and wolf-meat, it is necessary to be informed that *horse-flesh* was a common edible with him and the demi-savages his escort. But it would be erroneous to suppose from this, that our author is insensible to the pleasures of good eating; nay, he sometimes indulges a style of panegyric upon this subject, which might fairly indict him as an Epicurean: "Spite of our prejudices, (says he,) there is nothing to be compared with the melting of *raw fish* in the mouth; oysters, clotted cream, or the finest jelly in the world, is nothing to it. I myself have finished a whole fish, which in its frozen state might have weighed two or three pounds, and with *black biscuit*, and a glass of rye brandy, have defied either nature or art to prepare a



better meal." We suspect these luxuries would have wanted much of their gratefulness, had they not been served up in a medium, proverbial for its effect in rendering the most unsavory viands palatable, to wit—the sauce of hunger. Marrow, warm from the fore-feet of a rein-deer, is also enlarged upon by our traveller, as one of the greatest delicacies in nature; and *stone-butter* (an earthy substance called by the Russians *Kamenoye Maslo*) is another dainty in his Siberian bill of fare. Indeed the inhabitants of the country where such kickshaws are fashionable, appear to be *bon vivants* of no ordinary description; we much question, if the giant of hasty-pudding celebrity, might compete with a native Yakut or Tongouse in powers of deglutition.

At Tabalak I had a pretty good specimen of the appetite of a child, whose age (as I understood from the steersman, who spoke some English and less French) did not exceed five years. I had observed the child crawling on the floor, and scraping up with its thumb the tallow grease which fell from a lighted candle, and I inquired in surprise whether it proceeded from hunger or liking of the fat. I was told from neither, but simply from the habit in both Yakuti and Tongousi of eating whenever there is food, and never permitting any thing that can be eaten to be lost. I gave the child a candle made of the most impure tallow,—a second,—and third,—and all were devoured with avidity. The steersman then gave him several pounds of sour frozen butter; this also he immediately consumed; lastly, a large piece of yellow soap,—all went the same road; but as I was now convinced that the child would continue to gorge as long as it could receive any thing, I begged my companion to desist.

As to the statement of what a man can or will eat, either as to quality or quantity, I am afraid it would be quite incredible; in fact, there is nothing in the way of fish or meat, from whatever animal, however putrid or unwholesome, but they will devour with impunity, and the quantity only varies from what they have, to what they can get. I have repeatedly seen a Yakut or a Tongouse devour forty pounds of meat in a day. The effect is very observable upon them, for from thin and meagre looking men, they will become perfectly pot-bellied. Their stomachs must be differently formed to ours, or it would be impossible for them to drink off at a draught, as they really do, their tea and soup scalding hot (so hot, at least, that an

European would have difficulty in even sipping at it), without the least inconvenience. I have seen three of these gluttons consume a rein-deer at one meal; nor are they nice as to the choice of parts; nothing being lost, not even the contents of the bowels, which, with the aid of fat and blood, are converted into black-puddings.

For an instance in confirmation of this, no doubt, extraordinary statement, I shall refer to the voyages of the Russian admiral, Saritcheff. "No sooner," he says, "had they stopped to rest or spend the night, than they had their kettle on the fire, which they never left until they pursued their journey, spending the intervals for rest in eating, and, in consequence of no sleep, were drowsy all the next day." The admiral also says, "That such extraordinary voracity was never attended with any ill effects, although they made a practice of devouring, at one meal, what would have killed any other person. The labourers," the admiral says, "had an allowance of four poods, or one hundred and forty-four English pounds of fat, and seventy-two pounds of rye-flour, yet in a fortnight they complained of having nothing to eat. Not crediting the fact, the Yakuts said that one of them was accustomed to consume at home, in the space of a day, or twenty-four hours, the hind quarter of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat, and a proportionate quantity of melted butter for his drink. The appearance of the man not justifying the assertion, the admiral had a mind to try his gormandizing powers, and for that purpose he had a thick porridge of rice boiled down with three pounds of butter, weighing together twenty-eight pounds, and although the glutton had *already breakfasted*, yet did he sit down to it with great eagerness, and consumed the whole without stirring from the spot: and, except that his stomach betrayed more than an ordinary fullness, he betrayed no sign of molestation or injury, but would have been ready to renew his gluttony the following day." So much for the admiral, on the truth of whose account I place perfect reliance. (P. 212—214.)

If the reader should at any time happen to be benighted in the midst of winter, upon a shrubless waste or a sandy desert,—he might, perhaps, be glad of Captain Cochrane's recipe for making up a good bed, and obtaining a comfortable night's rest, under these circumstances: "I took off my shoes, hat, and jacket, and, taking a spare flannel waistcoat and drawers which I had fortunately retained in a bundle, with a dry pair of worsted stockings, with this I

made myself a bed, putting my feet into my hat, and pointing them towards the wind, and my shoes under my head for a pillow; then lying down and drawing my jacket over my shoulders, I slept very soundly." His invention of a horse-shoe fire, when the necessity occurred of sleeping in snow, is also worthy of remembrance; the reader may gather some hints from the following narration, if ever he should think of posting through Siberia in search of adventures:

The Yakuti then with their axes proceeded to fell timber, while I and the Cosack with our lopatkas or wooden spades cleared away the snow which was generally a couple of feet deep. We then spread branches of the pine tree, to fortify us from the damp or cold earth beneath us: a good fire was now soon made, and each bringing a leathern bag from the baggage, furnished himself with a seat. We then put the kettle on the fire, and soon forgot the sufferings of the day. Yet the weather was so cold that we were almost obliged to creep into the fire; and as I was much worse off than the rest of the party for warm clothing, I had recourse to every stratagem I could devise to keep my blood in circulation. It was barely possible to keep one side of the body from freezing, while the other might be said to be roasting. Upon the whole, I slept tolerably well, although I was obliged to get up five or six times during the night to take a walk or run for the benefit of my feet. While thus employed, I discovered that the Yakuti had drawn the fire from our side to theirs, a trick which I determined to counteract the next night. I should here observe, that it is the custom of the Yakuti to get to leeward of the fire, and then undressing themselves, put the whole of their clothes as a shelter for one side of their bodies, while the other side receives a thorough roasting from exposure to the fire; this plan also gives them the benefit of the warmth of their own bodies. The thermometer during the day had ranged from 20° to 25°, according to the elevation of the sun.

The following day, at thirty miles, we again halted in the snow, when I made a horse-shoe fire, which I found had the effect I desired, of keeping every part of me alike warm, and I actually slept well without any other covering than my clothes thrown over me, whereas before I had only the consolation of knowing that if I was in a freezing state with one half of my body, the other was meanwhile roasting to make amends.

(P. 206, 207.)

The imperturbable serenity with which he appears to have encountered the several disasters of his journey, is at once both ludicrous and astonishing. At Tosna in Russia, he was seized by ruffians, who dragged him by the collar into a forest, bound him to a tree, took from him his watch and money, leaving him at the same time "almost as naked as he came into the world." Upon this occasion he gravely observes: "To pursue my route to Tzarko Selo would indeed be alike indecent and ridiculous, but being so, and there being no remedy, I made therefore 'forward' the order of the day; having first with the remnant of my apparel rigged myself à l'Ecossoise, I resumed my route. I had still left me a blue jacket, a flannel waistcoat, and a spare one, which I tied round my waist in such a manner that it reached down to my knees: my empty knapsack was restored to its old place, and I trotted on even with a merry heart." He adds, that upon being offered a change of raiment by his Excellency General Woronzoff (whose servants taking him probably for a lunatic had shut the door in his face), he declined it, considering his thin dress as "*peculiarly becoming*." This gaiety, whether the result of philosophy or constitution, never deserts him, even in the most uncomfortable situations. Adventures which another traveller would have ordered his printer to emphaticate with italics and a note of admiration, he relates with a degree of simplicity and naïveté excessively amusing. Thus after having quitted Pogost, he says,— "Being too jaded to proceed farther, I thought myself fortunate in being able to pass the night in a cask! Arrived at Paulovo, &c." At Barnaoule likewise: "The governor had at first taken me for a Rashcolnick (a Polish exile) from my long beard and longer golden locks; notwithstanding I wore at the same time a long swaddling gray nankeen coat, and a silken sash round my waist, but indeed so great a buck had I become of late that I hardly knew myself." Again too: "In journeying along the river my horse twice fell under me upon his broadside, yet without injury to me, as I used no



stirrups, my feet hanging at liberty for the sake of *kicking the horse's side to keep me warm.*" And a little after,—"Having well *refreshed* ourselves with the flesh of a *bear* and a *horse*, which had the day before fought each other to death, we departed, &c." "At forty miles, or three in the afternoon, *we drank tea in a bush*, &c."

The journey from the Frozen Ocean to Okotsk was, perhaps, the most perilous ever undertaken and performed by any European traveller. Two thousand miles, stretching across lofty mountains of ice, large overflowed marshes, half frozen lakes, impetuous rivers, and forests almost impervious, were measured by this undaunted sailor. He remained forty-five nights exposed to the snow, from the drifting of which it was often impossible to keep alive a fire,—and five days without food, the other seventy which it took to perform this journey being chiefly supported on *horse-meat*. In crossing the Okota on a raft of his own making, our author had to contend with difficulties sufficient to make a man of less stubborn intrepidity think it the easiest method of subduing them to lie down at once and die; but by a combination of prudence and temerity, which belongs perhaps to the character of a British seaman alone, he finally extricated himself,—only indeed to plunge into other adventures equally rash and hazardous. To crown his pedestrian errantry, he resolved to cross from Okotsk to California in America, for the purpose of exploring (alone and on foot) the desolate regions of that vast continent; and was only prevented from pursuing this, we must say, Quixotic scheme, by not finding a vessel which might carry him over. We are only surprised that he did not provide himself with a pair of Mr. Kent's newly-invented slippers for walking on water, and thus attempt to cross the Pacific Ocean without further ceremony. Truly the old Russian mineralogist at Nertchinsk who told him that ere long he expected to hear of his "arrival in the moon," had chalked him out a track not a little

prefigurative of what his friends seem to hint will be his ultimate destination.

The Siberians, contrary to general opinion in England, would appear from Captain Cochrane's Narrative to be a happy, and on the whole a *moral* people. The number of *criminals* is very small, though the policy of colonization induces the government to swell the number of *exiles*, by pronouncing a sentence of banishment for every slight misdemeanour. Of their progress towards civilization, wealth, and power, he speaks in very sanguine terms. Their mines, he asserts, will shortly rival those of Peru in value; and the salubrity of their climate, internal resources, and increasing population and trade, will render them one of the most powerful nations on earth.—The Lancasterian System, it seems, is in full play, as also the English Missionary System, but with very different success: education is spreading rapidly; whilst in the three years that they have been zealously employed there, the Missionaries have failed to convert *one individual*. Hospitality is a distinguishing feature of the Russ and Siberian character; in travelling from Moscow to Irkutsk (a route of six thousand miles) our author's expenses did not amount to a *guinea*. Extraordinary as it may appear, he found the natives of this ice-bound country less able to defy cold than he; whilst they were enveloped in furs, he wore nothing but a light dress of nankeen or leather. Their powers of enduring bodily fatigue are also by no means wonderful; we hear our author crying out in almost every second page, for a "*fresh Cossack*" to accompany him.

On the other hand, the Kamtchatdales are described as a most wretched, oppressed, demoralized, and vanishing race of creatures. Their numbers are now diminished to about four thousand, afflicted with an epidemic scrofula, the fruit of one immoral disease, (from which scarcely a single individual is free,) combined with their indolence, poverty, filth, and perpetual inebriety.

## JOHN A' SCHAFFELAAR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH OF TOLLENS.

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Toen 't vuur der tweedragt vlamde in 't rond.

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WHEN high the flame of discord rose,  
And o'er the country spread,  
When friends were changed to deadliest foes,  
And nature's feelings fled:—

When doubtful questions of debate  
Disturb'd the public mind,  
And all, impell'd by furious hate,  
Forgot their kin and kind:—

When foreign armies, helm'd and plumed,  
Were hurrying to our strand,  
And fierce, internal fires consumed  
The heart of Netherland:—

Then flourish'd John a' Schaffelaar,  
A hero bold was he,  
Renown'd for glorious deeds of war,  
And feats of chivalry.

Let him who would Rome's Curtius name,  
Give Schaffelaar his due,  
Who was, though lauded less by fame,  
The nobler of the two.

Secluded virtue fairest shines,  
No flattery dims its rays,  
While virtue on a throne declines,  
And fades beneath its praise.

You ask me once again to sing—  
And I have yet the will—  
And whilst my lyre retains a string,  
'Twill sound for Holland still.

When Utrecht saw her sons appear  
Her bishop to depose,  
And all with musket and with spear  
Against his vassals rose:

When Amersfoort had sworn to shield,  
Defend him, and obey;  
And Barneveld had made it yield,  
And wrested him away:

Then flourish'd John a' Schaffelaar,  
A hero bold was he—  
Renown'd for glorious deeds of war,  
And feats of chivalry.

Up—up the steepest tow'r he went,  
With eighteen men to aid,  
And from the lofty battlement  
A deadly havoc made.

He dares their fire, which threatens death,  
And gives it back again,  
And showers of bullets fall beneath,  
As thick as winter's rain.



Erect he stands—no vain alarm,  
No fear of death appals,  
And many a foeman by his arm,  
Drops from the castle walls.

But courage must be crush'd at last  
In such unequal fight:  
The best and bravest blood flows fast,  
And quenches glory's light.

Fearfully rolls the tempest there,  
And vengeance breathes around,  
The thunder bursts and rends the air,  
And shrieks along the ground.

The castle rocks at every blow  
Upon its giant frame;  
The raging fire ascends, and lo!  
The tow'r is wrapt in flame.

"Your will?" cried John a' Schaffelaar,  
"Your will? my comrades true!  
Though thoughts of self are banish'd far,  
I still can mourn for you."

"Oh! yield to them—give up the tow'r!"  
To Schaffelaar they call,  
"We cannot now withstand their pow'r,  
Yield, or we perish all."

"The flames are round us and our fate  
Is certain," was the cry;  
"Then yield, oh! yield! ere 'tis too late!  
Amid the smoke we die."

"We yield it then," the hero cried,  
"We yield it to your might,  
We bow our stubborn necks of pride—  
Ye conquerors in the fight."

"No! no!" exclaim'd the furious crowd,  
"A ransom we require;  
A ransom—quick!" they call'd aloud,  
"Or perish in the fire!"

"What is your wish?—no more we war:"  
They cry to those without.  
"We would have John a' Schaffelaar,"  
The furious rabble shout.

"Never! by heaven!—we yield him not,"  
They cry as with one voice;  
"If death must be our leader's lot,  
We'll share it and rejoice!"

"Hold! on your lives!" with lifted hand  
Said Schaffelaar the free—

"Whoe'er opposes their demand  
Is not a friend to me.

"Mine was th' attempt, be mine the fate,  
Since we in vain withstood;  
On me alone would fall the weight  
Of all your guiltless blood.

"The flames draw nearer—all is o'er—  
And here I may not dwell;

Give me your friendly hands once more—  
For ever fare ye well!"

He rushes from his trusty men,  
 Who would in vain oppose,  
 And from the narrow loop-hole then  
 He springs amid his foes.

"Here have ye John a' Schaffelaar—  
 No longer battle wage—  
 Divide and banquet, hounds of war!  
 And satisfy your rage.

"Now sheathe your swords and bear afar  
 The muskets that we braved;  
 Here have ye John a' Schaffelaar—  
 My comrades true are saved."

His limbs were writhing on the ground  
 In death's convulsive thrill;  
 The blood-drops that are shed around  
 With shame his foemen fill.

The sounds of war no more arise,  
 And banish'd is the gloom,  
 But glory's wreath, which never dies,  
 Surrounds the hero's tomb.

Let him who would Rome's Curtius name  
 Give Schaffelaar his due,  
 Who was, though lauded less by fame,  
 The nobler of the two.

V. D.

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## FOREST LEGENDS.

### No. I.

#### THE ARCHER OF ULVESCROFT.

IN the forest of Charnwode, at a considerable distance from any public road, deeply situated in a vale whose bosom is watered by a meandering stream, stands all that now remains of the once goodly priory of Ulvescroft!

In the time of the Edwards, the Henrys, and even Mary, this priory possessed no mean advantage in point of monastic grandeur. It was the abode of Eremites, of the order of St. Augustine, and was endowed with many privileges, amongst which an unbounded right of hunting or hawking over the adjoining wastes was none of the smallest.

The forest in which this edifice was erected, though still abounding in bold and beautiful yet somewhat barren scenery, at the period alluded to bore no want of vegetation; it was covered with foliage, so thick and verdant as to exhibit one ample grove of stately oaks, softened and variegated by the birch, the beech,

and the clustering ash. The vicinity of Ulvescroft still preserves a large portion of this interesting foliage, partly, we will hope, from a respect to the ruined pile which graces its valley, and partly from the rocky surface, that bids defiance to all agricultural improvements. Whichever motive may have actuated its owners, the dell in which the priory stands is of itself sufficiently picturesque to attract the notice of every lover of woodland scenery. Retired and solitary, it is inclosed on almost every side by high and rocky eminences, about whose sides the twisted and knotty oaks assume a thousand grotesque forms, according as their roots have found the means of penetrating their granite beds. A gentle brook waters this lovely spot—a brook so fair, so romantic in its course, that Leland in his writings has taken occasion to mention it. As it approaches the little town of Newtown Linford, it assumes a bolder surface;



but here, it murmurs softly and peacefully over its rocky bed.

The ruins of Ulvescroft priory stand in solemn grandeur, betwixt this stream and the adjoining eminence, rather to the west. One tower and a considerable portion of one side of the building yet remain, and seem in tolerable preservation, at least as far as regards its pointed arched door-way and windows. The tower may even yet be ascended nearly to its summit, although some of its steps are in a precarious condition. Two stone niches, which seem to have contained benches, are likewise perceptible within the interior of the building, probably belonging to the chancel. Although this ruin is neither so extensive in its dimensions, nor in such high preservation as many others, it exhibits so chaste and solemn an appearance, in the midst of its lonely situation, that it is impossible to look upon it without the mind reverting to what it must have been in former ages.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, the priory of Ulvescroft was in its glory; it was rich in lands and high in reputation, not only as regarded the piety and good conduct of its superior, but for the charity extended to the neighbouring poor. Prior Whatton was, in truth, a good and a pious man,—but he had one failing, if failing it might be termed, where an unbounded latitude was given; he loved the pleasures of the chace, and he entered into them with an avidity hardly to be looked for even in those more connected with the world. Yet, although this might be termed a failing on the part of Whatton, it was not considered incompatible with his situation as Prior, such diversions being allowable in the heads of monastic institutions at that period; but Whatton followed his privilege to its extent.

The red deer of Charnwode were in high estimation, not only on account of their superior flavour, but for the superior sport they yielded in the field; and the Earls Ferrers and Leicester, as well as the Lord Hastings, at that time the possessor of Witwicke, looked with no small jealousy upon the encroachments made by the Superior on this their favourite breed. But Whatton cared little for the rebuffs of these noblemen; he

held his right of chasing the deer by grants from his sovereign. It was immaterial to him who winced under these privileges, and he spared neither the red nor the fallow, when it suited him to indulge in the recreation. Indeed, so freely and so frequently did he hunt, that it became proverbial in the mouths of his enemies:

Seeke the deere in his lair,

Friar Whatton is there.

In hunting, hawking, or netting, Prior Whatton was indeed an adept. Every corner of the forest rang at intervals with the notes of his bugle. The swift-footed animals started at the sound of it, they left their leafy beds, and shook the dew from their haunches, with the terror and the fleetness of those who fly for freedom! The very trice cock fluttered his plumage, and fled fearfully from the branch on which he was reposing, as its lengthened tones were echoed through the vallies.

Yet expert as the Prior was at this his favourite diversion, he could not always boast of success; there were seasons when the wary animal, despite of the most active exertions of his enemies, would keep long at bay, and finally baffle the skill of his pursuers.

It was on an occasion of this kind, after a lengthened chace, when the stag had made good his retreat and found a secure covering in the wiles of the forest, when both men and dogs were at fault, that Whatton, disgusted by the ill success of the morning's amusement and scarcely conscious of what he was about, turned his horse's head from the party who had accompanied him, and, striking suddenly into another part of the forest, motioned as though he would be alone. No one presumed to follow him; the Prior of Ulvescroft was too exalted in situation to admit of his orders being treated with neglect; and Whatton, with that listlessness which usually attends the disappointment of our wishes, rode for some time alone. But the defeat of his morning's exertions was not the only cause for chagrin that Whatton at that moment had in his heart;—he had recently received intelligence that the owner of Witwicke, whose ample possessions, and fair park, rendered

him as formidable as any nobleman on that side the county, and with whom the inhabitants of the priory were at variance, had suddenly visited his castle with a numerous company of friends, and it was a circumstance of too much import not to dwell upon the mind of the Prior.

Their quarrel had its source, like many others, from a question concerning forest rights, and it had been pursued so long, and with so much acrimony on both sides, that a total estrangement had taken place between them; the monks not choosing to yield one inch of their prerogative, and the Lord Hastings, in the plenitude of his power, looking for, and exacting more than seemed consistent either with good nature or generosity.

Whatton had rode over several miles of hill and dale before he became really conscious that he had left his companions—so much had his mind been engrossed by internal reflection. A brace of tired dogs paced sluggishly at his horse's heels, the one a stag-hound, the other an old blood-hound; their coats were soiled, their tails down, their heavy eyes were bent constantly upon the ground, and, though not endowed with the gift of speech, their motions seemed to indicate that they partook largely in the chagrin of their master. When Whatton paused, which at length he did, on the summit of a small knoll, it was to fix his eyes on the mansion of his enemy. The proud walls of Witwicke were indeed before him, they towered over the trees with which they were surrounded, and seemed to frown defiance upon the Prior. The pace of Whatton unconsciously quickened; he spurred the beast that bore him, and the towers of Witwicke were soon lost in the distance. It was not, however, the disposition of the Prior to urge either man or beast to extremity; his horse had undergone much fatigue that morning; he had rode hard; and, being pretty certain that he could not now be in much danger of encountering any one, whose presence might be unpleasant to him, he once more gave a slackened rein. As he patted the neck of the high spirited animal, and smoothed his sleek mane with the butt end of his whip, his attention was arrested by one of his quadruped companions, whose eyes at that mo-

ment met his, and there seemed so much of mute expression in them, that Whatton read, or fancied he read, the creature's meaning.

"Chantress," he said, "thou wert wont to do thy duty without failing, my old girl. But thou hast balked thy master this morning. We must have more mettle another time."

Accustomed to his voice, the hound fawned upon him, but whilst in the act of so doing, she turned round with a celerity that showed there was no want of animation, and that neither age nor fatigue had as yet dulled her senses. With one ear thrown back upon her neck, and her nose to the ground, she gave the usual deep tongue when in pursuit of game, and in an instant was lost to the sight of her master. Surprised by the action of the dog, the Prior remained irresolute what course to pursue: the hound had fled in the direction of the castle, and Whatton, vexed by the circumstance, felt strongly inclined to leave her to her fate. But affection for an old favourite made him hesitate; there was also another strong incitement towards his pursuing her,—the propensity of the blood-hound for tracking the human foot; and Whatton, though the towers of Witwicke were so closely at hand, had a heart too much alive to humanity, to risk the mischief so dangerous a propensity might occasion.—After a few seconds given to consideration, therefore, he turned short by the way the animal had taken, not however without some internal feelings of the unpleasant encounter which must necessarily take place, should the lordly owner of the domain present himself before him.

But he was not doomed to meet with him. On reaching the summit of a slight eminence that overlooked a romantic dell, he found Chantress indeed engaged, but with a youth of so slender an appearance, that the Prior trembled as he beheld them.

In truth it was a boy, a fair boy, of such few years, that it seemed as if one onset alone of the enraged animal were sufficient to destroy him: but he parried her attack so adroitly, twisting round and round, as the dog bore furiously towards him; at the same time, defending himself with so much skill, and attacking Chantress in his turn with a cross-bow he held



in his hand with such violence, as to send her several paces from him howling with pain. But Chantress was no coward;—as she was usually foremost in the chace, so was she in fight. She returned to the attack again and again, with redoubled energy; and was as often as successfully repelled by the dexterous boy. It was after a severe struggle, in which Chantress had been thrown to a considerable distance, that her fate must have been inevitably decided, had not the Prior at that instant arrived and saved her.

“Hold, hold, brave youth, harm not the dog; spare her, I beseech you.” “Down, Chantress, down. Back, good lass, back with you.”

The youngster had found time to aim a bolt which would the next instant have been fixed in her heart, had not the voice of Whatton arrested his intention. Accustomed to the word of command, the animal slunk behind her master; and, having reduced her to obedience by the usual harsh tones of authority, the Prior turned his regards on her antagonist.

The boy was standing in a low dingle or bottom, beside a thicket of evergreens. His cap was off, and a profusion of light brown hair that fell around a forehead of the most dazzling whiteness, and flowed in natural ringlets to his shoulders, formed so strong a contrast to the dark shades of the holly which grew behind him, that Whatton thought he had scarcely ever beheld so beautiful a figure. Indeed, the whole appearance of this youth exhibited a whimsical and incongruous medley. The rich colour and fantastic style of his dress, so different from any thing worn by lads of his age, excepting those attached to the court, joined to his native grace, forcibly impressed the Prior. The cross-bow he held in his hand, though its bolt had been thus hastily arrested from its purpose, was still grasped in an attitude of defiance, and as he returned the gaze of Whatton, it was with so saucy and independent an air, that the latter could scarcely suppress a smile as he observed it.

The retreat of the dog, however, had the desired effect, the extended arm gradually sunk to its natural position, and, after a short interval, given as it should seem to the con-

sideration of who and what was the rank of the person who addressed him, the youth replied:

“May I ask, Sir Friar, who it is, that so authoritatively woos me from the chastisement of an enemy?”

“One who leans to the side of mercy, good boy.”

“Indeed?” said the lad tartly, “it were an act of mercy truly, to spare the life of one who would take yours in return! I hold it no sin to kill your blood-hound, Sir Monk, since doubtless she left your side for the purpose of attack. We have shown her better sport however.”

“Your prowess I admire, it is beyond your years. Yet it is my duty to tell you,” said Whatton, “that true generosity may show itself better by sparing a fallen foe.”

“Cry you mercy, Sir, yonder creature exhibits no sign of foilment; an you were not here, she would as soon take me as a buck.”

“Well, well, you have shown your ability, and it promises fair in ripper years.”

“A small matter, a small matter, good priest; but you are right, we hope to live to do better things.”

These words were accompanied by so strong a tone of superiority, joined with so contemptuous a toss of the head, and a countenance so indicative of scorn, that Whatton felt very much disposed to anger. But the haughty smile and curl of the upper lip were so mollified by the otherwise natural beauty of the face, that the anger of the Prior yielded to the contemplation of so rare a piece of Nature's workmanship. He seemed fascinated, and stood in fixed attention, silently viewing him. The boy took no notice of this astonishment, although it escaped not his observation, but continued,

“I am a stranger among these wilds, and know not exactly which way to wend my steps, I seek a contentious Prior, who they tell me dwells hereabouts; a man, I hear, who loves the chace so well, that he grudges every one else a partition of it. Perhaps you could guide me to him?”

“And what, if I could?” demanded Whatton, but little pleased to hear himself so spoken of.

“I have a vow against him,” said the lad: “I have sworn to despoil

him of one of his fattest bucks ; and, by the walls of Saint Mary, where they say he resides, I will keep my promise."

"Why thou art the veriest little varlet mine eyes ever saw!" cried Whatton, rage now overcoming every other feeling. "But let me warn thee, stripling, and see thou take it in time ; desist from thy purpose, or it will cost thee dear perhaps, for the walls of Saint Mary are strong, and dark within. Thou understandest me?"

The youth bowed expressively, whilst a smile of derision again sat upon his face.

"I dread neither priests nor walls : I care not, so I cure the Prior of Ulvescroft of his churlish propensities, for, like myself, I deem him worthy of *better* things."

There was a stress on the word "*better*," and a laughter in the eye, as he uttered the last sentence, which were provoking enough. He drew the silken mantle that had hitherto hung carelessly behind him across one shoulder, and, snatching up his bow, which during the course of parley he had suffered to fall to the ground, turned short upon his heel, of which he made so good a use, that he was very soon out of sight.

"Sayest thou so, young Swift-foot? we shall see," said Whatton, pulling down the sleeves of his dress with the air of one who hardly knows how to vent his mortification. "But I believe thee capable of that, or aught else thou art bent upon. However, once more I say beware!"

The words of the Prior were spent in air, the youth was past hearing, and Whatton, after a moment's pause, again pursued his way homeward. He could not, however, easily divest his thoughts of what had occurred ; the figure of the boy, in all his native grace and beauty, was constantly present to his imagination. Who or what he was he could not so readily determine ; noble, his whole appearance bespoke him ; and Whatton suspected him to be one of the followers of Witwicke's Lord, who, having heard of the feuds subsisting between that nobleman and himself, had in the sportiveness of boyhood thus insulted him. The mind of the Prior was rather disposed to generosity than otherwise, but he could not very rea-

dily forgive this seeming fresh affront, —since he doubted not but the Lord Hastings had a share in it. And this it was, more than the pertinacious loquacity of the boy, that really mortified and displeased him.

Two days were passed by the Prior, subsequent to his rencounter in the forest, in retirement at home, nor had he once wandered forth, as was usual for him to do, in search of amusement. The third day was the Anniversary of Saint Mary, to whom the priory was dedicated, and it was ushered in by the inmates of Ulvescroft with the usual solemnity. As the duties of the occasion were numerous, they engrossed the whole attention of the Superior. His heart was tranquil, his brow was serene, and he thought only on the various religious ceremonies of the day. But a different scene awaited him.

It was nearly noon, and the Prior, somewhat wearied by his exertions, was crossing the outer court from the chapel, for the purpose of enjoying a short interval of repose in his private chamber, when his observation was attracted by a large party of menials, belonging to the establishment, in deep and confused altercation. Their eager looks and loud hurried tones betokened that something more than usual had happened. Whatton, vexed that any thing like tumult should interrupt the tranquillity of the festival, advanced hastily towards them.

"Whence this commotion, brethren? It suits not with the sacred duties we have been engaged in, and surely might have been spared this day."

The men looked at each other ; they hesitated, for they were well acquainted with the rigidity of their Superior, as respected religious observances, and feared to incur his displeasure ; but the case was urgent, and it was necessary he should be informed of it. At length one of them, older and somewhat more elevated in situation than the others, advanced towards him ; he laid one hand reverently upon his breast, and with the other made the usual sign of the cross.

"Think not, holy Father, that our minds are evil in the midst of thankfulness ! or that we would offer any disrespect at the foot of that shrine



to which we all yield obedience: but—

"Declare your meaning!" said Whatton, not without some apprehension of what was to be related.

"The forest! reverend Sir, our rights are trampled on, your power contemned, even the walls of the priory have not in this instance been respected, nor have they afforded safety to the animals that browse beneath them."

"The forest!" The Prior started, the words of the unknown rushed to his remembrance. "Hath any one dared?—But, no. Youth may vaunt itself, but it cannot accomplish much." He recollected the prowess he had already witnessed, and was half disposed to recall what he had uttered: he turned calmly to the monk, "Well, Bernard, what mischief is this that hath happened?"

"Three goodly bucks already lie slaughtered beneath the very walls of the priory, and three more, for aught I know."

"Stop, stop," said the Prior, in a voice tremulous with agitation:—"Who hath done this deed?"

"We know not; it seemed almost the work of magic, so swiftly, so silently whizzed the arrows from amidst the copse. But the hand that drew them has hitherto eluded our search, no one was to be seen."

"A plague on that young imp," said Whatton, stamping his foot furiously on the ground; "none less daring than himself would so have defied me. Run, Bernard; William, run. Search well each covert, thicket, fern. See you leave no spot unsought; and, mark me, Sirs, find whom you will, bring them straight before me."

The Prior turned to his chamber as he spoke, but it was in no enviable frame of mind: for some time he paced to and fro, with the rapid uneven tread of one who is uncertain how to act; so angry did he feel at being made the sport of so young a stripling.

The brethren, in the mean time, had sped the best of their way into the intricacies of the forest, not a whit less anxious than their Superior to discover who was the perpetrator of so daring an act. Two hours intervened before they returned, an interval passed by Whatton in painful

suspense. Again and again he accused himself for not having called off his dog, and avoided altercation with the young and apparently maliciously disposed boy. The return of the brethren, however, who had at last been successful, drew his thoughts into another channel, and Whatton lost no time in hastening to confront the aggressor.

The conjectures of the Prior had not been wrong. The same fair boy stood before him: with this only difference in his appearance, that the light fantastic habit, he had worn on their former rencounter, had been exchanged for a suit of simple green, skirted by a coat or jacket, that buttoned closely around him, and, descending nearly as low as the knee, hid his figure almost entirely from observance. His cap, too, that had previously glittered with the brilliant rays of the diamond and the ruby, and had been adorned with party-coloured plumes, now bore but one long sable feather, which, falling gracefully over the left temple, did but set off the clearness of a complexion for which nature and exercise had done much.

In sooth, if the Prior had thought the lad handsome at their first interview, spite of his indignation he could not now alter his opinion, so exquisitely beautiful did he appear. He seemed to take but little notice of the Superior as he approached him; his arms were pinioned, and his looks almost wholly bent upon the ground; but there lurked so deep an expression of archness in them, when they turned at intervals upon Whatton, that he knew not what to think.

He looked steadfastly at him, but the dark orbs of the lad avoided his gaze. He seemed to delight in side-long glances, and appeared capable of using them as much to the purpose as the bolts he had so wantonly let fly from his bow. Determined, however, to trace the motives which had led to such extraordinary conduct to their most latent source, Whatton suppressed the kindly sensations, which, notwithstanding his endeavours, he felt arising towards him, and assuming an air at once stern, haughty, and forbidding, thus addressed him:

"So, boy, thou hast really and truly had audacity enough to put thy

wicked threat into execution:—And what thinkest thou shall now be the reward for such wantonness?"

The culprit answered not, but tossing back the plume, that had hitherto partially shaded one side of his features, with that kind of instinctive motion of the head that expresses more than words, he greeted the Prior with the same incomprehensible smile he had before bestowed upon him.

"I understand you," said Whatton; "you bid defiance to my authority. But beware, silly urchin, your life, if we so will it, may be made answerable for the crime you have been guilty of this day."

"I deny not your authority, Prior; yet I would ask, and I believe you will not deny my right of doing so, how far such authority extends? or whether you take in the free born, as well as the hind—the noble as the peasant? When these questions are replied to, I, in my turn, may perhaps declare the punishment I look forward to."

"Thy tongue seems to keep pace with thy fingers, youth; but should I condescend to hold parley with thee, wilt thou promise to declare truly who, and what thou art, and whence thy wantonness hath arisen?"

"You will learn both, ere we part," said the boy significantly, "I promise that."

"Might I presume to interfere," said one of the brethren coming forward, and casting a look full of anger and inveteracy upon the fair-headed offender. "Such conduct deserves no common punishment, since this stripling hath learnt his trade too perfectly and too early to hope for amendment from your worship's lenity."

"Enough, enough," said the Superior, addressing himself to the monk, and without noticing the questions of his prisoner. "Where is the weapon with which this mischief has been perpetrated?"

"Here, Father, here."

Whatton took the youth's bow from the hands of the monk who tendered it—he examined it minutely; it was formed from the maple wood, and was of exquisite workmanship, having the figure of a stag in the attitude of fleeing, with an arrow in front, beautifully carved in its centre.

Underneath the animal was written in small silver letters

Isabel of Hastings.

The friar started. He passed his eye from the weapon to the face of its owner; the transition and the expression it conveyed had not passed unnoticed, and the rising colour upon her cheek proclaimed that his surmise was not ill founded. It was, indeed, the daughter of his proud neighbour—of his foe, that then stood before him! who in the gaiety and frolicsomeness of youth had played this trick upon him. And Whatton, uncertain what to say, or how to proceed, stood confusedly silent, gazing upon her. Isabel, certain that all must now be discovered, signified her wish to be alone with him, and the Prior immediately complied with her request. The brethren were ordered to withdraw, and, having unloosed the noose that fettered her arms, Whatton again retired to some distance from her.

For a short interval Isabel remained as silent as the Prior—she seemed indeed communing with herself; but, though her cheeks continued to retain their deep suffusion, her eye lost not a whit of its archness, as at length she said:

"Well, my Lord of Ulvescroft, are you satisfied that, whether in the light of friends or enemies, the owners of Witwicke are punctual to their promise?"

"Such punctuality was never doubted, noble damsel, yet methinks the fair Isabel might have found fitter employment than to have taken part in the feuds of her father. And surely my Lord of Hastings, had he wished to do another ill turn to those who meddle not with him, might have found an abler hand than one so truly formed for gentleness."

"Say not so, good Father," said the lady, not ill pleased with the termination of the Prior's speech, "contemn not the abilities of Isabel in the cross-bow, nor in the field. It is the pride of Hastings to think his child excels in them. Nay, Prior, have not you yourself commended them?"

"True, lady, but—"

"Holy Father—use an adversary generously, and he were indeed a dastard, did he not follow the example. What motive, think you,



guided my feet hither, or nerved my arm, so near your dwelling?"

The Prior bent his head; he was unwilling to declare to Isabel that he believed her actions under the sanction of a higher power: he was also above a subterfuge. Isabel was not slow in comprehension.

"I know what you would say. It was by my father's orders that I came so boldly to your gate?"

Whatton bowed an affirmative.

"Listen, good Father. The Lord of Witwicke is no man's enemy. He is not ignorant of your virtues, estranged as he is at this moment from you. He is above the base act of mean destruction. That I, his daughter, have drawn the bow, I admit; but not as you charge me with, through wantonness. I know my father's sentiments toward you; I know he seeks an opportunity to be reconciled; and I shall be deceived if I have not formed a correct estimate of your generosity. Father, the evil I have done you shall be repaired, amply repaired. But I beseech you to let all animosity cease betwixt the Lord of Hastings and yourself."

As she pronounced the last words, she bent one knee to the ground, crossed her hands submissively upon her bosom, and looked earnestly at the Prior. She was no longer the fiery frolicsome youth whose eye spoke daringly, whose lips breathed contemptuously—she was the gentle, the interesting woman, kneeling before her spiritual adviser, imploring the blessing of peace and of amity for a beloved parent!

It was impossible for so kindly a heart as Whatton possessed to withstand the appeal of Isabel, couched as it was in so extraordinary a manner; her grace, her beauty, her spirit, but above all, the energetic language of those eyes, that so recently had had sufficient influence to stir up the wrathful emotions of the heart, now pleading forcibly to the milder passions.

"Rise, noble girl!" he exclaimed, "The Prior of Ulvescroft must not be outdone in generosity—he needs no reminding of his duty! Rise, Isabel, and be it as you wish—it were impossible to withstand you. Should, therefore, the Lord of Witwicke really seek a reconciliation—"

Isabel rose joyously.

"I hie me homewards, Prior; in less than three hours I will undertake to greet my Lord Hastings and yourself as friends; and, mark me, Sir, five goodly bucks for one; that is Isabel's penance for the crime so wantonly committed this day—committed in the cause of duty."

She smiled gaily as she spoke.

"Thou art most extraordinarily gifted, daughter; yet one thing I would know, ere thy departure."

"Say on, Father."

"Was it necessary, in order to accomplish the reunion of hearts, that three unoffending animals should be the sacrifice?"

"All was necessary. When the wound is deep, deep must be the cure. The Prior of Ulvescroft was no common foe, and it needed all the art, all the stratagem of Isabel to convince him, aggrieved as he believed himself to be, that Witwicke's Lord still deserved his esteem."

"And his child?"—said the Prior—"Was anxious to show, that she also longed to share the friendship of Whatton!"

"And she has gained it," said the friar, placing his hand gently upon her head, and blessing her. "Go, get thee gone, fair daughter, and bring thy father as early as thou wilt, for Whatton longs to greet him."

Isabel stayed not for farther permission, but, again crossing her hands reverently upon her bosom, she bowed respectfully to the Prior, and set forward with a light heart and foot towards the mansion of her sire. True to her promise, three hours did not elapse, before the Lord of Hastings himself, attended by Isabel in her own proper habiliments, and a numerous retinue, rode up to the gates of Ulvescroft, for the purpose of ratifying those engagements of amity and good neighbourhood she had already so ably commenced. The Lord of Witwicke brought with him several costly presents for the Prior, amongst which, were the deer promised by his daughter; and, what was more valuable to Whatton, with her own hand, Isabel presented him with the bow that had been the cause of so much mischief.

## THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER.

SUMMER, Summer, come again !  
Dost thou dread a little rain ?  
Canst thou perish in a cloud ?  
Are the winds so fresh and loud,  
Weaving mirth above thy pain ?—  
Lo ! a gloomy sorrow flies  
O'er the forehead of the skies,  
And o'er ocean dark and deep,  
Where the wild sea-natures sleep,—  
Those great children of the billows,  
Tumbling on their restless pillows !

Summur, Summer, art thou gone ?  
Is the Autumn pale alone,  
With her crown of faithless leaves,—  
Like a widow queen, who grieves  
O'er her bands of courtiers fled,  
And her love and music dead ?  
Heed it never, Summer fair !  
Thou no longer needest care  
For the birth or death of flowers,  
Nor lament the sullen hours ;  
Nor the heedless buds that perish  
Howsoever thou dost cherish ;  
Nor the rose who *will* decay,  
Though thou fondly sighest, " Stay ! "  
Kissing her perfumed lips,  
While the broad Apollo dips  
In the waves his burning hair.—  
Mourn not, therefore, Summer fair !

If the jealous rose who died  
Could have been thy deathless bride,  
Or the lady lily pale  
Had not been so false and frail,—  
If the trees their gold had never  
Flung into the brawling river,  
That its hoarse tongue might not say  
When they with the winds did play,  
Thou might'st then have had sad reason  
To complain, sweet Summer season !  
But they fled—the leaves, the flowers ;  
And the illuminated hours  
First survived and then decay'd,  
And in shrouding mists are laid !

Yet they all shall come again,  
Summer sweet, and thou shalt reign  
Like a God beneath the sky ;  
And the thousand worlds that lie  
In their bluest homes shall shine,  
When thou drinkest thy red wine ;



And the soft west winds shall come,  
 Bearing all their courtier treasures,  
 When at evening thou dost roam,  
 Taking thy immortal pleasures  
 With some bud or lily young,  
 Which the sky shall then have flung  
 On a green bank or a dell  
 Of sun-coloured asphodel.  
 —Then shalt thou once more resume  
 Odour, strength, and all thy bloom  
 Of beauty, and regain thy powers  
 Over the time-enchanted hours!—

B. C.

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### A PLEA FOR FEMALE GENIUS.

Vivuntque commissi calores.

THERE are few periodical writers, to whom the public is more indebted, both for materials of thought and for helps in the correction of false thinking, than to the late Opium-eater: but, in his argument against a distinctive superiority of fancy in women, he puts us off with what the schools describe as *à dicto secundum quid ad dictum simpliciter*. Thus, "because men have written poems superior in imaginative power to those written by women, therefore women possess no imagination at all."

"Men," he says, "are shy of pressing too hard upon women." I do not think that he can, himself, be accused of this shyness; nor do I agree with him. So far from a feeling of gallantry restraining men from indulging a severity of comment on the productions of female authors, the absurdity of female literary pretension is, with them, a proverbial topic:

I leave you to your daily 'tea is ready,'  
 Snug coterie and literary lady:

such is the slang of male candour and male politeness.

The author of the paper on "False Distinctions" has chosen his own ground, and himself fixed the standard by which women shall be tried: but there is a stumbling-block in his way, and he knows it; for, like an experienced controvertist, well aware of the weak and strong points of his own and his opponent's argument, he, quietly and with a composed in-

JULY, 1824.

difference, "*sets aside SAPPHO and a few other female lyric poets.*" He knows very well that it is lyric poetry which is chiefly conversant with the "ideal;" with those "high abstractions" which he assumes to be unattainable by women; and he therefore "sets aside the female lyric poets." "We have not," forsooth, "sufficient samples of their poetry." But we have one very stubborn sample, which *Longinus* quotes expressly as embodying the TRUE SUBLIME; and its author is a woman: and, more than this, *Catullus* and *Horace*, though they tried hard, could never create any thing, which approached at all near it in simplicity, intensity, and spontaneous power. After this, it requires something like what is called a "modest assurance" (*Calve, tuâ veniâ*) to come forward and accost the ladies with the courtly appellation of "good women," and to tell them that it is "sufficient honour for them to have produced *us*."

As the challenger does not demand a hundred or a score of samples in proof of women possessing imagination, but will be content with one,—one, himself being the judge, is as good as a score or a hundred. If we have but one or two remnants of *Sappho*, we have, at least, the testimony of ancient opinion to the merit of her *nine books* of odes; and if that opinion be confessedly just, as respects a part, we are bound to admit its justness as respects the whole.

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I am content with the one sample of *Longinus*. Had only the *Il Penseroso* survived *Milton*, would posterity have squeamishly boggled in allowing *Milton's* claim to be considered as a poet? There is but one critic, of whom I ever heard, that estimated poetical merit by bulk; and that was the Dutch gentleman in *Peter Pindar*; who recommended his brother's poem by saying, that it was "so big as von cheese."

I will say nothing of the tribute of tradition to *Erinna*; to *Corinna*, who, it is said, won a prize from *Pindar*; or to the Roman *Sulpicia*: I will "talk with him on the theme" of *Sappho*. I will not consent that she shall be thrown into a corner. I am asked (and the question is to make me start bolt upright in my easy chair), "what work of imagination, owing its birth to a woman, can I lay my hand upon, which has exerted any memorable influence, such as history would notice, on the mind of man?" I answer, SAPPHO'S ODE Εἰς ἱταίραν.

Pass we by the ladies of antiquity.

I am not going to place the *Colombiade* of *Madame du Bocage* by the side of the *Paradise Lost*, though I should think twice before I gave the *Henriade* the preference to it; but I might inquire why, when we hear continually of *Congreve*, *Wycherley*, and *Farquhar*, no mention is ever made of *Mrs. Centlivre*; whose comedies, unrivalled for light bustle of intrigue, keep possession of the stage, to the shame of male critics, and the discomfiture of theories? It appears that living female authors are to be "set aside," together with the "Æolian girl" of old; or I might also inquire, if the authoress of *De Monfort* have not "risen to an entire sympathy with what is most excellent in the art of poetry," which of her male contemporaries has? Is it the author of *Bertram*?

The defiance to the women, to produce their female *Hudibras*, or their female *Dunciad*, is something like calling on them to produce their female *Spring* and *Langan*; and in default of this, to resign all pretensions to grace and agility.

"Where is the female Rape of the Lock?" ejaculates, with a gay swelling of the cheeks, the detector

of false distinctions: I cannot tell; and what then?

I will choose my own ground, and contend, that, because women do not run in parallels with men, their divergent likeness does not argue an absolute and hopeless inferiority.

If any mode of writing can be said to "have exerted a memorable influence on the mind of man," it is that of the novel; the *epopœa* of every-day nature; and this, in the hands of women, has been equally successful in drawing tears and smiles: "*sive risus essent movendi, sive lacrymæ.*" Truer portraits of men and women, more affecting passages of human life, more closely entwined interest, may be found in novels, and in female novels too, than in all the "solemnly planned" poems that ever existed from the *Æneid* downwards to the *Parish Register*.

"What work of imagination, owing its birth to a woman, can I lay my hand upon?" The difficulty is in the choice.

Shall I name CORINNE? No—let our own fair countrywomen take precedence. I lay my hand upon the "SIMPLE STORY."

I may be told of *Tom Jones*, and *Molly Seagrim*; of *Roderick Random* and *Strap*; of *Lovelace's* lace ruffles, and *Clarissa's* hoop-petticoat; or I may be told of *Meg Merrilies*, and of her hundredth double, the *Spae-wife*:

—All this

Nor moves my gall nor alters my affection: I take a tale, peculiarly a woman's; and in this her proper circle, with all appliances and means about her, I challenge the male superiority. I demand, where are the characters, of whose breathing individuality we are so assured, as of that of *Doriforth* and *Miss Milner*? Where are readiness of wit, native-ness of sentiment, refined and profound passion, the graces, the foibles, the pride and the weakness of woman; or the sterner and haughtier stuff, of which the mind of man is composed; the reasoning sensibility, the guarded, economized, self-retiring, self-wounding tenderness, that weeps behind the mask of fierce resentment, and wraps its bleeding anguish with the cloak of apathy? where are these conceived with such intuitive tact, and touched and blend-



ed into light and shadow with so free, yet so firm, a pencil? Where is there such a grasp of the human heart, such a playful or tyrannous mastery over its finest and strongest chords?

Shall I be referred to the amiable male romance, in which, for the decent amusement of the ladies and gentlemen of England, a lover is made to eat his mistress alive?

SURREY.

## SONNET.

'TWEEN Evening's farewell, and the Night's approach,  
I love to linger on the garden seat,  
While glooms around me sluggishly encroach;  
Or in some neighbouring spot short walks repeat,  
To watch the West which heaven's last smile doth bless,  
Where longest clings the memory of the day;  
To see it fade and fade, 'till colourless  
The painted record vanishes away,  
In Time's turn'd pages to be seen no more.  
Yet gloomy Night shall but awhile delay  
The past day's offspring, that hath smiles in store  
As lovely as the first.—Oh! it is sweet,  
To prove by this, when Death's long night is o'er,  
That we shall wake another world to meet.

J. C.

## SPECIMENS OF SONNETS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT POETS OF ITALY.

## TORQUATO TASSO.

Se d'Amor queste son reti e legami,  
Oh com'è dolce l'amoroso impaccio!  
Se questo è il cibo ov'io son preso al laccio,  
Come son dolci l'esche, e dolci gli ami!  
Quanta dolcezza agl'invischiati rami  
Il vischio aggiunge, ed all'ardore il ghiaccio,  
Quanto è dolce il soffrir, s'io penso e taccio,  
E dolce il lamentar ch'altri non ami!  
Quanto soavi ancor le piaghe interne,  
E lagrime stillar per gli occhi rei,  
E d'un colpo mortal querele eterne!  
Se questa è vita, io mille al cor torrei  
Ferite e mille, e mille gioje averne;  
Se morte, sacro a morte i giorni miei.

If Love his captive bind with ties so dear,  
How sweet to be in amorous tangles caught!  
If such the food to snare my freedom brought,  
How sweet the baited hook that lured me near!  
How tempting sweet the lined twigs appear,  
The chilling ice that warmth like mine has wrought;  
Sweet too each painful unimparted thought,  
The moan how sweet that others loathe to hear.  
Nor less delight the wounds that inward smart,  
The tears that my sad eyes with moisture stain,  
And constant wail of blow that deadly smote.  
If this be life—I would expose my heart  
To countless wounds, and bliss from each should gain,  
If death—to death I would my days devote.

## TORQUATO TASSO.

Negli anni acerbi tuoi purpurea rosa  
 Sembravi tu, che a'rai tiepidi allora  
 Non apre il sen, ma nel suo verde ancora  
 Verginella s'asconde e vergognosa ;  
 O più tosto parei (che mortal cosa  
 Non rassomiglia a te) celeste Aurora,  
 Che le campagne imperla e i monti indora,  
 Lucida in ciel sereno e rugiadosa.  
 Or la men verde età nulla a te toglie,  
 Nè te, benchè negletta, in manto adorno  
 Giovinetta beltà vince o pareggia ;  
 Così più vago è il fior poichè le foglie  
 Spiega adorate, e'l Sol nel mezzo giorno  
 Via più che nel mattin luce e fiammeggia.

Thy unripe youth seem'd like the purple rose  
 That to the warm ray opens not its breast,  
 But, hiding still within its mossy vest,  
 Dares not its virgin beauties to disclose.

Or like Aurora when the heaven first glows,  
 For likeness from above will suit thee best,  
 When she with gold kindles each mountain crest,  
 And o'er the plain her pearly mantle throws.

No loss from time thy riper age receives,  
 Nor can young beauty deck'd with art's display  
 Rival the native graces of thy form.

Thus lovelier is the flower whose full blown leaves  
 Perfume the air, and more than orient ray  
 The Sun's meridian glories blaze and warm.

## TORQUATO TASSO.

Ben veggio avvinta al lido ornata nave,  
 E'l nocchier che m'alletta, e 'l mar che giace  
 Senz' onda, e 'l freddo Borea ed Austro tace,  
 E sol dolce l'increspa aura soave.

Ma l'aria, e 'l vento, e'l mar fede non ave ;  
 Altri seguendo il lusingar fallace,  
 Per notturno seren già sciolse audace  
 Ch' ora è sommerso, or va perduto, e pave.

Veggio trofei del mar, rotte le vele,  
 Tronche le sarte, e biancheggiar l'arene  
 D'ossa insepelte, e 'ntorno errar gli spirti :

Pur, se convien che questo Egèo crudele  
 Per Donna solchi, almen fra le Sirene  
 Trovi la morte, e non fra scogli e Sirti.

I see the anchor'd bark with streamers gay,  
 The beckoning pilot, and unruffled tide,  
 The south and stormy north their fury hide,  
 And only Zephyrs on the waters play.

But winds and waves and skies alike betray ;  
 Others who to their flattery dared confide,  
 And late when stars were bright sail'd forth in pride,  
 Now breathe no more, or wander in dismay.

I see the trophies which the billows heap,  
 Torn sails, and wreck, and graveless bones that throng  
 The whitening beach, and spirits hovering round.

Still, if for woman's sake this cruel deep  
 I must essay, not shoals and rocks among  
 But 'mid the Sirens may my bones be found !



## CLAUDIO TOLOMEI.

Espero, sacra ed amorosa Stella,  
 Nel notturno silenzio scorta e duce,  
 Viva fiamma d'amor, amica luce,  
 Di Venere gentil raggio e facella !  
 Mentre vo queto alla mia donna bella  
 Che spegne 'l Sol quando il dì novo adduce,  
 Or che la luna è sotto, e a noi non luce,  
 Mostrami in vece sua tua lampa bella.  
 Non vo così lontan di notte oscura  
 Per far a'lassi viandanti oltraggio,  
 Nè per trar di sepolcri ombre di canto :  
 Io amo, ed altri a me l'anima fura ;  
 Deh, perch' io la riabbia, O lume santo,  
 Tu, che pur ami, alluma il mio viaggio !

Blest star of Love, bright Hesperus ! whose glow  
 Serves for sweet escort through the still of night,  
 Of love the living flame, the friendly light,  
 And torch of Venus when she walks below.

Whilst to my mistress fair in stealth I go,  
 Who dims the sun in orient chambers bright,  
 Now that the moon is low, nor cheers the sight,  
 Haste, in her stead thy silver cresset show.

I wander not these gloomy shades among,  
 Upon the way-worn traveller to prey,  
 Or graves dispeople with enchanter's song :

My ravish'd heart from cruel spoiler's sway  
 I would redeem, then oh ! avenge my wrong,  
 Blest star of Love, and beam upon my way.

## GODWIN'S HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH.\*

THIS is a work much wanted ; though, as far as may be judged from the portion of history condensed in the volume before us, Mr. Godwin has restricted himself within the limits of a mere historical compendium. The voluminous collections of state-papers relative to this important period, the registers of historical affairs, whether military, civil, or religious, which have been preserved

to us in the form of Parliamentary histories, as of May and Sprigge—memorials and memoirs, as of Whitlock, Ludlow, and Warwick—and tracts by all parties, such as were collected by the late Baron Maseres, furnish ample groundwork for an extended and complete history : we are therefore somewhat disappointed at being presented in the room of it with a meagre abridgment.† It may be

\* History of the Commonwealth of England from its Commencement to the Restoration of Charles the Second. By William Godwin. Volume the First, containing the Civil War. Colburn, 1824.

† This is particularly the case in the military transactions. They might have been given more in detail without too much encroaching on the space prescribed to himself by the author. Thus the memorable surrender of Bristol, in 1645, which led to the revocation of Prince Rupert's commissions by the king, is dryly dismissed in a few words : "here the news reached him of the surrender of Bristol on the 11th of September." Mr. Godwin adds, "Rupert relied for the vindication of his conduct upon his inadequate means of defence and the improbability of any efforts at relief." Now Mrs. Macaulay properly states that, "this was a garrison, by his own particular desire, entrusted to the care of Prince Rupert : a garrison, which he had taken care to recruit with great proportions both of men and money, and of which he had written to the king, that he should be

said, and it is perhaps unfortunately true, that people in general are satisfied with Clarendon's History of the Grand Rebellion: which Warburton, in his letters to Hurd, styles "an incomparable performance." Clarendon was a lively and florid narrator, a framer of stately periods, and a painter of characters plausibly coloured. But he was a prejudiced and bigoted statesman; and how far his candour may be trusted, sufficiently appears from the false glosses and false facts detected by Oldmixon,\* in his "Clarendon and Whitlock compared, in a comparison between the history of the Rebellion and other histories of the Civil War." 1727.

This task has usually been undertaken in a spirit of faction or partisanship. Hume, who is full in this part of his general history, although in other parts negligently brief and careless, has always an apology ready for a king. Catharine Macaulay, who is not deficient in industry, and who writes with spirit, was a zealous and romantic republican; nor is her reputation for fairness without speck. Thus she affirms that, "motives of mistaken selfishness, a few bigots excepted, may," she believes, "be very justly ascribed to all those who embarked in the royal cause:" and even on the point of religious liberty she will allow no merit to Cromwell, though if there were a redeeming virtue in the mixed character of that extraordinary man, it was his zeal in favour of toleration.†

From previous reasoning we should not have presumed the fitness of Mr. Godwin to undertake a work like the present. We had met with him in other walks. He had carried the lawlessness of a poetical imagination into the fields of severe logical induction, and speculated like an enthusiast in the metaphysics of politics

and morals. The fanciful spirit of his romances had pursued him into his biographies; and he had dragged us along with him through long episodes of conjectural adventure, and probable or possible incident. He has since, under another name, compiled some of the most intelligent and useful histories that have issued from the juvenile press. Whether it be owing to his practice in this meritorious, though comparatively humble, avocation, or to the circumstance that the book before us is, as he states it to be, "the production of his mature life," we do not know; but we are glad to hail in it a sobered tone in the comparison and estimate of facts, and a cautious leaning towards authenticated evidence.

The great merit of Mr. Godwin's book will, as we think, be found to be this: that it does justice to names which the virulence of party spirit has done its utmost to asperse. "The men," he observes, "who figured during the interregnum, were, immediately after the Restoration, spoken of with horror, and their memoirs were composed after the manner of the Newgate Calendar. What was begun from party-rage has been continued from indolence. No research has been exercised: no public measures have been traced to their right authors: even the succession of judges, public officers, and statesmen, has been left in impenetrable confusion. It is the object of the present work to remedy this defect; to restore the just tone of historical relation on the subject, to attend to the neglected, to remember the forgotten, and to distribute an impartial award on all that was planned and achieved during this eventful period."

We think he should have noticed that *something* towards this, at least, has been done by Dr. William Harris and Mrs. Macaulay. In expressing

able to defend it four months; but which, to the surprise of all parties, on the parliament forces entering the lines by storm, he delivered up to the enemy on terms of capitulation." Vol. iv. 174.

\* The character of this writer will perhaps one day be cleared from the aspersions cast upon it. His "History of the Reigns of the Royal House of Stuart" contains a variety of curious facts not elsewhere to be found.

† "In the point of religious liberty the usurper, as it served his purposes, encouraged and oppressed all the different sectaries." Vol. v. p. 197. "He spoke at all times (says Harris) with honour of those who differed from him, treated them with much respect and decency, and openly declared for their toleration and encouragement. Indeed, he constantly was a friend to religious liberty, and an opposer of spiritual tyranny."

*Life of Oliver Cromwell.*



also his surprise that so "copious a source of knowledge and certainty" as the parliamentary journals had been so little explored, and accounting for it by their being put in print too late to allow of their being "incessantly consulted by Hume and our most considerable historians," he overlooks the fact that they are continually referred to by Macaulay.

The tone of historic impartiality is maintained by Mr. Godwin with very tolerable steadiness; consistently, at the same time, with that free and manly avowal of his likings and dislikings to men and measures, which, in this renewed era of crawling sycophancy to stars and whiskers, we would not have discouraged. His prejudices, however, for such he has, sometimes interfere with his liberality: as when refuting, from the journals of the House of Lords, a misrepresentation of Clarendon, on the proceedings of the bill for abolishing episcopacy,\* he cannot forbear throwing an odium on the whole order of the wig and gown: "here we have an instructive example of the character of a lawyer, full charged with all the tricks of his profession, and drawn with his own hand:" and in his survey of the five systems of church government, he leaves it to be supposed that Diocesan Episcopacy, otherwise the Church of England, indulges itself at the present day, by a sort of necessity of its nature, in the slitting of noses and the cropping of ears.

His natural strong bias to the side of the parliament occasionally also obscures his perceptions of political justice. To make our meaning clear, we shall extract his reasoning on the cases of Strafford and Laud; and we quote the former passage at length, as it will, also, serve as a sample of the style of the work.

A proviso was inserted in the act of attainder of the case of Strafford, that "no judges or other magistrates should adjudge any thing to be treason, in any other manner than they would have adjudged if this act had never been made." This has been used as an argument to prove, that the prosecutors of Strafford were conscious of the injustice they committed. It proves no such thing. It rather serves to illustrate the clearness of their conceptions, and the equability of their temper. Undoubtedly the prosecutors of Strafford were firmly averse to this proceeding being *drawn into a precedent*. Undoubtedly they were strongly persuaded, that, in all ordinary cases the letter of the law should be observed, and *no man be condemned unless that were against him*.

For myself, I entertain an almost invincible abhorrence to the taking away the life of man, after a set form, and in cool blood, in any case whatever. The very circumstance that you have the man in your power, and that he stands defenceless before you, to be disposed of at your discretion, is the strongest of all persuasions that you should give him his life. To fetter a man's limbs, and, in that condition, to shed his blood, like the beasts who (*that*) serve us for food, is a thought, to which, at first sight, we are astonished the human heart should ever be reconciled. The strongest case, that can be made in its favour, is where, as in *this business* of Strafford, the public cause and the favourable issue of that cause *seem* to demand it.

(P. 92.)

On the case of Laud he observes, p. 430:—

It is evident on the face of the question, that no two things can be more distinct than the case of Strafford and that of Laud. In the former, there were reasons of no common urgency, why the ordinary rules for the administration of justice should be set aside. That was an affair, in which the public safety was the only law that deserved to be consulted. The impeachment of Strafford was turned into a bill of attainder; it was voted that, if no one of his acts amounted *technically* to treason, the whole of them, taken together, constituted a

\* As Mr. Godwin confesses to the "not loving Clarendon," we marvel that he did not dwell on that historian's character of the assembly of divines, convened in synod at Westminster in 1643, to settle the question of church-government: especially as he (Mr. Godwin) says concerning it, "of the character and endowments of the members of this assembly it is necessary we should form a distinct idea." Now the idea conveyed of it by Clarendon is, that "there were not above twenty of the 120 members, who were not declared and avowed enemies of the doctrine and discipline of the church of England: some of them infamous in their lives and conversations, and most of them of very mean parts in learning, if not of scandalous ignorance; and of no other reputation than malice to the church." This is pretty well: but Calamy says, "these divines were men of eminent learning and godliness, ministerial abilities and fidelity."

TREASON BY EXCELLENCE: ALL WAS FAIR in a case in the highest degree alarming, and that could scarcely encounter a parallel.

Mrs. Macaulay takes the same line of argument:

Every article and circumstance may so corroborate the charge, as to amount to a more convincing proof than what is *required* by the *forms* of law: these forms ought never to be dispensed with in any accusation of a *private nature*; yet the man, who would hesitate to *prosecute* or CONDEMN a criminal, who, it was *rationaly proved*, had, like Strafford, been guilty of atrocious acts of oppression, must be very lukewarm in the cause of *public justice*, and have *very narrow* sentiments in regard to liberty.

These arguments are only an echo of those of St. John before the Lords: that,

Were the testimony against Strafford *not strictly what the law required*, YET, in this way of bill, private satisfaction to each man's conscience was sufficient; (and that) the earl *had no title to plead law*, because he had endeavoured to destroy the law. It is true we give law to hares and deers, for they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted cruel nor UNFAIR to destroy foxes and wolves wherever they can be found, for they are beasts of prey.

We do not profess to understand the distinction between *public* and *private JUSTICE*; nor do we see the point of the stress laid on the *forms of law*: which we have always conceived to be, not *formalities*, but, *regulations*, of testimony and proof, essential to the calm and deliberative character of justice, and intended to protect, not the *innocent* only, but the *accused*: not the *humble* only, but the *great* criminal. Mrs. Macaulay did not live quite long enough to see the effects of committees of PUBLIC SAFETY, of the ardour for PUBLIC justice, and of WIDE sentiments in regard to liberty: Mr. Godwin has seen them.

It is obvious that Mr. Godwin's exceptions of an "*extraordinary case*" and of the "*public cause seeming to demand it*," are such as to reduce the security of law to a mere nullity, and to render his lament of the custom of shedding human blood a mawkish drawl of sentimentalism,

which brings to our recollection Gilray's imaginary statue of French democratic Sensibility, weeping over a dead dove, and grasping a dagger. We recommend to him "*fiat justitia, ruat cælum*," as a far better motto.

According to the argument of Godwin and Macaulay, the despised *forms of law* must be acknowledged to be superfluous: there seems no reason why Strafford should not have been knocked on the head, like a pole-cat, without any ceremony of trial at all. "Killing by forms of law," observes Lord Russel, in the paper which he delivered on the scaffold, "is the worst sort of murder."

In fact, it appears from the case of that distinguished martyr in the cause of liberty, of how little avail was the "firm aversion of the parliament" to this proceeding on Strafford (after it had answered their end) being drawn into a precedent. "After all the declaiming against a constructive treason in the case of Lord Strafford (remarks Burnet), *the court was always running into it*, when they had a mind to destroy any that stood in their way." The exception from ordinary rules of justice is as good on the side of a monarchy as on that of a republic. The "clearness of conception and equability of temper," which fixed on Strafford the "treason by excellence," cut short the thread of Russel's life, and spilled the blood, though they could not flutter the pulse, of Algernon Sidney.

We wish Mr. Godwin to weigh well these remarks, before he enters on that momentous event, the TRIAL of CHARLES THE FIRST. It will exact his most patient attention, his utmost watchfulness over himself, his most severe and magnanimous impartiality. Let him remember that so clear-headed a statesman, so pure a lover of justice, so generous and open-hearted a philanthropist as the late Mr. Fox, was seduced by his strong dislike of absolute power to recognise in a forcibly packed junto the Commons of England, and to see only an imposing and magnificent\* spectacle in a solemn mockery of justice.

\* See the History of James the Second.



## FACETIÆ BIBLIOGRAPHICÆ ;

OR,

## The Old English Jesters.

## No. VII.—PEELE.

MERRIE CONCEITED IESTS, OF GEORGE PEELE GENTLEMAN, SOMETIMES STUDENT IN OXFORD. WHEREIN IS SHEWED THE COURSE OF HIS LIFE, HOW HE LIUED : A MAN VERY WELL KNOWNE IN THE CITY OF LONDON AND ELSEWHERE.

*Buy, read and iudge,  
The price doe not grudge :  
It will doe thee more pleasure,  
Than twice so much treasure.*

LONDON, PRINTED FOR HENRY BELL, DWELLING IN THE LITTLE OLD BAILY IN ELIOTS COURT. (Without date) Quarto; containing twenty one pages and the title.

The merry Jests of George Peele formed a very attractive volume, and were eagerly sought after by the readers of such publications, at the time of their appearance. Wood\* says that they came at last to be sold on the stalls of ballad-mongers, but that he had never been able to get a sight of them. The same writer calls them Peele's Jests or *Clinches*, a word of which we cannot immediately discover the etymology, although it probably means his shifts or stratagems.

The first edition appeared, we believe, in 1607;† there was a second in 1627;‡ that now before us, without date, but probably either a few years earlier or later; one in 1657, and a fifth, London, printed for William Whitwood, and to be sold in Duck Lane, 1671. They were also reprinted for R. Triphook, in 1809.

The author, George Peele, was undoubtedly an Oxford man, and appears to consider the place of his education, and the degree he ac-

quired there, as adding no slight dignity and lustre to his name, for he invariably designates himself as "Maister of Artes in Oxenforde."

He occurs as a member of Broadgate's Hall (now Pembroke College) in the first list extant of the members of the university, which was taken about the year 1564.§ Mr. Malone supposes him to have been born in 1557 or 1558,|| but it is not likely that he entered before the age of 12 or 13, which would carry back the time of his birth to 1552 or 1553. He is said to have been a native of Devonshire, although no positive authority to corroborate this assertion has been yet discovered. It is, we think, probable that his parents were obscure, and in some humble situation of life, that he was sent originally to the university in the capacity of a poor scholar, or servitor, where his quick parts, attracting the notice and approbation of his seniors, succeeded in obtaining for him a studentship of Christ Church, and he then proceeded through the regular academical course, taking the degree of bachelor of arts, June 12, 1577, that of master, July 6, 1579.\*\* The natural bent of Peele's disposition to gaiety, his poetical talents, and, above all, his fondness for dramatic composition, seem to have prevented him from pursuing any of the learned professions, for which he was doubtless well qualified by his abilities and education. He repaired to London, and was there probably indebted to his pen for a maintenance, becoming an author by profession. Here too

\* *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. i. col. 688.

† "The merrie conceited Jests of George Peele. Printed by Nicholas Okes, 1607," 4to. *West's Auction Catalogue*, No. 1821, and a similar edition is mentioned in Egerton the bookseller's *Shop Catal.* 1794, where it was marked at one guinea. Major Pearson also had a copy. *Auction Cat.* No. 2705.

‡ See the *Duke of Roxburghe's Auction Catalogue*, No. 6685. It sold for seven guineas!

§ In the university archives, *Reg. P.* page 490. He had probably only just entered at the time this *census academicus* was taken.

|| In the MS. notes to his copy of Wood's *Athenæ*.

\*\* *Register of Congregation* marked KK. folios 324, b. 252, 276, b.

he married. In 1585 we find him regularly employed in the capacity of the City poet, whose province it was to furnish the dialogue and addresses which accompanied the pageant usual at the inauguration of the new lord mayor, and from several passages in his *Jests* it is clear that his wit and humour rendered him a welcome visitant at the City tables. At this time he lived on the Bank-side, over against Blackfriars. About the year 1593 he was taken under the patronage of the Earl of Northumberland, to whom he dedicated his poem, entitled *The Honour of the Garter*, written on the Earl's being installed a knight of that order; but it seems that the irregularity of his life, and his constant extravagance and immorality of conduct prevented his deriving any permanent advantage from this nobleman's countenance and support. Robert Greene, a poet of the same stamp, and his companion, throws some light on the character of our author, in his *Groatworth of Wit*, first printed in 1592. Driven (he says) like himself to extreme shifts, he calls upon Peele to be warned by his misery and example, "Delight not in irreligious oaths, despise drunkenness, flee lust, abhor those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your eares, and when they sooth you with terms of mastership, remember Robert Greene, whom they have often flattered, perishes now for want of comfort." Peele himself tells his patron, in the poem we have just mentioned, that cares had been his bedfellows for almost twenty years,\* but his misfortunes and privations do not appear to have wrought any reformation in his conduct, and it is lamentable to relate, on the authority of Meres, that he fell a sacrifice to his

irregularities in or before 1598,† leaving a widow and one daughter.

The following, we believe, to be the most perfect list of Peele's works yet given. They are all of the greatest rarity.

1. The Arraignment of Paris a dramatic pastoral. Lond. 1584, 4to.

2. The Devise of the Pageant, borne before Woolstone Dixi. Lond. 1585, 4to.‡

3. A Farewell to the famous and fortunate Generalls of our English Forces, Sir John Norris and Syr Frauncis Drake. Lond. 1589, 4to.§

4. An Æglogue gratulatorie, entitled to the right honourable and renowned Shepheard of Albion's Arcadia, Robert, Earle of Essex and Ewre, for his welcome into England from Portugal. Lond. 1589, 4to.||

5. Polyhymnia; describing the honourable Triumphs at Tylt before her Maiestie, with Sir Henry Lea his Resignation of honour at Tylt. Lond. 1590, 4to.

6. Descensus Astrææ. The Devise of a Pageant borne before M. William Web, Lord Maior. Lond. 1591, 4to.\*\*

7. The Hunting of Cupid.††

8. The famous Chronicle of King Edward the First, an historical play. Lond. 1593, 4to. Second Edition, 1599.

9. The Honour of the Garter displayed in a Poeme gratulatorie, entitled to the worthie and renowned Earle of Northumberland. Lond. 1593, 4to.

10. The Old Wives Tale, a Comedy. Lond. 1595, 4to. A play of very great rarity. There is a copy in the King's library, purchased at Mr. Steevens's sale for twelve pounds, and a second copy was sold among the Duke of Roxburghe's books for 12l. 17s.

11. The Love of King David and

\* See Oldys's *Catalogue of Harleian Pamphlets*, No. 224.

† "As Anacreon died by the pot, so George Peele by the p——." Meres's *Wits Treasury*, 8vo. Lond. 1598, p. 286.

‡ Reprinted in Nichols's *Progresses of Elizabeth*, and in the *Supplement to the Harleian Miscellany*, vol. x. p. 351. The original copy, which is probably unique, consists of a single sheet, and is in the Bodleian library. It was purchased at Dr. Farmer's sale for a guinea and a half.

§ *Censura Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 15. Ed. 1815.

|| This we have never seen. It is mentioned by Mr. Malone in his MS. additions to Langbaine's *Dramatic Poets*.

\*\* In the late Mr. Bindley's library. Reprinted in the *Supplement to the Harleian Miscellany*.

†† This has never yet been discovered. It was licensed to R. Jones in 1591.



fair Bethsabe: with the Tragedie of Absalon. Lond. 1599, 4to. Reprinted in Hawkins's *Origin of the English Drama*.

12. The Turkish Mahomet, and Hyren the Fair Greek, a play mentioned in his Jests as written by our author, but never printed. It is sarcastically alluded to by Shakspeare in the Second Part of King Henry IV.

13. Jests. Lond. 1607, &c.

14. The Praise of Chastitie, a Poem inserted in a miscellaneous collection of old English Poetry, called *The Phoenix Nest*. Lond. 1593, 4to.

Short Poetical Pieces by Peele will be found also in England's Helicon, 1600; England's Parnassus, 1600; and in Belvedere or the Garden of the Muses, 1610; three very rare poetical collections, the first and second of which have been reprinted. And in one of Dr. Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian library, there is a metrical *description of love* by our author, which we regret is not of a nature to invite insertion. Mr. Malone supposes Peele to have been the author of *The Battle of Alcazar*, with the death of Captaine Stukeley, a play printed Lond. 1594, 4to. although written long before that date.

Peele's Merrie Conceited Jests rather contain an account of his tricks and cheateries, than the record of his brilliant sayings. They consist, indeed, of his *gesta* or roguish exploits, and not of his *dicta* or witty sallies, but they are, nevertheless, curious, and are every way entitled to some mention in our *FACETIÆ*; although as they have been so recently reprinted, we shall content ourselves with a brief specimen of their contents,

*How George helped his Friend to a Supper.*

George was inuited one night by certaine of his freinds to supper, at the White Horse in Friday street; and in the Euening as he was going, he met with an old friend of his, who was so ill at stomacke, hearing George tel him of ye good cheere he went to, himselfe being vnprouided both of meat and mony, that he swore he had rather haue gone a mile about than haue met him at that instant. And belecue me, quoth George, I am hartily sorry that I cannot take thee along with me, my selfe being but an inuited guest; besides, thou art out of cloathes, vnfitting for such a company. Marry this Ile doe; if thou wilt follow my aduice, Ile helpe thee to thy

supper. Any way, quoth he to George, doe thou but deuise the meanes and Ile execute it. George presently told him what he should doe; so they parted. George well entertained, with extraordinary welcome, and seated at the vpper end of the table, supper being brought vp, H. M. watched his time below, and when he saw that the meat was carried vp, vp he followes (as George had directed him) who when George saw, "You whorson rascall (quoth George) what make you here?" Sir, quoth he, I am come from the party you wot of. "You rogue (quoth George) have I not forewarned you of this?" I pray you sir, quoth he, heare my errand. "Doe you prate, you slave," quoth George, and with that tooke a rabbet out of the dish, and threw it at him. Quoth he, you vse me very hardly. "You dunghill," quoth George, "doe you out-face me?" and with that tooke the other rabbet, and threw it at his head: after that a loafe; then drawing his dagger, making an offer to throw it, the gentleman staid him. Meane while H. M. got the loafe and the two rabbits, and away he went: which when George saw he was gone, after a little fretting, he sate quietly. So by that honest shift he helped his friend to his supper, and was neuer suspected for it of the company.

From one of the jests we learn that Peele contributed towards his own and his wife's support, by translating from the learned languages for persons who were desirous to read the contents of Greek authors in their mother tongue, but, says his biographer, he "was of the poetical disposition, neuer to write so long as his mony lasted." One of his employers finding that all attempts to procure a translation he had undertaken for him, were vain, had recourse to this stratagem—"some quarter of the booke being done and lying in his hands at randome," George calls upon his friend for more money—"the gentleman bids him welcome, causeth him to stay dinner, where falling into discourse about his booke, found that it was as neere ended as he left it two moneths agoe." The gentleman upon this calls up his servants, binds Peele hand and foot, and sending for the barber, had his head and beard clean shaved, then "putting his hand into his pocket gaue him two brace of angels: quoth he, M. Peele drinke this, and by that time you have finished my booke your beard will be growne, vntill which time I know you will be ashamed to walke a-

broad." The plot succeeded, for although Peele contrived to get five pounds more from him, by a second device, which is made the subject of another jest, the translation was nevertheless finished within a few days.

Oldys, in his very curious manuscript additions to Langbaine, justly remarks that Peele's jests might with more propriety be termed the tricks of a sharper. The supper story was somewhat of this nature, and nearly all his other witty pranks are of a similar description. He robs a poor tapster of an angel by borrowing that sum from him on the pledge of "an old Harry groat"\* which he delivers to his gull with great ceremony, assuring him that by it he holds the lease of a house, and making him swear that he will return it, whenever he shall call upon him so to do. The tapster falls into decay, as he well may with many such customers as George, and going to our author begs him to receive his pawne and restore him his borrowed angel—"not for the world, quoth George, thou saist thou hast but that groat in

the world, my bargaine was, that thou shouldst keepe that groat vntill I did demand it of thee. I aske thee none. I will do thee more good, because thou art an honest fellow, keepe thou that groat still, till I call for it, and so doing, the proudest Jacke in England cannot iustifie thou art not worth a groat, otherwise they might: and so honest Michael, farewell." The tapster finding he has no redress, breaks out into a lamentation, and concludes with what is called a proverb, but is only curious at present, as it proves that an angel was the price of a barrel of beer in those days: "For the price of a barrell of beere I haue bought a groatsworth of wit. Is not that deare?"

We will close this article with a specimen of Peele's blank verse, which is far more creditable to his abilities and patriotism than any thing we have as yet been able to produce. The extract is from his *Farewell to Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake*, 1589, and is part of an address to their brave followers.

Have done with care, my hearts! aboard amain,  
With stretching sails to plow the swelling waves.  
Bid England's shore and Albion's chalky cliffs  
Farewell: bid stately Troynovant adieu,  
Where pleasant Thames, from Isis' silver head,  
Begins her quiet glide, and runs along  
To that brave bridge, the bar that thwarts her course,  
Near neighbour to the ancient stony Tower  
The glorious hold that Julius Cæsar built.  
Change love for arms; girt to your blades, my boys!  
Your rests and muskets take, take helme and targe  
And let God Mars's concert make you mirth:  
The roaring cannon, and the brazen trump,  
The angry sounding drum, the whistling fife,  
The shrieks of men, the princely courser's neigh.  
Now vail your bonnets to your friends at home,  
Bid all the lovely British dames adieu,  
That under many a standard, well advanc'd,  
Have hid the sweet alarms and braves of love.  
Bid theatres and proud tragedians  
Bid Mahomet's Poo, and mighty Tamberlain,  
King Charlemagne, Tom Stukeley † and the rest  
Adieu! To arms, to arms, to glorious arms  
With noble Norris and victorious Drake  
Under the sanguine cross, brave England's badge,  
To propagate religious piety.

\* i. e. a groat of Henry VIII. Shakspeare, by one of those anachronisms so common to him, talks of a "Harry ten shillings" in King Henry IV. forgetting that there was no such coin at that period.

† The titles of four dramatic compositions, which we may suppose to have been great favourites with the public. The last had the following title: "The Life and Death of Captaine Thomas Stukeley, with his marriage to Alderman Curteis daughter, and valiant Ending of his Life at the Battaille of Alcazar." It was printed in 1605, and differs from the play already mentioned in the text. We may add that Mr. Malone thought it probable they were both written by Peele.



## MORE GHOST-PLAYING : BANQUO'S SPIRIT BROUGHT TO BOOK.

MR. EDITOR,—In your April number was promulgated for the benefit of those whom it might concern, the Ghost-player's Guide, being an attempt to reform our theatres in the important affair of ghost-playing. Certain rules were propounded in that Essay, and certain hints communicated, which I flatter myself would, if acted upon, serve, in a great measure, to remedy the evils, and to vanquish the difficulties, complained of, respectively, by the public and the performers; evils and difficulties of too serious magnitude I am well aware, to permit any one who is able duly to appreciate them, even the faintest hope that they will, by any device or code of regulations, be completely the one eradicated, the other overcome. Having thus taken upon myself the office of guide and instructor in this honorable but very refractory department of the stage, I am determined to let nothing which comes within the length of my rod, pass without such castigation, as I shall think due to its demerits. In pursuance of this resolution I have to inform the public, that some weeks ago I went to see the play of Macbeth represented at Drury-lane theatre; and I beg leave moreover to offer a few remarks upon the indecent behaviour of Banquo's ghost on that occasion. To the point, then.

You recollect, Mr. Editor, the Banquet-scene: According to the favorite economy of Drury-lane in this particular, a table is spread along each side of the stage; at these tables are seated in due order the guests, every one with his platter and cup before him, just as it should be. Very good. You will also please to remember that Banquo had been invited, was expected by the guests, but is (ill for himself and well for the wine), at the moment I speak of, biding—

Safe in a ditch,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,  
The least a death to nature.

Good again. Besides all this, you will call to mind, that Macbeth, who has just been informed, by one of the murderers, of Banquo's present plight and place of abode, to both of which he had preferred him,—nevertheless

has sufficient assurance to tax the absentee with not keeping his appointment at supper.—

Here had we now our country's honor roof'd,  
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,  
Than pity for mischance.

Still, very good. Now, mark! The ghost of Banquo upon hearing this impudent accusation, and resolving that his kind host should not be altogether disappointed, immediately enters the refectory, and in a fine vein of easy gentility, pops his "graced person"—Where do you think, Sir? At one of the tables?—Bah! At Macbeth's tripod?—Poh! No, Sir; neither at table nor tripod,—but in an elbow-chair, that stands as if it didn't know what to do with itself, all agape in the middle of the room! During his short trip to the court of Proserpine, our ghost had so far improved in the knowledge of politeness as to judge, that the best way of "roofing his country's honor," was to sit with his back to the company. In short, to make use of a very expressive, and I believe royally authorised term of the present day,—he fairly *rumps* the Queen and her coterie. Besides, with a very philosophic contempt for all the good things of this world, which indeed are sour grapes to a spirit,—he is perfectly satisfied to play fool in the middle, with nothing before him but his hands (as if, like a bear, he could "quarter himself on his paws"),—while his quondam chums are employed in the sublunary occupation of discussing his share of the supper in addition to their own. Seriously; will the ghost of Drury-lane have the goodness to inform me on what principle he selects such a preposterous attitude, and to whose spiritual teaching he is indebted for his knowledge, that it is anything but ridiculous to see him, a presumptive guest, seated, like a showman's baboon, in the middle of the stage, for the people to gape at? But let us bring him to book; let us see if the text sanctifies ill-breeding and absurdity: if it does, I am dumb. From the lines—

*Macbeth.* The table's full.

*Lenox.* Here is a place reserved, sir.

*Mac.* Where?

From these lines it is evident, even if the margin did not so advise us, that the ghost occupies Macbeth's chair, whilst he "mingles with society and plays the humble host." It is also evident that *that* chair was at a table (*ergo* not in the middle of the room where there is no table); and from the same, corroborated by the following passage, it is equally clear that that table was one of the tables at which the guests were seated—

*Macbeth.* (*Surveying the guests and tables.*)

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink and measure

*The table round.*

Thus it is plain, that if the text be of any authority, the ghost should sit at one of the tables; and if common sense be of any authority, it is plain that the ghost should not sit *solus in sicca secum*, with the back of his "graced person" turned upon both supper and supper-eaters, queen and canopy, whilst he himself ("Alas! poor ghost!") is engaged in the very unprofitable avocation of reckoning the number of footlights, or staring the pit out of countenance.

A difficulty may be started by the advocates of the present mode, about where the ghost *is* to sit, and how he is to dispose of his person, so that *he* shall be seen by the whole audience, and Macbeth at the same time shall play with his face towards the proscenium. There are half a dozen ways of accomplishing this besides the absurd one now in vogue; but surely that ingenuity, which reaped so much glory in marshalling a procession to Westminster Abbey, cannot want my assistance in setting out the tables for Macbeth and his companions.

I have not the least expectation that the ghost of Drury-lane will demean himself with a whit more propriety for all I have said above. Whilst the audience is willing to connive at his misbehaviour, he will only laugh in his sleeve at my animadversions. But if my fellow-countrymen would only engage to support me a few nights in this just cause, I would undertake to bring the ghost quickly to terms, and put

an end to such indecorums on his part for ever. Men in general, and Englishmen in particular, claim a higher place (we will not now dispute with what semblance of reason) than *geese*, in the scale of two-legged animals; yet if they enjoyed but one faculty of these satirical creatures, they would, by the mere force of hissing, teach the Ghost of Banquo to mend his manners, and study the mysteries of his part with a little more diligence than he devotes to it at present. But I have done my part in this business, and will leave the more effective measures altogether to the wisdom of a public audience; which that the ghost may render unnecessary by a timely alteration of his conduct, is the earnest hope of his friend and adviser,

UMBRA.

P. S.—I am much beholden to your correspondent with the ominous name (HORRIDA BELLA, I think he calls himself), for his assistance in the matter of corpulent ghosts. The remainder of his "Observations on the Ghost-player's Guide," however, almost cancel the obligation. They hurt the cause; and light as the term *ghost-playing* may seem, every true lover of Shakspeare ought to have the thing itself more nearly at heart, than to trifle with it as I think your correspondent has done. Not that I object to a witty treatment of the subject, the only way indeed in which it can be safely handled. But your correspondent, by mixing up indiscriminately the serious with the ironical, argument with foolery, real with pretended objections, has, I fear, with the superficial part of his readers (that is to say, with nineteen out of every twenty), counteracted the good effects which might have resulted, had he either fairly and distinctly impugned the rules given in the Ghost-player's Guide, if he thought them erroneous, or expended his wit on another subject, if he thought them judicious. Your correspondent should have reflected that as the chief use of wit is to convey instruction, so the greatest abuse of it is to introduce confusion, into the mind of his reader. Of this abuse, I think he has been guilty; his Essay is such a *melange* of puns, extracts, arguments, incoherencies, jokes, ironies, thread-bare quotations, &c. &c. that



I dare say ninety-nine out of every hundred who read it, have now a less distinct idea of how the ghost in Hamlet ought to be played than when the subject was first brought before them. To correct as far as in me lies this injurious proceeding on the part of your correspondent, and to render the question of ghost-playing again intelligible, it will be necessary to cull those parts of the Observations intended for argument, from the "leather and prunella" with which they are surrounded, and to see in how far their value surpasses that of the paper they stand on.

Signior Horrida informs us that he has "devoted much time and thought to Shakspeare's ghosts,"—a piece of intelligence by no means superfluous, inasmuch as it certainly does not beam through the Observations themselves. Of the kind of success however which attended this devotion of "time and thought" on the part of the Signior, he affords us the following very unequivocal example:—In the Guide, I had objected to King Hamlet's ghost walking "within truncheon's length of the footlights;" and for this simple reason: that thereby the defects of his person and paraphernalia, are displayed with unnecessary candour to the audience. In combating this position of mine, the knowledge derived by Signior Horrida from his aforesaid expenditure of "time and thought" becomes first conspicuous. He proves (by the aid of "time and thought," mind!) that the ghost should walk within truncheon's length of the footlights, by citing genuine passages which show, that the ghost walks within truncheon's length of—Horatio and Marcellus! O wonderful effect of "time and thought!" As if, Horatio and Marcellus being supposed to stand about the middle of the stage, the ghost could not walk a truncheon's length on one side of them as well as on the other! As if the judicious ghost-player could not sport his belly and his buckram between them and the back or side scene, as well as between them and the footlights, yet keep to the text all the while!—Ah! Signior, verily I fear your wit threw its dust in the eyes of your judgment on this occasion. When the text describes the ghost as appearing "before" Hora-

tio and Marcellus, you very innocently mistook these gentlemen for rusty weather-cocks, and thereupon concluded that they could not turn upon their heel towards the back or side scene, so as to have the ghost *before* their faces, yet *behind* or *beside* their persons.

Again: I had entered an objection to the ghost's wearing a crimson scarf, or a blanket-cloak (i. e. such a veritable blanket as the ghost of Drury Lane wore when I saw him). I objected to the scarf as unsuitable to the dim and shadowy being whose very element is perpetual gloom; I objected to the blanket as unsuitable to any ghost but that of Mad Tom or the King of the Beggars. To overturn these objections, our critic "supposes" that the king *might* have worn such articles of dress in his lifetime. But suppose (and the supposition is very probable) that he had worn, not a red scarf or a blanket cloak, but—a red nightcap, or the skin of a brown bear, let us say;—by your method of argument, Signior, King Hamlet's ghost might enter with propriety in this amiable costume, under the chance indeed of being mistaken by the audience for a Danish witch or a watchman. No, my most pleasant, pun-cracking fellow! You evidently do not see the hinge upon which this simple question turns. We are not to apparel King Hamlet's ghost, as the King himself *might* possibly have been apparelled in his lifetime, but in such a manner as will have the best effect on the stage. Now if *you* are of opinion that a flaring scarf or a mud-coloured cloak enhances the dignity of a ghost, you do well to recommend it, and though I may not applaud the delicacy of your taste, I cannot but admire its singularity. For my own poor part, I think the ghost should either wear nothing at all but armour, or if he must indulge in superfluities of dress, they should, all and each, be of the most solemn cut, and of the gravest colour.

The second paragraph of the Observations looks as if it very much wished to endeavour to contest my opinion, that of all the characters in Shakspeare, the ghost in Hamlet is farthest removed from the possibility of adequate representation. This I had concluded from the unearthly

and de-humanized nature of a spirit. When our critic is furnished with some better argument on this subject than pure assertion, it will be then time enough to think of refuting him. There is a great deal in this paragraph, which I do not very well comprehend, and therefore will not attempt to answer.

Where the *Observation* collected his information upon the nature of spirits, their faculties and attributes, I am neither able to conjecture nor solicitous to inquire. I should be sorry to drink from the same well. Whether indeed he has any notion at all, popular or philosophical, of the beings whose properties are the subject of his essay, is a question which his remarks leave more than problematical. In one place for instance, he saith, choosing a mode of expression superior (as it were) to all argument—"I am yet to learn why a ghost's voice should be so exceedingly thin, airy, and tremulous." Again he is altogether heap-struck at the incomprehensible assertion in the *Ghost-player's Guide*, that a spirit should be "dim, shadowy, and indefinite;" nor can he possibly conceive what difference it would make in point of sublimity, though the ghost were as tangible and concrete as King Log in the quagmire, as familiar as my friend-by-the-button-hole, or a pet monkey. Gog in Guildhall, perhaps, is the Belvedere from which all his visions of spiritual grandeur and magnificence are modelled. A hollow pumpkin on a pole, wide-mouth'd and saucer-eyed, with a blazing ember in its teeth, and a white sheet for a shroud, seem to constitute his *beau-ideal* of a phantom. The terror of the nursery—Fee-fa-fum, with Master Bold-child's bug-a-boo—Rawhead-and-Bloody-bones, appear to stand the *ne plus ultras* beyond which his imagination cannot sail a knot, into the sublimer world of spirits. The *Observation* is all agog for a *noisy* ghost. He would have the spirit "ring his iron heel to the ground" (forgetting, by the bye, that our ghosts are buckram-ghosts, and seldom have iron heels to ring to or on the ground, whichever our critic thinks most grammatical). He is clamorous against a spirit being represented as a "noiseless vapour." A spirit that is, in fact,

*spirit*, he seems to regard as a contradiction in nature. To establish his theory, what does our irrefragable? This, videlicet: He taxes his memory with several painful quotations which indubitably prove that the ghost is "majestical," that he "marches," and "stalks." Now I believe it is not every reader who, like our friend Horrida, enjoys such a very happy obliquity of mental vision as enables him to perceive any necessary connexion between marching or stalking, or being majestical, and *noise*. That must be an inestimable species of logic which is mighty to prove, that because a ghost is six feet high, or steps a yard wide, he per consequence therefore, treads like an elephant in jackboots, or an hippopotamus in pattens. But such a mode of argument is exactly what I should expect from him who could maintain the principle. What a pity that ghosts do not walk on all-four! What a pity that ghosts wear neither hoofs nor horse-shoes! What a pity that we cannot have asses to perform the part of men, as we sometimes see men perform the part of asses!

The source of all Signior Horrida's misconceptions upon the subject of spiritual voice, form, motion, &c. is that from which many a novelist and romance-writer has drunk bewilderment before. In a word, he confounds a ghost with a *dead man*. Were King Hamlet's such a goblin as Giles Scroggins's probably was—a corpse put in motion for a time by some infernal method of galvanism, then I grant, with his worship, that it "should not vary a tittle from the gentleman whom it is destined to represent." But Shakspeare was no such poetical body-snatcher as friend Horrida would make him; his ghosts are *spirits*, ærial beings, whose attributes, therefore, must be such as are not inconsistent with an insubstantial material like æther,—viz. feeble voice, faint form, and noiseless motion. There is not I believe a single description of a ghost to be met with in any great poet, Job, Homer, Virgil, Ossian, &c. in which dimness, shadowiness, and indistinctness of figure, feebleness, airiness, and thinness of voice, do not form the prominent characteristics. But I can scarcely be surprised at Signior Hor-



rida's contradicting *me* on the nature of spirits, when he plumply and circumstantially gives the lie to Shakspeare himself! In the Closet-scene, Hamlet, speaking of the ghost, exclaims—

Why look you there! look how it *steals* away.

In Macbeth also—

——— Wither'd murder  
Alarmed by his centinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his  
*stealthy* pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards  
his design  
Moves *like a ghost*.

Yet our critic would have the ghost "ring his iron heel to the ground," and, in face of the fact, denies that Shakspeare ever intended him to "glide," or move as a noiseless vapour! Truly, friend Horrida, you must have been walking in a wilderness when you penned this notable Essay; no critical buzzard ever fell into such a labyrinth of errors as you have, in these your Observations.

It is curious enough, and I acknowledge less the result of my own precaution than of this gentleman's temerity, that he does not seriously assault one fortress in the Ghost-player's Guide, where a single puff of a goose-quill does not blow him on his back, or into the mouth of his own

cannon. He is for instance quite scandalized at my proposal that the ghost in Hamlet should put on a panoply of "burnished tin;" when he should recollect, that the ghost's present panoply is *buckram*, and that my proposal only went to substitute for a *bad* article, a *better*, as the *best* ("complete steel") has no peg in the property-room. The gentleman may, indeed, "tear the cave where Echo lies," if he pleases, making her shout for—steel armour! Thus a child cries for the moon, and the moon looks it full in the face, but comes not an inch the nearer.

The above are the principal "arguments" (such as they be) in the "Observations" deserving of reply, which indeed I should not have troubled myself to give, but that I feared they might be productive of mischievous effects upon the Art of Ghost-playing, by darkening instead of illuminating the public mind with regard to that important matter. It is an old saying that "true no-meaning puzzles more than wit;" the proverb is particularly exemplified in Signior Horrida Bella's Essay. His "rivulet of text" carrying with it such a compost of heterogeneous materials, has enabled him so to muddy the clear state of the question, that a superficial reader cannot easily see to the bottom of it.

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#### REDGAUNTLET.\*

THE two most celebrated writers of this age, Lord Byron and the Author of Waverley, resemble each other not a little in their works. Their respective series of productions, from Childe Harold to Don Juan, and from Waverley to Redgauntlet, though differing essentially in structure, object, and subject, agree nevertheless in several particulars. Each series, for example, evinces a remarkable qualification of mind in its author, and each betrays a remarkable defect. It is likewise a singular coincidence, that the same qualification and the same defect

should exist in both,—viz. extraordinary facility of invention as far as respects *composition*, difficulty of invention as far as respects *character*. Both authors are about equally remarkable for the said power and (if we may use the expression) impotence of mind, in these different provinces of invention.

And first, as to composition. The prodigal effusion of poetry which, in Childe Harold, the Corsair, the Giaour, &c. &c. almost overwhelmed the reading world, is only to be paralleled by the quantity of prose so dissolutely expended in the compo-

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\* Redgauntlet, a Tale of the Eighteenth Century, by the Author of Waverley. 3 vols. Constable, Edinburgh, 1824.

JULY, 1821.

sition of Waverley, Guy Mannering, &c. &c. a series to which indeed we can see no probable termination. Both the poems and the novels indicate a fertility of mind in this respect, amounting to what might be designated even a rank luxuriance. Before we had eaten down one crop of this intellectual pasture, another began to tickle our noses, and a third growth shot up whilst our heads were deep in the second. There is here an obvious resemblance between the two series of works now compared. It would be hard to say whether the Poet or the Novelist were the greater spendthrift of his words. In both, eloquence is of so plentiful and profluent a nature, that it takes the form, and might assume the name, of—splendid loquacity. The labour with these authors seems to have been, merely that of transcribing from the folds of the brain to the leaves of their paper. No time or exertion appears to have been requisite for conjuring up the little phantasmagoria of images which haunt the recesses of the memory; they came without whoop or hollow, which we, poor scribes! have to cry out several times, to the dull population of our brain, before we can obtain any answer. Facility in composition—and when we say this, we do not mean fluency without a considerable degree of solidity,—is the qualification in which these two great writers chiefly resemble each other, and that perhaps in which they most surpass all their cotemporaries; who, by the way, leaving solidity entirely out of the question, are in no wise deficient as to this particular of fleetness in composition. We allow there is much difference between the “weighty bullion” of Childe Harold or Waverley, and the “French wire” into which the small portion of sterling ore forming the real worth of Sardanapalus or Redgauntlet is drawn; but still, the same ease of language, the same wealth of imagery, is every where displayed, even in their most precipitate works, by each writer,—and with about equal claims on our admiration.

It was this qualification which, possessed in the highest degree, tempted both (and still tempts one) to write down their reputation, by writing upon every thing or nothing. The

subject-matter of Redgauntlet, or The Deformed Transformed (we take the last poem and novel respectively), if withdrawn from the mere composition of these two works, would leave their bulk apparently undiminished. A Review in one of our past numbers shows, that of The Deformed Transformed, the argument might, without a figure, be truly said to “lie in a nutshell;” and by a similar analysis we will now briefly demonstrate that the *materiel* out of which this three-volumed novel, Redgauntlet, is worked up, might with the utmost ease be confined within the same very limited space.

The hero, Darsie Latimer, of unauthenticated birth and country, goes a-fishing towards the Solway; being chiefly allured to the borders, by a sacred injunction which prohibits him from setting foot upon English ground, and being moreover permanently kept there by a friendly admonition from a young lady (Lilias, the heroine) that, if he valued his safety, he should immediately depart from the premises. A fisherman, who afterwards turns out to be a near relative of his own, and withal a great crony of the Pretender’s (and who, by the bye, is the efficient hero of the novel), kidnaps our mock-hero, carries him over the Solway sands in a waggon, and shuts him up in an English farmhouse. He is soon after condemned to petticoats and a side-saddle, being compelled by his Great Unknown persecutor, the fisherman, to accompany him in this wise to another place of sojourn. He finds himself at length in a public-house kept by one Father Crackenthorpe, where he is introduced to Prince Charles Edward, as Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet, the heir of the family of that name, by his uncle (the fisherman aforesaid), Hugh Redgauntlet, who is a zealous partizan of the Chevalier’s, and who has endeavoured, though without success, to bring his nephew over to the side of the Royal Wanderer. To attain this latter purpose was our fisherman’s grand reason for kidnapping his relative, over whose person he is supposed to enjoy a very arbitrary power as guardian, whilst that young hero remained at the English side of the Solway. The Crackenthorpe conspiracy, which comprised several English and Scottish gentle-



men, is however put to the rout by the appearance of "Black Colin Campbell," and the red-coats from Carlisle; the Pretender, with his piscatory friend, embarks for Italy; and—and this is the sum and substance of the story.

Now we undertake to say, that if the above paragraph were cut out from our page, and rolled up into a paper-pellet, these the solid contents of *Redgauntlet* would not be found to exceed in bulk the kernel of a moderately-sized and sincere Spanish nutshell. By the appendix, it is true, we are informed that Lilius, who appears to be a sister of Darsie's, was married to his friend, Alan Fairford, Esquire, a young latitat of Edinburgh, who having heard of the kidnapping affair, breaks off a maiden cause in the middle, travels a great way both by land and sea, interrupts the narrative several times very impertinently, and creates a great deal of trouble and confusion, without accomplishing any thing else that we can perceive, throughout his whole existence in these volumes. He serves indeed as an apology for a lover to poor Lilius, who is, by the bye, a personage equally superfluous, and nearly as interesting as himself.

Taking these meagre details as his groundwork, the Author of *Waverley* has contrived to furnish out three very respectable volumes, one and a half of which, indeed, are dedicated to matters having nothing whatever to do with the main story. He, like his late noble competitor for the crown of fame, in his more recent works seems to have depended almost wholly on the qualification we noticed above, i. e. the power of writing *ad infinitum*, agreeably, upon any or no subject. And to say the truth, his dependance is seldom altogether misplaced. Though there may be less power of language, less condensation of incident, and less striking imagery, in *Redgauntlet* and its immediate predecessors, than in *Waverley* and its immediate successors, there is still enough of each, we are convinced, to save the former portion of our author's novels for ever from the pastry-cook and the trunkmaker.

But all-powerful as these two great writers may be considered, in the department of eloquence, and what may be generally described as

composition, they are both radically, though not perhaps equally, impotent in the province of character. There is but *one* character, variously modified by the different circumstances in which it is placed, throughout all Lord Byron's poems,—that of a noble-minded but depraved being, of fine feelings but irregular passions, more or less satirical and misanthropical in his disposition, gloomy, heart-withered, reckless, and irreligious. The Author of *Waverley* has taken a circle of somewhat greater circumference, but within which he is just as strictly confined. He has excogitated, or his experience has furnished him with, a certain definite number of characters, and these he plays as he would chess-men, sometimes bringing one forward, sometimes another, but without the power of increasing the number of men on the board.

Shakspeare, it may be said, has almost exhausted the kingdom of character; and an author who in the present age discovers a new one, merits the same honour as an astronomer who discovers a new planet. We do not know how this may be, but certainly the facility with which that author invented, and the rigour with which he preserved, characters, shames to nought the powers of the Author of *Waverley*, which we have heard as rashly as triumphantly compared to Shakspeare's in these particulars. The present volumes, for instance, develope not a single new character. They introduce us to several of our old acquaintances, with whose faces we are just as familiar as with that of the Man in the Moon, and which have appeared and reappeared almost as frequently, and to the full as unconcernedly with respect to all the sublunary dogs that bark at them, as that celestial physiognomy. First we have a hero and heroine of the genuine *Waverley* stamp; a pair, like which we hope Heaven will never make so many as the Great Unknown does, or the world would shortly be peopled with *Albinos*. Then follows the old litany of characters: a *mystereux*, an urchin, a vagrant, a rollicking ne'er-do-well, a human blood-hound, and a "tedious old fool,"—in the persons of Hugh Redgauntlet, Little Benjie, Wandering Willie, Nanty Ewart,

Cristal Nixon, and Poor Peter Peebles. *Nota Bene*: there is no weird or wild woman in the whole story. The place of a witch is supplied by a Quaker, Joshua Geddes, whose name is added to the *dramatis personæ* for the very important purpose of owning a *stake-net* on the Solway, but who nevertheless manages to occupy the scene and crowd in at curtain-fall, though he promotes the action of the piece much about in the same ratio that a midge bouncing against the posterior part of the earth propels it towards Aries. Indeed most of the characters above-mentioned are supernumeraries. Wandering Willie, a blind fiddler, who promises, and from whom we expect every moment, great feats; who moreover goes so far with the joke as to play, somewhat in the vein of Blondel, five pages of Scotch tunes, under a prison window; and who seems by this means to hold the catastrophe, as it were, in the belly of his instrument,—after all, performs nothing more worthy of immortality, than that of warning the Crackenthorpe Cabal, by an air, (“The Campbells are coming,”)—when it was exactly too late to be of any service whatever, Black Campbell entering the club-room along with the music. To Little Benjie and Cristal Nixon, deeds of equal moment are allotted; the former carries a letter, and the latter shoots a man; yet without any further claims upon his favour, both are perpetually thrust upon the attention of the reader. Nanty Ewart makes a voyage from Dumfries to Cumberland, with Alan Fairford, Esquire, as a passenger. Then there are the said Alan Fairford, Esquire, and his father, Alexander Fairford, W. S. two gentlemen whom the reader is incessantly wishing at the very last place to which he should like to be consigned himself.

The adventures of Poor Peter Peebles are likewise a patch on the principal story, as tedious and impertinent an episode as any we ever met with in a Spanish novel. We do not deny that the character of this unfortunate litigant is well drawn, and that the state of moral as well as mental degradation to which the law's delay has reduced a respectable citizen, is depicted with affecting truthfulness. The original of this portrait, a miniature to be

sure, is to be found, if we rightly remember, in Peregrine Pickle, but the copy is worthy to supplant it in our memories. It is a draught in our author's best manner; and he has, with considerable skill heightened the simple effect which madness in misery would of itself produce on our feelings, by intermixing the crazy gravity of Poor Peter with something irresistibly ludicrous; so that the reader cannot easily tell whether the tear he feels rolling down his cheek, whilst the victim of Justice with earnest garrulity recites his disappointments and his future lofty hopes, be the result of laughter or of pity. The Baron of Bradwardine himself is not a sketch more felicitous than this:

You must have seen this original, Darsie, who, like others in the same predicament, continues to haunt the courts of justice, where he has made shipwreck of time, means, and understanding. Such insane paupers have sometimes seemed to me to resemble wrecks lying upon the shoals on the Goodwin Sands, or in Yarmouth Roads, warning other vessels to keep aloof from the banks on which they have been lost; or rather scare-crows and potatoe-bogles, distributed through the courts to scare away fools from the scene of litigation.

The identical Peter wears a huge great-coat, thread-bare and patched itself, yet carefully so disposed and secured by what buttons remain, and many supplementary pins, as to conceal the still more infirm state of his under garments. The shoes and stockings of a ploughman were, however, seen to meet at his knees, with a pair of brownish, blackish breeches; a rusty-coloured handkerchief, that has been black in its day, surrounded his throat, and was an apology for linen. His hair, half grey, half black, escaped in elf-locks around a huge wig, made of tow, as it seemed to me, and so much shrunk, that it stood up on the very top of his head; above which he plants, when covered, an immense cocked hat, which, like the chieftain's banner, may be seen any sederunt day betwixt nine and ten, high towering above all the fluctuating and changeable scene in the Outer-House, where his eccentricities often make him the centre of a group of petulant and teasing boys, who exercise upon him every art of ingenious torment. His countenance, originally that of a portly, comely burgher, is now emaciated with poverty and anxiety, and rendered wild by an insane lightness about the eyes; a withered and blighted skin and complexion; features charged with the self-importance peculiar to insanity; and a habit of perpetually speaking to



himself. Such was my fortunate client ; and I must allow, Darsie, that my profession had need to do a great deal of good, if, as is much to be feared, it brings many individuals to such a pass.

After we had been, with a good deal of form, presented to each other, at which time I easily saw by my father's manner that he was desirous of supporting Peter's character in my eyes, as much as circumstances would permit, "Alan," he said, "this is the gentleman who has agreed to accept of you as his counsel, in place of young Dumtoustie."

"Entirely out of favour to my old acquaintance your father," said Peter, with a benign and patronizing countenance, "out of respect to your father, and my old intimacy with Lord Bladderskate. Otherwise, by the *Regiam Majestatem* ! I would have presented a petition and complaint against Daniel Dumtoustie, Advocate, by name and surname—I would, by all the practiques !—I know the forms of process ; and I am not to be trifled with."

My father here interrupted my client, and reminded him that there was a good deal of business to do, as he proposed to give the young counsel an outline of the state of the conjoined process, with a view to letting him into the merits of the cause, disencumbered from the points of form. "I have made a short abbreviate, Mr. Peebles," said he ; "having sat up late last night, and employed much of this morning in wading through these papers, to save Alan some trouble, and I am now about to state the result."

"I will state it myself," said Peter, breaking in without reverence upon his solicitor.

"No, by no means," said my father ; "I am your agent for the time."

"Mine eleventh in number," said Peter ; "I have a new one every year ; I wish I could get a new coat as regularly."

"Your agent for the time," resumed my father ; "and you, who are acquainted with the forms, know that the client states the case to the agent—the agent to the counsel——"

"The counsel to the Lord Ordinary, the Ordinary to the Inner House, the President to the Bench. It is just like the rope to the man, the man to the ox, the ox to the water, the water to the fire——"

"Hush, for Heaven's sake, Mr. Peebles," said my father, cutting his recitation short ; "time wears on—we must get to business—you must not interrupt the court, you know.—Hem, hem ! From this abbreviate it appears——"

"Before you begin," said Peter Peebles, "I'll thank you to order me a morsel of bread and cheese, or some cauld meat, or broth, or the like alimentary provision ; I was so anxious to see your son, that I could not eat a mouthful of dinner."

Heartily glad, I believe, to have so good a chance of stopping his client's mouth effectually, my father ordered some cold meat ; to which James Wilkinson, for the honour of the house, was about to add the brandy bottle, which remained on the side-board, but, at a wink from my father, supplied its place with small beer. Peter charged the provisions with the rapacity of a famished lion ; and so well did the diversion engage him, that though, while my father stated the case, he looked at him repeatedly, as if he meant to interrupt his statement, yet he always found more agreeable employment for his mouth, and returned to the cold beef with an avidity which convinced me he had not had such an opportunity for many a day of satiating his appetite. Omitting much formal phraseology, and many legal details, I will endeavour to give you, in exchange for your fiddler's tale, the history of a litigant, or rather, the history of his law-suit.

My brain was like to turn at this account of lawsuit within lawsuit, like a nest of chip-boxes, with all of which I was expected to make myself acquainted.

"I understand," I said, "that Mr. Peebles claims a sum of money from Plainstones—how then can he be his debtor ? and if not his debtor, how can he bring a Multiplepinding, the very summons of which sets forth, that the pursuer does owe certain monies, which he is desirous to pay by warrant of a judge ?"

"Ye know little of the matter, I doubt, friend," said Mr. Peebles ; "a Multiplepinding is the safest *remedium juris* in the whole form of process. I have known it conjoined with a declarator of marriage.—Your beef is excellent," he said to my father, who in vain endeavoured to resume his legal disquisition ; "but something highly powdered—and the twopenny is undeniable ; but it is small swipes—small swipes—more of hop than malt—with your leave I'll try your black bottle."

My father started to help him with his own hand, and in due measure ; but, infinitely to my amusement, Peter Peebles got possession of the bottle by the neck, and my father's ideas of hospitality were far too scrupulous to permit his attempting, by any direct means, to redeem it ; so that Peter returned to the table triumphant, with his prey in his clutch.

"Better have a wine-glass, Mr. Peebles," said my father, in an admonitory tone, "you will find it pretty strong."

"If the kirk is ower muckle, we can sing mass in the quire," said Peter, helping himself in the goblet out of which he had been drinking the small beer. "What is it, usquebaugh ?—BRANDY, as I am an honest man ! I had almost forgotten the name and taste of brandy.—Mr. Fairford elder, your good health (a mouthful of

brandy)—Mr. Alan Fairford, wishing you well through your arduous undertaking (another go-down of the comfortable liquor).—And now, though you have given a tolerable breviat of this great lawsuit, of whilk everybody has heard something that has walked the boards in the Outer-House, (here's to ye again, by way of interim decret,) yet ye have omitted to speak a word of the arrestments."

"I was just coming to that point, Mr. Peebles."

"Or of the action of suspension of the charge on the bill."

"I was just coming to that."

"Or the advocacy of the Sheriff-Court process."

"I was just coming to it."

"As Tweed comes to Melrose, I think," said the litigant; and then filling his goblet about a quarter full of brandy, as if in absence of mind, "Oh, Mr. Alan Fairford, ye are a lucky man to buckle to such a cause as mine at the very outset! it is like a specimen of all causes, man. By the Regiam, there is not a *remedium juris* in the practiques but ye'll find a spice o't. Here's to your getting weel through with it—Pshut—I am drinking naked spirits, I think. But if the heathen be ower strong we'll christen him with the brewer, (here he added a little small beer to his beverage, paused, rolled his eyes, winked, and proceeded.)—Mr. Fairford—the action of assault and battery, Mr. Fairford, when I compelled the villain Plainstances to pull my nose within two steps of King Charles's statue, in the Parliament Close—there I had him in a hose-net. Never man could tell me how to shape that process—no counsel that ever sold wind could condescend and say whether it were best to proceed by way of petition and complaint, *ad vindictam publicam*, with consent of his Majesty's advocate, or by action on the statute for battery *pendente lite*, whilk would be the winning my plea at once, and so getting a back-door out of Court.—By the Regiam, that beef and brandy is unco het at my heart—I maun try the ale again (sipped a little beer); and the ale's but cauld, I maun e'en put in the rest of the brandy."

He was as good as his word, and proceeded in so loud and animated a style of elocution, thumping the table, drinking and snuffing alternately, that my father abandoning all attempts to interrupt him, sat silent and ashamed, suffering and anxious for the conclusion of the scene.

"And then to come back to my pet process of all—my battery and assault process, when I had the good luck to provoke him to pull my nose at the very threshold of the Court, whilk was the very thing I wanted—Mr. Pest, ye ken him, Daddie Fairford? Old Pest was for making it out *hameucken*, for he said the Court

might be said—said—ugh!—to be my dwelling-place. I dwell mair there than ony gate else, and the essence of hame-sucken is to strike a man in his dwelling-place—mind that, young advocate—and so there's hope Plainstances may be hanged, as many has for a less matter; for, my Lords,—will Pest say to the Justiciary bodies,—my Lords, the Parliament House is Peebles's place of dwelling, says he—being *commune forum*, and *commune forum est commune domicilium*—Lass, fetch another glass of whiskey, and score it—time to gae hame—by the practiques, I cannot find the jug—yet there's twa of them, I think. By the Regiam, Fairford—Daddie Fairford—lend us twal pennies to buy sneeshing, mine is done—Macer, call another cause."

The box fell from his hands, and his body would at the same time have fallen from the chair, had not I supported him.

"This is intolerable," said my father—"Call a chairman, James Wilkinson, to carry this degraded, worthless, drunken beast home."—(P. 313—318.)

Nevertheless, whatever be the merits of this story as an episode, its total irrelevancy to the principal subject, renders its insertion here preposterous to the highest degree of absurdity; and by pertinaciously interrupting the clear flow of narrative and of feeling, it becomes insufferably tedious, and almost hateful, to the reader.

Poverty of invention with respect to character is, in our opinion, the most striking defect of mind visible in the Author of Waverley. Besides this, however, we cannot, in our attempt to estimate truly his intellectual value, help noticing a second, to us very obvious, yet, considering the general power of his faculties, very unexpected mark of mortality, about the works of this illustrious writer. We mean—a certain *childishness* of fancy, most palpably displayed wherever he approaches the supernatural. Compare the Witches in Macbeth with Meg Merrilies, Madge Wildfire, Norna, and their congeners in these novels: is there, or is there not, something about the latter which reminds us of our *nursery-tales*? is not the sublimity of the former less associated with our merely infantile terrors, and rather such as (at least in the age in which they were imagined), is founded upon adult ignorance and superstition, than upon the weakness of mind incident to childhood? We have no time now for



more than a hint upon this matter. Indeed, the distinction, though perfectly intelligible, is not easily definable in words. Unless our reader's delicacy of perception bear immediate testimony to the truth of our remark, we doubt our ability to convince him *secundum artem*. An instance is, perhaps, the best argument we could use: the descent of Halbert Glendinning into the bowels of the earth with his patroness, the White Lady of Avenel, might, we think with great propriety, have formed Scheherezade's thousand-and-second night's tale; it is calculated for no more mature admiration than that which a schoolboy bestows on the Arabian Entertainments, and could only be relished at that age when we swallow Giants and Enchanted Castles as eagerly as we do our bread and butter. There is also something of the puerile taste to which we allude in the following description of Redgauntlet's first appearance; mingled we grant, not a little incongruously, with considerable power, and force of descriptive genius:

I mentioned in my last, that having abandoned my fishing-rod as an unprofitable implement, I crossed over the open downs which divided me from the margin of the Solway. When I reached the banks of the great estuary, which are here very bare and exposed, the waters had receded from the large and level space of sand, through which a stream, now feeble and fordable, found its way to the ocean. The whole was illuminated by the beams of the low and setting sun, who shewed his ruddy front, like a warrior prepared for defence, over a huge battlemented and turretted wall of crimson and black clouds, which appeared like an immense Gothic fortress, into which the Lord of day was descending. His setting rays glimmered bright upon the wet surface of the sands, and the numberless pools of water by which it was covered, where the inequality of the ground had occasioned their being left by the tide.

The scene was animated by the exertions of a number of horsemen, who were actually employed in hunting salmon. Ay, Alan, lift up your hands and eyes as you will, I can give their mode of fishing no name so appropriate; for they chased the fish at full gallop, and struck them with their barbed spears, as you see hunters spearing boars in the old tapestry. The salmon, to be sure, take the thing more quietly than the boars; but they are so swift in their own element, that to pursue and strike them is the task of a good horseman, with a quick eye, a determined hand,

and full command both of his horse and weapon. The shouts of the fellows as they galloped up and down in the animating exercise—their loud bursts of laughter when any of their number caught a fall—and still louder acclamations when any of the party made a capital stroke with his lance—gave so much animation to the whole scene, that I caught the enthusiasm of the sport, and ventured forward a considerable space on the sands. The feats of one horseman, in particular, called forth so repeatedly the clamorous applause of his companions, that the very banks rang again with their shouts. He was a tall man, well mounted on a strong black horse, which he caused to turn and wind like a bird in the air, carried a longer spear than the others, and wore a sort of fur cap or bonnet, with a short feather in it, which gave him on the whole rather a superior appearance to the other fishermen. He seemed to hold some sort of authority among them, and occasionally directed their motions both by voice and hand; at which times I thought his gestures were striking, and his voice uncommonly sonorous and commanding.

The riders began to make for the shore, and the interest of the scene was almost over, while I lingered on the sands, with my looks turned to the shores of England, still gilded by the sun's last rays, and, as it seemed, scarce distant a mile from me. The anxious thoughts which haunt me began to muster in my bosom, and my feet slowly and insensibly approached the river which divided me from the forbidden precincts, though without any formed intention, when my steps were arrested by the sound of a horse galloping; and as I turned, the rider (the same fisherman whom I had formerly distinguished) called out to me, in an abrupt manner, "Soho, brother! you are too late for Bowness to-night—the tide will make presently."

I turned my head and looked at him without answering; for, to my thinking, his sudden appearance (or rather I should say his unexpected approach) had, amidst the gathering shadows and lingering light, something which was wild and ominous.

"Are you deaf?" he added—"or are you mad?—or have you a mind for the next world?"

"I am a stranger," I answered, "and had no other purpose than looking on at the fishing—I am about to return to the side I came from."

"Best make haste then," said he. "He that dreams on the bed of the Solway, may wake in the next world. The sky threatens a blast that will bring in the waves three foot a-breast."

So saying, he turned his horse and rode off, while I began to walk back towards the Scottish shore, a little alarmed at what I had heard; for the tide advances with such

rapidity upon these fatal sands, that well-mounted horsemen lay aside hopes of safety, if they see its white surge advancing while they are yet at a distance from the bank.

These recollections grew more agitating, and, instead of walking deliberately, I began a race as fast as I could, feeling, or thinking I felt, each pool of salt water through which I splashed, grow deeper and deeper. At length the surface of the sand did seem considerably more intersected with pools and channels full of water—either that the tide was really beginning to influence the bed of the estuary, or, as I must own is equally probable, that I had, in the hurry and confusion of my retreat, involved myself in difficulties which I had avoided in my deliberate advance. Either way, it was rather an unpromising state of affairs, for the sands at the same time turned softer, and my footsteps, so soon as I had passed, were instantly filled with water. I began to have odd thoughts concerning the snugness of your father's parlour, and the secure footing afforded by the pavement of Brown's Square and Scot's Close, when my better genius, the tall fisherman, appeared once more close to my side, he and his sable horse looming gigantic in the now darkening twilight.

"Are you mad?" he said, in the same deep tone which had before thrilled on my ear, "or are you weary of your life?—You will be presently amongst the quicksands."—I professed my ignorance of the way, to which he only replied, "There is no time for prating—get up behind me."

He probably expected me to spring from the ground with the activity which these Borderers have, by constant practice, acquired in all relating to horsemanship; but as I stood irresolute, he extended his hand, and grasping mine, bid me place my foot on the toe of his boot, and thus raised me in a trice to the croupe of his horse. I was scarce securely seated, ere he shook the reins of his horse, who instantly sprung forward; but annoyed, doubtless, by the unusual burthen, treated us to two or three bounds, accompanied by as many flourishes of his hind heels. The rider sat like a tower, notwithstanding that the unexpected plunging of the animal threw me forward upon him. The horse was soon compelled to submit to the discipline of the spur and bridle, and went off at a steady hand gallop; thus shortening the devious, for it was by no means a direct path, by which the rider, avoiding the loose quicksands, made for the northern bank.

(Vol. i. p. 52—58.)

The idea of a fisherman hunting salmon on a black horse, is orthodox enough; but to invest this inglorious personage with such a deal of mystery, and afterwards to convert him

into a downright hero, the head of a faction, and the friend of a Prince, appears to us a most childish attempt at what Bayes would call "an *odd surprise*" upon the reader. Indeed, it forcibly reminded us of the fisherman who turns out to be Prince Prettyman's father, in the tragedy written by that celebrated critic and author. A reader's passion for the marvellous must surely be very irritable in its nature, if it could be excited by a piece of mechanism so nearly resembling that which makes Mr. Newbery's gilt story-books so dear to the romantic little people who have just laid by their rattles. In conclusion, we think this weakness runs through the whole class of novels designated *par excellence* the Scotch; the Author of Waverley, throughout his works, constantly betrays a design rather to *frighten* us as children, than to excite us as men open in some degree to superstitious impressions.

Is it to this spirit of childishness that we are to attribute that magnificent piece of mummery performed in a hovel at Brokenburn-foot (the fisherman's retreat), where the hero, Sir Arthur, having assumed the very probable disguise of an itinerant fiddler, is made to dance a mysterious cotillon with the heroine, Lillias?

The preceding remarks are for the most part generally applicable to the entire series of this author's novels. Our opinion, as regards the present work in particular, is decidedly an unfavourable one. Whatever may be the faults or foibles of this writer's mind (conditions of humanity), the memory of them was always obliterated in his earlier works, by the transcendent powers of genius which we saw there displayed. In his latter flights, this regal bird evidently soars with a crest less erect and a less sounding pinion. Indeed, were his strength of wing unabated, the sameness of those scenes which he perpetually haunts, and to which he is in a manner self-condemned, renders the contemplation of his feats now much less interesting. He seems as if he were chained by the foot to some irremoveable rock in the midst of a deep valley, where though he could fly upwards, he could not fly outwards. We do not now allude to



the geographical scene of his exertions; he has occasionally migrated from his native hills to the plains of England, and the gardens of France. We speak of the general scene of thought from which he can never tear himself, the abstract collection of objects which always present themselves to his mental eye, whatever be his actual place of residence. But his powers are also either weakened, or weakly exerted. His very last flight is his very lowest; and that perhaps is a rash assertion to make, in the face of St. Ronan. In plain terms, Redgauntlet is as poor a work as, we dare say, this author could easily write; certainly so, unless he took much more pains to write ill, than he ever did to write well. This publication in truth furnishes us with one of the purest specimens of simple book-making that can be met with, in an age, and nation, and author, famous already for that species of handicraft. It is made up altogether of unconnected stories, one of which, chiefly from its superior length, we must conjecture to form the principal subject. The mass also seems only about half licked into form. There are none of those bright creations here, and but few of those powerful master-strokes, with which this Artist delighted and astonished us of yore: he sweeps the canvas now with a hasty and a half-full pencil. Except in one or two instances he seems to have laid on his colours with the wash brush; some of his figures are mere blotches, and it is frequently impossible, from the evident precipitateness with which they have been got up, to distinguish a woman from a man [unless the name be written above it], a servant from a lord. Thus we find the amiable and gentle Lillias coming out with several such expressions as the following: 1. "A suspicion arose in my uncle's mind that you [her brother] might be the youth he sought, and it was strengthened by papers and letters which the rascal Nixon did not hesitate to take from your pocket." 2. "The old brutal desperado [Nixon, to wit], whose face and mind are a libel upon human nature, has had the insolence to speak to his master's niece as one whom he was at liberty to admire." 3. "The wretch's unparalleled insolence [Nixon is again in

the pillory] has given me one great advantage over him. For knowing that my uncle would shoot him with as little remorse as a woodcock, if he but guessed at his brazen-faced assurance towards me, &c." Eloquence like this we think might well recommend the book to the patronage of those loose-haired and limber-tongued Nereids, who play about the shores of Billingsgate, and pelt each other with fish or hard epithets, whichever are most convenient. On the other hand, the much-aspersed Nixon, a kind of servant of all-work to Redgauntlet, so far forgets the vernacular idiom of his race, as upon one occasion to observe in the very loftiest vein of astrological metaphor,—“a female influence predominates!” slapping his thigh (we may suppose), like a magnanimous son of the sock in one of his eclatrical exits. This same Cristal Nixon, indeed, seems to enjoy the apostolic faculty of speaking in a strange language whenever it suits his caprice; he not unfrequently talks with a double-tongue in the same paragraph. There are several other marks; in these volumes, of the most headlong hurry of composition, the most rapacious spirit of money-getting. In vol. iii, p. 42, Sam Skelton is *Sam Skelton*, properly so called; in the very same page he is *Jack Kelton*; and in p. 44, he is *Jack Skelton*;—varying his name quite as often, but not quite as ingeniously, as a member of the purse-taking brotherhood, to which honorable corporation we have however no reason to believe him attached. The identity of a certain waiting-maid is also not a little precarious; at the farm-house we knew her by the appellation—*Dorcas*, and when we are afterwards introduced to her as the woman—*Cicely*, we have some difficulty in recognizing our lost waiting-maid under the hood of her new title. These oversights are to be sure unimportant, except as betraying the general negligence with which the novel is written. They afford us tacit but certain information, at least when coupled with other evidence, that this author was much more intent on our pockets than his own pen, much more desirous of gains-making than of pains-taking, whilst he huddled up these mercenary pages. The uneasiness, be-

sides, with which he shifts from journal to narrative, and from narrative to journal (such is the miscellaneous form of his book), seems to indicate the same anxiety, the same indecent haste, to get to the end of his work, and the bottom of our purses, without much troubling himself about the means he takes to come there.

From the incalculable superiority of genius which the dialogue of these Novels exhibits above the dialogue of Halidon Hill, we have sometimes been perplexed in the extreme how to identify, with complete satisfaction, Sir Walter Scott and the Author of *Waverley*; the vigour of the one seems wholly uncongenial with the tameness of the other. Different minds seem to have generated the prose and the poetic dialogue. Redgauntlet does not enable us to solve the riddle; its dialogue, though frequently, as we have shown, un-characteristic, is always spirited and forceful. Preserving however the same distance from the dialogue of Halidon Hill as its predecessors did, it has likewise de-

generated in a great measure from the model of *Waverley*. A wit of Charles the Second's age would call the greater part of the dialogue in these present volumes—*low*; and to a less foppish critic of George the Fourth's reign, its vigour might certainly appear of a description somewhat too little refined to un-deserve that expressive character. The Great Unknown seems indeed to write this rakehell kind of dialogue *con amore*, and with superior facility; the necessity therefore under which he labours, of writing more novels in the year than he ought, may be some excuse for his indulging in this species of composition, which to all appearance flows as readily from his pen as the ink will allow of. That same unavoidable necessity will we have no doubt palliate the other numberless imperfections of *Redgauntlet* (solely, let it be remembered, arising from haste and confusion),—with those at least of his readers who are less bountifully supplied with good sense than good nature.

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#### STANZAS.

## 1.

THE shadows which grow on the ridge of Night,  
Or on islands that float in the pale starlight,  
Are more pleasant to me  
Than the smiles that flee  
From the giant of morning, proud and free.

## 2.

These shadows are soft as a maiden's eyes,  
Which weep for her lover when daylight dies;  
But the world is gay  
In the hot sun-ray,  
And misery flieth away—away!

## 3.

They are gone—the poets who once shed light  
Like noon, but pleasant as pale starlight;  
And I love to dream  
In the shadowy beam,  
Which their spirits have cast on Time's dark stream.

## 4.

The living are here—and the dead are gone;  
But their fame is alive like a changeless dawn,  
Which shall never be old,  
Nor seared, nor cold,  
But shine till the tale of the world be told.

B. C.



## ON THE MADNESS OF LEAR.

THE story of this tragedy is said to have been taken from "The true Chronicle History of King Leir and his three daughters, Gonorell, Ragan, and Cordella." Some play on the same subject was entered at Stationers' Hall, by Edward White, May 14, 1594. The present is supposed to have been written by Shakspeare, in 1605.

"There is, perhaps, no play," says Dr. Johnson, "which keeps the attention so strongly fixed—which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking oppositions of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a continual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress, or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene." Such was the opinion of the great critic, yet in the same paper he speaks as it were in censure of the Spectator, for declaring that Tate had deprived the tragedy of half its beauty, by his alteration in giving Cordelia success and happiness. The literary levathan then observes: "In the present case the public has decided. Cordelia from the time of Tate has always retired with victory and felicity; and if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an Editor." Mr. Stevens has observed with every appearance of truth, that "Dr. Johnson should rather have said that the managers of the theatres-royal have decided, and the public has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision. The altered play has the upper gallery on its side: the original drama was patronized by Addison:

*Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*"

What higher testimony can be adduced of the exalted genius of Shakspeare, than the fact of his having

produced a catastrophe so exquisitely touching and natural, as to make an audience shrink with sensitive horror from a contemplation of it? A catastrophe of one of the most beautiful tragedies our language boasts, brought about by a train of probable events, affecting persons whose sorrows have made them dear to us! There can be little doubt that Shakspeare intended to make the afflictions and death of Cordelia the strong links by which to bind our sympathies to the fate of Lear. Without her the impetuous monarch would excite but little compassion—he had not "borne his faculties so meek," nor been "so clear in his great office," as to generate the popular affection, and make his subjects feel the king's calamity as their own misfortune; indeed, "the best and soundest of his time had been but rash."

A temper naturally irritable and impatient of contradiction, the habit of giving unrestrained indulgence to its caprices, and the fractiousness and imbecility of age, sufficiently prepared Lear on the advent of disaster for a paroxysm of insanity.

The first and second scenes exhibit him greedily swallowing the mawkish beverage of strained adulation, and turning in wrath and disgust from the pure element of truth, affection, and discriminate duty: they record the abrupt and causeless disinheritation of his favourite child; and the banishment of Kent, for interposing the voice of reason and reconciliation "between the sentence and the power" of majesty.

*Lear.*

Now our joy,

Although the last not least: Speak.

*Cordelia.* Unhappy that I am, I cannot  
heave

My heart into my mouth; I love your  
Majesty

According to my bond; nor more, nor less.  
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I  
Return those duties back as are right fit;  
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.  
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
They love you all? Haply when I shall wed,  
That Lord whose hand must take my plight,  
shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care and  
duty:

Sure I shall never marry, like my sisters;  
To love my father, all.

*Lear.* So young and so untender?

*Cordelia.* So young, my Lord, and true.

*Lear.* Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower;

Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
Propinquity and property of blood;  
And, as a stranger to my heart and me,  
Hold thee from this for ever.

*Kent.* Good, my liege.

*Lear.* Peace, Kent,  
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.

• • • • •

The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the fork invade

The region of my heart. Be Kent unmannerly  
When Lear is mad.

*Lear.* O vassal miscreant!  
(*Laying his hand on his sword.*)

*Kent.* Do,  
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow  
Upon the foul disease.

*Lear.* (to *Kent*.) Since thou hast sought  
to make us break our vow,  
To come between our sentence and our power  
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear),

Our potency make good—take thy reward.  
Five days we do allot thee for provision,  
To shield thee from diseases of the world,  
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back  
Upon our kingdom. If on the tenth day  
following

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,  
The moment is thy death.

• • • • •

Cornwall and Albany,  
With my two daughters' dowers, digest the third;

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.

I do invest you jointly with my power,  
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects  
That troop with Majesty.

• • • • •

Thou hast her, France. Let her be thine,  
for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
That face of hers again. Therefore, be gone,

Without our grace, our love, our benison.

When the authority of Lear is afterwards questioned by his daughter Goneril, he is so surprised, that he doubts of his personal identity. The approximations to insanity are introduced with great skill—they have a regular succession, and augment.

This is not Lear.

Does Lear talk thus? Speak thus? Where are his eyes?

The succeeding speech of Goneril calls forth the intemperance of his rage:

Darkness and devils.

And afterwards:

Detested kite, thou liest.

At length comes his horrible denunciation, which is conceived in the sublimity of terrific grandeur, and conveyed in language admirably descriptive of the array of thought.

Hear, nature! hear, dear Goddess, hear!  
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend  
To make this creature fruitful!

Into her womb convey sterility!  
Dry up in her the organs of increase,  
That from her derogate body never spring  
A babe to honour her. If she must teem,  
Create her child of spleen, that it may live,  
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her:  
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,  
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,

Turn all her mother's pains and benefits  
To laughter and contempt—that she may feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child.

When he calmly considers the indignities that have been heaped upon him, and reverts to the ingratitude of his two daughters, reflection serves only to increase his tortures, and he feels an apprehension of supervening insanity:

Oh! let me not be mad—not mad, sweet Heaven!

Keep me in temper—I would not be mad.

In many states of mental affliction, this presentiment is not uncommon. The conflict of passions produces palpitations and anxieties about the region of the heart; the blood ascends in flushes, and appears to scald the brain in its passage, and a crowded and increased assemblage of ideas produce confusion in the mind. Of these precursors, Lear experienced many intimations, and he exerts himself to suppress the kindling of his rage:

Oh! how this mother swells up towards my heart,

*Hysterica passio!* Down, thou climbing sorrow,

Thy element's below.

Again he checks himself, and supposes that the "fiery Duke" of Cornwall may be actually indisposed:—



I'll forbear ;  
And am fallen out with my more headier  
will,  
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit  
For the sound man.

But at last he is goaded to fury by  
the contumelious insults of his two  
unnatural children, and perceives his  
impending distraction :

O fool, I shall go mad.

When Goneril and Regan have  
barred him out, he alternately braves  
the storm with violent imprecations,  
and conciliates it with a wounded  
spirit.

Blow ! winds, and crack your cheeks,

I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness,  
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you  
children ;

You owe me no subscription : why then let  
fall

Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand your  
slave—

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.

Again he endeavours to restrain  
the bursting torrent of his passion :

No ! I will be the pattern of all patience,  
I will say nothing.

And concludes a speech of exqui-  
site beauty with a temperate and  
consoling reflection :—

I am a man  
More sinn'd against than sinning.

The actual perversion of his mind  
is now fast approaching ; the alarm  
for the continuance of reason in-  
creases ; his restraints are less effec-  
tually imposed. Some internal sen-  
sations whisper that the mental  
eclipse is commencing :

My wits begin to turn.

Lear next becomes aware that he  
sustains privations with extraordi-  
nary nerve, and that cold and hun-  
ger do not exert their usual influence  
on his frame. This insensibility to  
external impressions is a marked  
symptom of approaching and exist-  
ing derangement, and it is physiolo-  
gically accounted for by the inimita-  
ble author.

When the mind's free  
The body's delicate ; the tempest in my  
mind  
Does from my senses take all feeling else,  
Save what beats there.

Still reason, though feebly and tre-  
mulously, holds the rein ; and he feels

a kind of instinctive horror, a sore-  
ness that penetrates to the quick,  
and at which he writhes when he  
advert to his daughters :

O Regan ! Goneril !

Your old kind father, whose frank heart  
gave all ;

Oh ! that way madness lies : let me shun  
that :

No more of that.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads and unfed  
sides,

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, de-  
fend you

From seasons such as these : Oh ! I have  
ta'en

Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp,  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
That thou may'st shake the superflux to  
them,

And show the heavens more just.

Although Lear's mind had been  
strained by the torture it had under-  
gone, he has only hitherto approached  
the confines of madness ; he has per-  
ceived the dangerous brink on which  
he stands, and caught in momentary  
glimpses the distractions that hover  
round him. It is not till he comes in  
contact with the counterfeit lunatic  
that the fabric of his intellect loosens ;  
and he presumes that no misfortune  
could have reduced another so low in  
the scale of humanity, but the sources  
of his own affliction. At sight of  
Edgar, who feigns madness to answer  
a purpose, he asks

What ! have his daughters brought him to  
this pass ;

Could'st thou save nothing ? Didst thou  
give them all ?

How admirable is the contrivance,  
and how natural the result of this in-  
terview between Lear and Edgar.  
The king, with his mind oppressed  
and weakened by the ingratitude of  
his children, meets the pretended  
maniac, and concludes that

Nothing could have subdued  
nature

To such a lowness but his unkind daugh-  
ters.

Adding—

Judicious punishment ! 'twas this flesh be-  
got

Those Pelican daughters.

When contemplating the wretched  
appearance of Edgar, he says,

Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to  
answer

With thy uncover'd body this extremity of  
the skies.

Is man no more than this? Consider him  
well;

Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no  
hide,

The sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:

Ha! here's three\* of us are sophisticated!

Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated

Man is no more but such a poor, bare,  
forked

Animal as thou art.—Off! off! you lend-  
ings:—Come,

Unbutton here—

And immediately begins to tear off  
his own clothes. The declension of  
Lear's mind into raving madness by  
force of sympathy, created by the  
frantic appearance and manner of  
Edgar, is exquisitely simple and nat-  
ural. In stripping off his garments  
to copy the nakedness of Edgar, Lear  
manifests the first overt act of insa-  
nity.

Off, off, you lendings:—Come, unbutton  
here.

Delighted with the maniac, the pi-  
tileless pelting of the storm is disre-  
garded, and he leaves his friends un-  
heeded to form a nearer intimacy  
with his new acquaintance: his de-  
rangement magnifies the wretched  
and brainless wanderer into an oracle  
of wisdom, and a sage preceptor;  
the remonstrance of his attendants is  
disregarded, he lingers "to talk with  
this philosopher," "this learned  
Theban," "this good Athenian." He  
adheres to him with an affection and  
confidence that banish all fears for  
his own safety; he seems inspired by  
his associate, and his madness blazes  
with a rival flame:—

To have a thousand with red burning spits  
Come hissing in upon them.

And again,

The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they  
bark at me.

The poet felt that the mere imperti-  
nency of madness could not be long  
sustained; it would fail to excite the  
attention, and would lower the digni-  
ty of the scene: the deprivation of  
reason is therefore supplied by acute-  
ness of feeling, and an impassioned

recurrence to the source of his de-  
rangement:—

"Then let them anatomize Regan.  
See what breeds about her heart. Is  
there any cause in nature that makes  
these hard hearts?"

In the ruins of his mind, many  
fragments of the stately pile still re-  
main entire; for even madness can-  
not extinguish pride and ambition:  
and in his wildest sallies, recollection  
prompts him, "that he is every inch  
a king;" and that when a Monarch  
"stares" "the Subject quakes."

Even in our ashes live our wonted fires.

The dutiful and affectionate Cordelia,  
hearing that her father wanders about  
"mad as the vext sea, singing loud,"  
is solicitous for his restoration by  
medical sagacity and experience. She  
is informed that he lacks repose; that  
there

Are many simples operative whose powers  
Will close the eye of anguish.

These medical agents are employ-  
ed with so much effect, that in the  
heaviness of his sleep his attendants  
put fresh garments on him. In this  
scene, Shakspeare displays not only  
a perfect knowledge of the disease  
under which Lear labours, but an in-  
timate acquaintance with the course  
of medical treatment which in those  
days, and, indeed, until very recently,  
was pursued with a view to its cure.  
It may fairly be presumed that some  
narcotic drug, some oblivious anti-  
dote, had been administered in order  
to procure the desired repose, as the  
king's first impressions, when he is  
awakened by Cordelia, are obviously  
the broken continuation of a distress-  
ing dream, as if he had been roused  
before the operation of the opiate had  
been exhausted:

You do me wrong to take me out o' the  
grave.

Thou art a soul in bliss: but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead.

Cordelia inquires, "Sir, do you  
know me?"

Lear replies, "You are a spirit,  
I know. When did you die?"

The gradual and imperfect return  
of perception, the glance at his suf-

\* Meaning the fool, Kent, and himself. The fool is omitted in the representation, and only Lear, Kent, and Edgar, appear on the stage.



ferings, and the doubt of his personal identity, are exquisitely drawn :

Where have I been ?  
Where am I ? fair day-light ?  
I am mightily abused : I should e'en die  
with pity  
To see another thus : I know not what to  
say.  
I will not swear these are my hands : let's  
see ;  
I feel this pin prick ! Would I were as-  
sured  
Of my condition.

After these waverings he entertains suspicions of his sanity :—

—— And to deal plainly,  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

From repeated examinations he is impressed that Kent and Cordelia are not entire strangers ; but the impression is feeble and obscure,—the dawn of reminiscence :

Methinks I should know you, and know  
this man,  
Yet I am doubtful.

At length comes that beautiful and pathetic burst where Nature, throwing off the imbecilities of age and the incumbrance of disease, by an instinctive act of recollection claims the dutiful Cordelia :—

Do not laugh at me ;  
For as I am a man I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

Pray now forget and forgive.

The concluding scene exhibits Cordelia dead in the arms of her father ; and amidst the tumult of his distraction there are some vivid gleams of rational tenderness and parental anxiety, alternations of groundless hope and fatal discouragement. Here the poet has again manifested his metaphysical acumen, and his acquaintance with the laws of the human mind and its attendant passions. The monarch's lamentations are a while suspended that he may relate the energy with which he slew the villain that hanged his daughter ; and this temporary oblivion of his distress is an interval to recount his former magnanimous achievements, and to allow sufficient time for his reconciliation with Kent. Again he returns to his departed Cordelia, and bewails her loss with wild lamentations and distracted sorrow. These pangs are too violent for long continuance. Suddenly he feels the

sense of suffocation from a rush of blood to the brain, a fatal return of the " climbing sorrow " he had felt before. The immediate feeling of self-preservation again interrupts his ecstasy of grief—he solicits assistance :—

Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir.

His paroxysm again returns, an apoplectic seizure cuts short the accents of his despair, and he dies on the body of his murdered daughter.

Throughout this exquisite tragedy the author has displayed such intimate knowledge of the human intellect, and so correctly painted the succession of mental operations, that the picture can only be viewed as the great masterpiece of psychological delineation.

The admirable selection of the flowers which formed the coronet-wreath of the lovely and distracted Ophelia, has been noticed in a former essay ; and if a doubt could be entertained of Shakspeare's intention to give them an emblematic meaning, the question would be completely set at rest by the evidence afforded in the play under consideration, in which a selection of plants is in like manner made to form a fantastic crown, strongly indicative of the state of Lear's mind. Cordelia describes her father as wandering about mad as the vexed sea,

Crowned with rank fumiter and furrow-  
weeds,  
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-  
flowers,  
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn.

FUMITER (Fumeterre, French). Fumitory, *Fumaria officinalis*, Linn. It is common to our corn-fields and ditch banks. The leaves are of bitter taste, and the juice was formerly employed for its bitterness in hypochondriasm and black jaundice by Hoffman and others ; and more lately by Cullen in leprosy.

FURROW-WEEDS. Rank, as they are here expressly called, or strong scented, growing wild in the furrow, and disgusting to the taste and other senses.

HARLOCKS. *Sinapis arvensis*, Linn. The wild mustard of our corn-fields, called indifferently charlock, garlock, harlock, warlock, and, by Fitzherbert and other old English writers,

hedlock. The seeds of this plant form the *pungent* Durham mustard, as those of *Sinapis alba* form the white mustard, and those of *Sinapis nigra* the common mustard. The plant rises with a stem of about nine inches, thickly set with *hairs* or bristles. Hence the proper name should probably be *hair-lock*, as in Danish they call the DARNEL *heyre* and *heyre-grass*. As the *bitter pungency* is referred to in the former case, the *biting pungency* is referred to, here.

HEMLOCK. This plant requires no explanation; it is generally known to be *poisonous*.

NETTLES. *Urtica urens*, Linn. Called *urens* from its well known *irritating* power of *stinging* and *burning*.

CUCKOO-FLOWERS. *Cardamine pratensis*, Linn. These flowers, the *symbrium* of Dioscorides, were employed among the Greeks and Romans for almost all affections of the head. They at present hold a place in the *pharmacopœia*, as a remedy for convulsions, epilepsy, and other diseases of the brain or intellect.

DARNEL. *Lolium temulentum*, Linn. Called *temulentum* from its *intoxicating* or *narcotic* powers, when taken alone, or intermixed with malt. From this deleterious property it is termed by Virgil *infelix lolium*, *lurid lolium*, and by the French *ivraie*, whence our own vulgar name for it of, *wray-grass* or *drunkard-grass*.

These plants are all *wild* and *uncultivated*; of *bitter*, *biting*, *poisonous*, *pungent*, *lurid*, and *distracting* properties. Thus Lear's crown, like Ophelia's wreath, is admirably descriptive or emblematic of the sources and variety of the disease under which he labours. It would be difficult to believe that, in either the one case or the other, the mixture of such flowers and plants was the effect of chance. Yet none of the Commentators have given Shakspeare credit for the arrangement.

Shakspeare's ignorance of, or conversance with, the learned languages, has formed a subject for frequent discussion; and as the question may probably be considered at some length in a future essay, little will be now said on the point. The classic reader, however, will not fail to observe that the passage of Virgil, noticed above, bears a strong resemblance to the speech of Cordelia, and that the following from Ovid gives a still closer parallel.

——— *Lolium tribulique fatigant*  
*Triticeas messes et inexpugnabile gramen.*

DARNEL and thistles and o'erwhelming  
weeds

*Trouble the corn-fields.*

Shakspeare has it,

Darnel and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn.

W. FARREN.

## REPORT OF MUSIC.

How constantly the course of human expectation is interrupted and turned aside by the stronger current of events, is a piece of stale philosophy that has been powerfully exemplified this season at the King's theatre. Never were more ample, if indeed there were ever before such ample, preparations made for giving to the public a succession of fine performances—never was there a series with less of force, novelty, or variety. *Il gran Maestro* Rossiini is engaged to direct the music, and to compose a new opera. He does neither the one nor the other. The Signor is disgusted at the outset by the failure of his wife, and he leaves the orchestra pretty much to its fate;

when finding his name so popular amongst the fashionable—what shall they be called?—of England—that generous race, between whom and their money, according to the proverb, a separation is very quickly effectuated—finding, we say, that he could obtain fifty guineas per night, as the regular set market price for conducting a private concert (our poor English conductors do the same thing for five), and that, in the plenitude of their delight, this stipend was generally increased, often doubled, and once or twice more than doubled—under such happy auspices the Signor (unwillingly, no doubt,) allows the libretto of *Ugo Re d'Italia* to lie untouched upon his table, and the



people of England to wait till next year for the greatest of his works, which we have the assurance of Signor Benelli it was to have been, in compliment to our national character and taste, had not the personal disgusts of *Il Maestro*, and the private concerts of the Nobility and of his patrons, precluded the possibility of his attending either to composition or his contract. So much for the direction of the music and the composer. His opera, *Zelmira*, is voted heavy—his wife, Signora Colbran, is pronounced to be *passée*, and so ends her sad story. Madame Catalani follows.—She, however, it is declared, is no longer what she was, and the managers finding that one half of the door money, with other trifling allowances, leave her appearances profitless to them, she becomes indisposed, and after a few nights “is heard no more.” Mesdames Ronzi de Begnis and Caradori “love their lords,” and suffer the consummation of those wishes which our great bard declares to be the natural consequence of such fidelity and affection. In plain English, they both lie-in soon after each other. Thus, out of five *prime donne* engaged, four are incapacitated for the best months in the season. Last comes Madame Pasta to fill the void, but so unfortunately timed have been these accidents, that she is scarcely arrived, when Ronzi recovers, and Caradori still continues capable. Yet the bustle of the succession, and the proud names of these great artists, for they are unquestionably *du premier rang*, have been as efficient for the treasury of the theatre as the most perfect performances. The houses have been crowded; witness that the free list has been suspended (we know it to our cost), and orders very sparingly indulged, that even the customary gratification of a box to the principal performers has been withheld, except on the nights of their own performance—a curious provision which at least bars them from the very privilege for which we presume the box is granted, namely, that of seeing and hearing an opera acted by others. But so it has been; and thus, while every provision for the highest possible gratification of the public has apparently failed or been frustrated, the capital purpose of the

JULY, 1824.

proprietors—the receipts—has been as completely effected. We prefer the term “receipts” to “profits,” because the arithmetic of the King’s theatre often turns out like the computations of his Majesty’s Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the end of the year produces a balance of loss, when, according to the calculations of the Prime Ministers of both Governments, there ought unquestionably to have been a gain. The same cause, probably, operates the same reverse in both instances, and we may trace the effects to a generous disregard of the expenditure side of the account. Still Rossini has reigned supreme. His *Zelmira*; his *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, his *Otello*, his *Tancredi*, and his *Il Turco*, having been the principal operas given. Madame Ronzi takes *La Donnadella*; and *Romeo e Giulietta*, is promised, and will probably be the last of the year. The season is, indeed, rapidly drawing to its close, and as soon as Parliament is up, there will be nobody left to admire Madame Pasta, or any other of the *prime donne*, whom it shall please Signor Benelli to bring forth. What the Parisian critics will say to the delay of Rossini’s new piece, we know not, it having been so confidently predicted that his meeting with Pasta would bring about a reformation in his manner of writing, that was to restore him to simplicity and pure expression. If such could have been the result, all Europe has indeed to deplore the too prodigal liberality of our English dames of quality, to say nothing of the art itself.

On the night of Madame Catalani’s benefit this vast theatre was crowded in every part; no symptom, it will be said, of declining powers, or failing reputation.—True. But as we think Madame Catalani’s example in all she does of immense importance, both to music and its professors, so we are anxious to elicit the truth in relation to her pretensions and their exercise. This highly gifted woman has earned a stock of reputation, which must not only raise a great share of the curiosity of the rising generation of amateurs, but also has secured to her the acquaintance and personal regard of a large number of the patrons of the art, as well as of the public in general. These are

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sources of abundant popularity. To these must be added the desire of present amusement, which the affluent always feel; the fashionable resort to the opera; and last, not least, the certainty that so practised a tactician as Signor Vallabreque would never suffer a night for the benefit of his wife to be thinly attended—particularly when the received opinion, that her powers are on the wane, would seem to need some efficient contradiction. In point of fact, then, the appearance on this occasion may be said to have little or nothing to do with Madame Catalani's present state of voice and manner. What these are, and what the musical world thinks of her, may be gathered from the fact of her *reduced* number of nights at the opera—from the empty boxes and benches of the *Concerts Spirituels*, and from her descent to the English theatre, as an *entr'act* singer—in *pure kindness* indeed to individuals at their benefits. "The truth is, sir," said one of the managers of one of the great winter theatres, whom we lately met, "the knowledge of her decline has not reached John Bull;" for which reason Mr. Elliston puts her up two nights in succession (his benefit being one), announcing, in large letters, that "Madame Catalani will display her powerful and unrivalled talents."—This may do very well for the great Lessee, but it sounds vastly beneath the grand Prima Donna, whom Kings and Emperors have complimented and rewarded. The real truth is, and it ought to be clearly understood, that this still greatest of great singers (principally, indeed, from natural endowment) owes her degradation not so much to the decay of her powers, or to the excesses of her style, as to the impression the cupidity of those who advise her engagements has made upon the public. The world were ready to give her the homage due to her supremacy, but it was not disposed to yield to her all the power and all the emoluments of the art. The festival at Bath is just over, with what success we know not;—that at Cambridge, under her conduct, commences on the second of July; and a curious bill of fare it exhibits. This is the first grand festival, we believe, in England without a chorus, but it exemplifies

the truth of our observation last month, that the assumption of so disproportionate a share of profit by individuals, must be injurious to the art, by reducing and annihilating other departments. Pasta, Rossini himself, Colbran, and Catalani, are all to be at this meeting. We are anxious to know what portion of the receipts Addenbrooke's Hospital will share; for this is also very important, inasmuch as music is now so universally becoming the handmaid of charity. Not less than seven or eight grand festivals are to be held this summer—a number we believe unprecedented. Bath, Salisbury, Norwich, Wakefield, Newcastle, Worcester, and Edinburgh are, it is said, certain. York will have its meeting in 1825, and preparations are making even now for the occasion. Premises have been bought, and are to be converted into assembly-rooms upon a scale which sufficiently evinces the public spirit of the patrons of music. Indeed the impulse music has received in York, and all over that country, is not less astonishing than it is creditable to the good taste of the inhabitants of that opulent district.

One of the most interesting demonstrations of the growth and power of the art has been made by the dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians—an institution which deserves all the diffusion and support that it can receive. This dinner is annually held for the purpose of assembling together the eminent professors and those honorary members who compose or assist the society—for promulgating the knowledge of its humane object—for making the state of the charity generally known—and for recruiting its funds. This however is not done by a collection at the table, "not by a forced loan," as Mr. Horsley, to whom the exposition of its finances was this year entrusted, judiciously said, but by voluntary contributions, enforced by an acquaintance with the humane purpose, and seconded by the display of art which accompanies this meeting. Several solos were performed, besides glees, by the ablest professors, and concerted pieces by wind instruments. The principal attractions, however, were master Liszt, and Mr. Labarre, whom we mentioned in our last report. Liszt is a most extraordinary



boy. He is thirteen years and a half old. He sat down to the pianoforte with all possible self-possession, and extemporised for about twenty minutes with astonishing fire, feeling, and facility. His hand is more powerful than it could be conceived such a child could possess; his execution as rapid and as neat as that of our best players in all passages which do not lie very scattered; and in those which are in close intervals perhaps even more so. We observed the lad with the most intense attention, and his countenance is the index of his genius. When new thoughts enter his mind, his face is instantly lighted up; and for one moment previously to his starting into a fugue upon a bold subject in the bass, we clearly saw the inspiration dawning in all his features. His faculty of composition is extraordinary, but, as must happen, it manifested, by the repetition of favourite passages, by the brevity of the phrases of melody, and by the general want of continuity and connexion, that the mind is not yet sufficiently stored; though what was done was excellently done. Mr. Labarre, the harpist, is not less of a phenomenon, and more of an artist. He is about 18 or 19 years old, but he exceeds in delicacy and execution all who have preceded him. He indeed does what nobody has ever done before, and rivals in precision and articulation a good pianoforte player. On this occasion the EARL OF DARNLEY was in the chair, and the company so numerous as to fill the dinner tables laid out in the great Argyll Room. The boxes were crowded with ladies, each of the committee having the privilege of admitting the fair spectators to a box. A grace is thus added to the festive mirth which reigns in such a party, and which was felt not as a restraint but as an excitement.

The benefit concerts have been very numerous. It is, however, extraordinary that so little of novelty to challenge observation has been brought forward. Among the principal, since our last report, have been those of Messrs. Cramer (a morning performance, and very much distinguished by excellent pianoforte music,) Miss Goodall, Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Devin, Signor Curi-  
rioni, Madame Pallix, and Madame

Szymanowska, (the Russian pianiste). The Ancient Concert and Philharmonic have concluded their season. Mr. Guillon, a French flute player, performed at the seventh Philharmonic, but he is not by any means equal to our Nicholson, either in the richness of his tone, or the brilliancy of his execution; the last concert was rendered remarkable by a concerto of Mr. Kalkbrenner, a splendid composition (particularly in the opening movement), which combined all the boldness of his invention with his marvellous power of hand.

But the most extraordinary performance of the season was given on Whitsun Eve, by William Cutler, Mus. Bac. Oxon, and *Maestro di Cappella* (as he writes himself, *Armigerolo*, in any bond, quittance, or obligation), of Quebec chapel. The performance was termed an oratorio, and consisted, as modern oratorios must, of opera songs, ballads, a spice of Handel, and divers heterogeneous vocal and instrumental et ceteras. The house was not quite half filled, and half of those who were there went probably with orders. The performance was wretched, in spite of Madame Pasta, Mr. Braham, and Miss Stephens, and although Mr. Cutler's Bachelor's exercise was performed. *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, set in parts by the worthy Bachelor himself, was announced, but withdrawn, together with two or three other pieces out of seven or nine of his which were announced. This is the first and probably the last concert Mr. Cutler will ever conduct, for it appears by a manifesto he has since published, that he hoped to gain both fame and money; but that he comes off with the loss of a good deal of both. His *exposé* is even more curious than his oratorio, and he has condescended to prove that however bad his music may be, his logic and his English are even worse. Mr. Cutler has been lately oscillating between London, Norwich, and Yarmouth, visiting each place in the course of each week. In the fullness of his glory he announced his transits by letter to the Editor of a newspaper, in Norwich, though for what other purpose than to spread the celebrity of his locomotive powers it is difficult to discover. A quondam

friend, however, published a reply, with a couplet or two, which seem prophetic of his adventure at the Opera House, both as respects the design and the execution; for Mr. Cutler informs the world that he took upon him this enterprise for the purpose of attracting public notice; that he threw away his time and his money, and that he shall certainly relinquish the idea of having any thing to do with oratorios in Lent, unless employed by a committee to conduct them. He may, it is to be hoped, have received as useful a lesson as ever he gave, and have been taught to stick to quiet teaching and Quebec chapel. We wish no man ill success, but Mr. Cutler should have respected misfortune, and left the last night of the Lent oratorios to its late industrious but ill-fated proprietor, who, by the competition thus established, was deprived of the assistance which his band would probably have rendered at the hour of his utmost need.

#### NEW MUSIC.

*Favorite Air in the opera of Semiramis, with variations for the pianoforte, by Leidesdorf.* The style of this piece is bold and spirited, but perhaps might bear the appellation of *scrambling*, from the predominance of arpeggio passages. It also wants light and shade; there is not repose enough in it.

*L'Ouragan, by J. Ancot*, is an imitation, and a very bad imitation, of Steibelt's celebrated Storm Rondo. M. Ancot designates his composition piece imitative, but he does not explain whether it imitates nature or Steibelt.

*Les Souvenirs, a pathetic Fantasia for the harp, by H. C. Bochsa.* This is entirely a composition of sentiment, and depends for its effect on the sensibility of the performer. It contains force and delicacy, agitation and tenderness, playfulness and pathos; yet perhaps too much is left to the heart, head, and hand of the player: much may be made of it, but it will not *play itself*.

*La Jeannette, by Rawlings*, is just the reverse of the former; it is so delicate, so light and fanciful, that it can hardly be spoiled. Yet is there nothing in it particularly new or difficult, and perhaps we should be puzzled to say in what its excellence consists; but we are sure it will please.

*Mr. Rawlings's Divertissement Ecossois, with a flute accompaniment*, is hardly so

good. The latter instrument is too frequently in unison with the pianoforte. It is a mistaken idea that this diminishes the difficulty of performance; a flute player having the least understanding of the capabilities of his instrument, is annoyed at its being so employed.

*Mr. Klose's Russian Divertimento* is rendered insignificant and uninteresting from the same cause.

Mr. Burrowes has commenced a second series of Caledonian airs, and to these he has added a flute accompaniment. Mr. Burrowes appears to be well acquainted with the nature of the flute, although he has occasionally fallen into the common error of making the two instruments proceed in unison. With this exception there is a good deal of merit in the piece, considering the limited execution to which it is restricted.

Mr. Kiallmark has two airs, with variations, *Ma dovè colei che accendi*, from *La Donna del Lago*, and *The Bells of St. Petersburg*. They are in a light and agreeable style.

*La Brillante, a rondo, by Moralt*, ranks a little below the former as an easy lesson.

Mr. Crouch has published the second number of *Select Movements*, for the pianoforte and violoncello. It contains *Batti Batti*, and *Fiu ch'an del Vino*. There is hardly as much original matter as in the first. His *Adelina*, a divertimento, is equal in merit to the pieces usually composed for beginners or players of limited acquirement.

*Mr. Calkin's Introduction and Rondoletto*, on a favourite air, combines both amusement and very good practice in passages of frequent occurrence. The same composer has commenced a series of pieces, entitled, *Les Petits Amusemens*. The first number promises a succession of very useful lessons for the earliest stages of instruction.

*Thema, with an Introduction, and variations, by H. A. Marsh.* Mr. Marsh is a pupil of Bochsa, and the style of the piece before us has much of the brilliancy and taste of that master. The theme is very elegant, and it is well preserved, although there is no lack of variety or spirit in the variations.

The arrangements are a selection from *Elisabetta*, for the harp and pianoforte, by Bochsa. The airs in *Semiramide* by Bruguer, and *Di Piacere* as a duet for the pianoforte, by Haigh. The publication of Mozart's Symphonies, arranged by Hummel, proceeds very regularly.



## THE DRAMA.

## DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Mr. Munden.

THE regular play-goers ought to put on mourning, for the king of broad comedy is dead to the drama!—Alas!—Munden is no more!—"give sorrow vent!"—He may yet walk the town, pace the pavement in a seeming existence—eat, drink, and nod to his friends in all the affectation of life—but Munden,—*the* Munden!—Munden, with the bunch of countenances—the banquet of faces, is gone for ever from the lamps, and, as far as comedy is concerned, is as dead as Garrick!—When an actor retires, (we will put the *suicide* as mildly as possible,) how many worthy persons perish with him!—with Munden,—Sir Peter Teazle must experience a shock—Sir Robert Bramble gives up the ghost—Crack ceases to breathe. Without Munden what becomes of Dozey?—Where shall we seek Jemmy Jumps?—Nipperkin, and a thousand of such admirable fooleries fall to nothing—and the departure therefore of such an actor as Munden is a dramatic calamity.

On the night that this inestimable humourist took farewell of the public, he also took his benefit:—a benefit in which the public assuredly did not participate!—The play was Colman's "Poor Gentleman," with Tom Dibdin's Farce of "Past Ten o'Clock."—Reader, we all know Munden in Sir Robert Bramble, and Old Tobacco-complexioned Dozey;—we all have seen the old hearty Baronet in his light sky-blue coat and genteel cocked hat; and we have all seen the weather beaten old pensioner, Dear Old Dozey,—tacking about the stage in that intenser blue sea-livery—drunk as heart could wish, and right valorous in memory. On this night Munden seemed, like the Gladiator, "to rally life's whole energies to die;" and as we were present at this great display of his powers, and as this will be the last opportunity that will ever be afforded us to speak of this admirable performer, we shall "consecrate," as Old John Bunce says, "a paragraph to him."

The house was full;—*full!*—

pshaw!—that's an empty word!—The house was stuffed—crammed with people,—crammed from the swing door of the pit to the back seat in the banished *one shilling*. A quart of audience may be said (vintner-like may it be said) to have been squeezed into a pint of theatre. Every hearty play-going Londoner, who remembered Munden years ago, mustered up his courage and his money for this benefit—and middle-aged people were therefore by no means scarce. The comedy chosen for the occasion, is one that travels a long way without a guard;—it is not until the third or fourth act, we rather think, that Sir Robert Bramble appears on the stage. When he entered, his reception was earnest,—noisy,—outrageous,—waving of hats and handkerchiefs,—deafening shouts,—clamorous beatings of sticks,—all the various ways in which the heart is accustomed to manifest its joy were had recourse to on this occasion. Mrs. Bamfield worked away with a sixpenny fan till she scudded only under bare poles. Mr. Whittington wore out the ferule of a new nine-and-sixpenny umbrella. Gratitude did great damage on the joyful occasion.

The old performer, the veteran, as he appropriately called himself in the farewell speech, was plainly overcome; he pressed his hands together—he planted one solidly on his breast—he bowed—he sidled—he cried!—When the noise subsided (which it invariably does at last) the comedy proceeded—and Munden gave an admirable picture of the rich, eccentric, charitable old batchelor Baronet, who goes about with Humphry Dobbins at his heels and philanthropy in his heart. How crustily and yet how kindly he takes Humphry's contradictions!—How readily he puts himself into an attitude for arguing!—How tenderly he gives a loose to his heart on the apprehension of Frederick's duel.—In truth, he played Sir Robert in his very ripest manner, and it was impossible not to feel, in the very midst of pleasure, regret that Munden should then be before us for the last time.

In the farce he became richer and richer. Old Dozey is a plant from Greenwich. The bronzed face—and neck to match,—the long curtain of a coat—the straggling white hair,—the propensity, the determined attachment, to grog—are all from Greenwich. Munden, as Dozey, seems never to have been out of action, sun, and drink!—He looks (alas! he *looked*) fire proof. His face and throat were dried like a raisin—and his legs walked under the rum and water with all the indecision which that inestimable beverage usually inspires. It is truly tacking, not walking. He *steers* at a table, and the tide of grog now and then bears him off the point. On this night he seemed to us to be doomed to fall in action, and we therefore looked at him, as some of the Victory's crew are said to have gazed upon Nelson, with a consciousness that his ardour and his uniform were worn for the last time.—In the scene where Dozey describes a sea fight, the actor never was greater, and he seemed the personification of an old seventy-four!—His coat hung like a flag at his poop!—His phiz was not a whit less highly coloured than one of those lustrous visages that generally superintend the head of a ship!—There was something cumbersome, indecisive, and awful in his veerings!—Once afloat, it appeared impossible for him to come to his moorings;—once at anchor, it did not seem an easy thing to get him under weigh!

The time however came for the fall of the curtain,—and for the fall of Munden!—The farce of the night was finished.—The farce of the long forty years' play was over!—He stepped forward, not as Dozey, but as Munden, and we heard him address us from the stage for the last time. He trusted, unwisely we think, to a written paper. He *read* of "heart-felt recollections," and "indelible impressions." He stammered,—and he prest his heart,—and put on his spectacles—and blundered his written gratitude,—and wiped his eyes,—and bowed,—and stood—and, at last staggered away for ever!—The plan of his farewell was bad,—but the long life of excellence which really made his farewell pathetic, overcame all defects,—and

the people and Joe Munden parted like lovers!

Well!—Farewell to thee, rich Old Heart! May thy retirement be as full of repose, as thy public life was full of excellence! We must all have our *farewell* benefits in our turn!

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

*Charles the Second, or the Merry Monarch.*

An extremely neat little opera, if opera it may be called, with only two songs, has taken the town during the last week or two. The dialogue is light, easy, and pleasant; and the characters are sketched in with a free and lively hand. Charles Kemble, as Charles, is the King himself: He makes Charles the Second Charles the First! Jones, as Lord Rochester, might be lustier, he is too well-bred a man for my Lord Rochester. Fawcett, as Captain Copp, is one great staff to the piece. So much heartiness shines throughout him. He is landlord,—and we wish all Admirals' Heads had such landlords! Sweet Miss Tree (Copp's niece) is delightful, as she ever is.

*My Own Man.*

A new farce from Mr. Peake's pen, under this good title, has made the town laugh and wonder why it laughed, for divers nights past. Jones plays a poor, but ready-witted barrister, spiritedly; Keely as a hairdresser's son, who has a passion for dancing and for a lady's maid, is very amusing. There is great breadth of character, pun, and situation; but those who expect to have a farce as narrow as twopenny ribbon, are fools for their pleasures. People laugh thoroughly, and what more can a farce-writer desire.

*Mr. Kent.*

A new Richard the Third, a Mr. Kent, has also tried the stage twice, but with sad success. He has overrated his powers, and has had a proportionate rebuke; but, we think, when he comes to himself, he will fill many a lower part with ability. His acting was bad imitation in some parts, and worse originality in others. It was *Kean and water*. As Gloster he can never hope to keep the crown,—but he may do better things, and, we therefore reserve ourselves until we can speak more favourably of him.

*Miss Nesbitt.*

A young lady of great personal at-



traction and considerable talent, appeared for one night in Juliet; and, it was certainly her own fault that she did not repeat the character,—for she interested the judicious few greatly in her favour. She has seen Miss O'Neill, and yet she is no servile copyist. Her voice is clear and melodious, an excellent thing in Juliet; and her action is easy and lady-like. We shall see her again, and speak of her again!

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

This little summer house has opened for its few persecuted months, as Mr. Morris would have us consider them, and it is tolerably well attended. A new one-act piece, called, "Come if you Can," has been acted for a brace of nights, and has been withdrawn, to prevent its title being answered in the negative. A farce from the ingenious pen of Simpson and Co.'s sire, has also been played, but with indifferent success. It is called "A Year in an Hour; or, the Cock of the Walk." Billy Buckhorse is Liston, and, of course, the hero! He is gay, with forty pounds a-year.

He lives near Plymouth, is an ugly man, and yet longs to be a father and a husband. He is refused *seriatim* by the ladies: At length all the unmarried men are ordered to join their ships, and Bobby remains the solitary single man; he becomes cock of the walk. He gives himself airs, till a recruiting party put him to his *non-plush*! A rich relative however dies, and his property makes him estimable. He sets off for London, having made a compact with one Priscilla Fadefast, whose name betokens her quality. Here ends the first act. The second act jumps a year, and we find Bobby married, and a progenitor. Through a mistake, arising out of his wife's determination to keep her marriage a secret; a Mr. Stanley, Jun. is supposed by Mr. Buckhorse to be the parent of his much beloved son. Various errors succeed, but the piece ends well. Liston is a cowardly actor in a new farce; and, as all depended on him, the author paid for his reliance. It has not proved a hit.

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PODAGRÆ ENCOMION;

OR

PRAISE OF THE GOUT.

A CURIOUS little work, and as rare as curious, has lately fallen into my hands,\* which I presume to think will afford some amusement to the reader of such an article as I may, in a compendious shape, be permitted to make of it in the LONDON MAGAZINE. Had I been inclined to follow the example of my betters (in literary plunder—*servum pecus* in the

worst sense) I might have passed the whole off as *new*, so convinced am I that the rarity of the original would have saved me from detection; but declining the honors of a borrowed plume, I content myself with the humbler, but honester character of an entertaining abridger.

This is the *title*:

"THE HONOUR OF THE GOUT: or a rational Discourse, demonstrating that the Gout is one of the greatest blessings, which can befall mortal man; that all Gentlemen who are weary of it are their own Enemies; that those practitioners who offer at the cure are the vainest and most mischievous cheats in nature.

"By way of a letter to an eminent Citizen, wrote in the heat of a violent paroxysm, and now published for the common good. By Philander Misistrus. 1699."

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\* It was lent to me by an eminent physician, whose intention it is to present it to his Majesty, who has expressed a wish to see it.

This piece appears, from many passages that occur, to have been written about the commencement of the reign of King WILLIAM ; and the gouty "*eminent citizen*," to whom

the epistle is addressed, was probably an *alderman*, or perhaps the *Lord Mayor* himself.

It begins thus :

"Why ! sir, I am informed that your *Worship*, not having a right sense of things, nor the fear of God before your eyes, should, to the disgrace of your own virtue, give your tongue the liberty, in an open coffee-house, to speak ill of the gout. Of the gout, sir, which, if you look on as a disease, you ought to welcome as the most useful and necessary thing that could have happened to you. Yet, you could say that when the Almighty had, out of rude chaos, built this goodly frame of nature, which we see, and formed his noble creature man, he indulged the devil to create some one thing, and his damned envy gave being to the gout. Now, I am confident, sir, and have great authorities for it, that if the devil ever created any thing, it was *the doctor* ; of whom, since you have made so much use, I know not but it may be rationally inferred, that you have dealt with the devil. The gout, sir, whether you know it or no, was postnate to the creation, and younger something than the fall of man, who having incurred the sentence of death, the friendly gout was sent in mercy down from Heaven to lengthen wasting life. By my consent, *you* should never have the gout, who have no more consideration in you than to blaspheme it."

To prove its divine origin, he proposes to proceed from its lowest commendations, and to ascend by *six* just steps, till he has raised it above all the stars, and entered it among the celestial spirits.

"First, *The gout gives a man pain without danger.*

"Since we must have pain while we live, give me the pain of the gout, which has no danger attending. Here some malevolent adversary may importunately object ; Did never any man die of the gout ? To this I answer, 1st, I have not yet affirmed, that the gout can make a man immortal, tho' I will boldly say thus much, it very often keeps a man alive till all his friends are weary of him. But, 2dly, Should I venture to say that the gout has in itself the power to make a man immortal, it ought not to seem so very strange, all things being considered. If that be true, which some authors write of the noble *Paracelsus*, he had the secret to make a man immortal, and I would not say he lyed, tho' himself died about *forty* : for perhaps he did not like his company ; but it must have been by way of his discovery to give any man the gout when he pleased—in that I am positive. Here the objector will scornfully put me in mind, that gouty persons 'scape death no more than other men ; which is very true, but that's because men are fools, and don't know when they are safe—they must be curing the gout forsooth, and to that end they deal with *the doctor*, i. e. with the factor of death, the emissary of hell, the purveyor of the grave, damned alchemist, good at calcining nothing but living bodies into dust and ashes. All that can be rationally said against the gout is, that it does not actually preserve man in spite of his own folly, and the doctor's ignorance.

"Your *Worship* is indeed a fit object for the envy of all thinking men ; for I have heard you confess, that your's is an *hereditary gout*, and that's for the better ; an hereditary gout is a far greater happiness than an acquired one—what a deal of intemperance, and amorous excess might it have cost your *Worship* to have got the gout *before forty* ? Whereas now you have the mighty blessing for *nothing*. *Sorte nascendi*, it is your birth-right, sir, never think of parting with it. Perhaps you may be now tempted to ask me, how I acquired my gout ? I shall not be shy to satisfy your curiosity, for I came by it honestly. We scholars have a way by ourselves to come at the blessing, without ever being beholden to the God that cheers the genteel candidate of the gout by day, or the Goddess that entertains him on nights : we lead sedentary lives, feed heartily, drink *quantum sufficit*, but sleep immoderately ; so that the superfluities of our sober and



grave fulness, not exhaling, we very honestly prepare tartarous matter for the gout, for the beneficial gout, which gives us pain without danger."

"Second, *The gout is no constant companion, but allows his patients lucid joyous intervals.*

"Human nature is so framed, that no one thing is agreeable to it always, therefore it is well for us, that the world is so full of changes. It is true, that there is some pain in the gout, and ought to be, for constant health has no relish, 'tis an insipid dull thing. That reverend Calvinist, Dr. Twiss, affirms, that 'tis better to be damned than annihilated. I might, I suppose, with less offence, affirm, that 'twere better to be dead, than never to be sick of the gout. How often have I heard a grave adviser, one that had tried health and sickness for many years, tell the robust, young, riotous fellow, that he knew not the value of health. No, how should he, having never been sick? But why should his sober adviser press him to be careful of his health? That's the way never to understand the deliciousness of it—by that time he gets the gout, he'll thoroughly understand the matter, I'll warrant him! Who would spoil the refined pleasure of his recovery, by wishing to have one angry thro'b, one heavy groan abated him? *Si parvis componere magna liceret*, the gout is to health, as ham and tongue to wine, or rather, as *Ζωή και ψυχή* to the lover's congress. I am much of the mind, sir, that by what I have said already, you are a coming proselyte; but before I have done with you, you shall chuse to part with your eyes rather than your true friend the gout.

"Third, *The gout presents you with a perpetual almanack.*

"Barometers, thermometers, and other inventions of men, not yet perfect masters of their art, serve more for delight than the use of the curious; but the useful pains of the gout give your honour trusty prognostics of the seasons. Spinoza will have it, that when a Jewish prophet foretold any thing, he gave a sign, a present sign, which was a confirmation of his prophesy; you have the sign within you, sir, in the *internodia* of your bones, and are a true prophet all over.

"The gout never twitches their nerves, but they will be telling others what changes are towards. Now, that which I propose is this, that people should not think it enough to know thus much of the gout, but study to improve and increase their knowledge; for no doubt more may be made of this blessing, than ever yet was done by the happy man that has enjoyed it longest. I am persuaded, that if the fortunate patient would be at the pains to observe all the motions of the gout, in his pinchings, smartings, galling accesses, in his gnawing, stabbing, burning paroxysms, he might quickly come to wind a storm, so long before, that in a short time no owners would think their ship safe, but with a gouty master, nor would any experienced seaman, that wanted a ship, offer himself to the merchants but on crutches.

"Fourth, *Gouty persons are most free from the head-ach.*

"The heavy recrements of the blood and nervous juice always fall downward to the gouty joints. The nerves of the head, the fibres and the membranes, and lastly, the skin itself, are all freed from a world of torment by means of the medicinal gout, which attracts to exterior remote parts vicious humours, and there sets them on fire, wastes and evacuates them. Persons much favoured by the gout are at this happy period quite freed from head-ach. It is possible, says *Confucius*, for a lame gouty person to be a *knave*, even in our own country have I known some such; but who ever knew a gouty cripple that was a fool? A Mandarin of the same race remarks that, natural fools never acquire the gout; the sons of gouty persons are defended from dulness and folly, by the sins of their parents, or if in their minority their understandings happen to lie a little backward, they shall no sooner enter on their gouty inheritance, but a bright illumination brings the same forward. The brain becomes so defecated by the gout, that I knew a gentleman but an ordinary writer in common, who, when he had the gout, wrote like an angel.

"Fifth, *The gout preserves its patients from the great danger of fevers.*

"Gouty persons, by reason of a fixed dyscrasy of the blood, are not

obnoxious to fevers. As they live free from the dreadful pains of the head-ach, so likewise from the scorching heat of fevers. I pity the young and healthy not for their present ease, but because of their imminent danger. A cheerful glass may perchance throw him into a fever, and that fever perchance cost him his life; whereas the man that's blest with the gout, fearlessly ventures the duty of the table, well knowing that when the worst comes to the worst, 'tis but roaring in purgatory some forty days or so, and by that time the gout has carried off clean all food for fever. They turn out, like burnt tobacco pipes, clean and pure, and fit for paradise. Such is a true picture of the fire of the gout which spends the morbid matter that might otherwise throw the body into a hellish fever. So that 'tis a truth, clear as the sun, if more people had the gout, fewer would die of a fever. Having placed these things in so clear a light, I am strongly persuaded that not your Worship only, but the generality of the age will set their prejudices aside, and yield to the happy force of the many useful truths, which by the bright illumination of a violent gout-paroxysm, I have here discovered; so that hereafter, instead of the old parting compliments—*save you, sir; God keep you in good health*—I question not but we shall say—the *gout defend you, sir; God give you the gout*:—for we ought not to hope for a blessing without the means. To wish a man the gout is to wish him that, which withdraws fuel from diseases, and preserves life at so cheap a rate, it costs a man not a penny more than patience.

“It has been the opinion of some writers, that none can be saved who die of the plague, but in judging of the future state of others, I think it best to venture being mistaken on the charitable side; and, therefore, I would sooner believe that none can be damned who have the gout.

“Sixth. To crown the honour of the gout, *it is not to be cured*.

“The gout defies all your gross galenical methods, and all your exalted chemical preparations; for the conjunct causes thereof, as the learned WILLIS confesses, lie in parts so very remote that the virtues of no medicines can reach them; and heaven be praised for it, for why, sir, would you *cure* (as you call it) the gout, which gives you pain without danger, a better taste of health by an acquaintance with pain; a knowledge of future things; freedom from the head-ach, and from fevers? The doctor and not the gout is your enemy. We may say of every medicaster, whether a college or a stage doctor, *habemus confitentem reum*; the whole clan of them are homicides by their own confession. The principles of their art, they say, are difficult to be understood, and uncertain to be relied on; and then also the temperament of the body, on which they practise, can be but guessed at; so that the success of the most learned practitioner can be but casual. Now, that after this, these men should be entertained, and so general admittance given to their practice, does evidently prove that the generality of men, when they lose their health, lose their wits too.

“GALEN, who is still revered as a God by modern practitioners, acknowledges it impossible to find out a medicine that shall do any great good one way, and not do as much hurt another. Trust to nature. Nature throwing off morbid matter to the remoter parts of the body does designedly beget the gout, and make use of that admirable remedy to cure diseases already gotten, and to prevent others. But it is not mere reason which I rely on, when I advise men to trust nature alone for their recovery, and never go to a doctor; I have the greatest authority to support my advice.

“2 Chron. 16. 12.—*Asa*, in the 39th year of his reign, was diseased in his feet (as I am now, which hinders me from running to my commentators) but I remember the phrase of the Septuagint is *εμαλακισθη τας ποδας*, *his feet were soft and tender*—swelled with the gout; that must be the meaning; until his disease was exceeding great, yet in his disease, *εν τη μαλακια αυτου*, in the extreme softness and tenderness of his gout, *he sought not to the Lord, but to the physician*. I do not see how our doctors of physic can evade the force of this text, in defence of their profession; for it is a very weak and precarious reply, which they make, when they tell us that *Asa* is blamed, not directly for seeking to the physicians, but for not trusting in the Lord, when he sought to them. Now I will grant these gentlemen, that it is the duty



of patients to trust in the Lord, when they seek to the physicians ; nay, it is their duty to trust in the Lord *then*, above any other time ; for then they run themselves into those hazards, that, if the Lord does not help them, they play against the long odds. But I would have these physicians, who make but sorry interpreters of Scripture, to consider that the text sets seeking the Lord, and seeking the physician, in opposition to one another ; plainly enough implying that the former was his duty, the latter his fault. But our physicians, it seems, would have the sick seek to the Lord and them both ; as if the Lord could not do his own work without them. Let all honest gentlemen, who are preserved by the salutary gout in the land of the living, prefer a bill in parliament against this destructive order of men, that by a strong *cathartic* act, they may be purged out of his Majesty's dominions : I will engage that there's never a family in the nation, but shall by this means, besides their health, save their taxes.

" But I digress. What I ought chiefly to insist on, is the superlative excellence of the gout, which is never to be removed. The fear of losing a blessing takes off from the pleasure of enjoying it. Thieves may plunder your house, age will ruin your beauty, envy may asperse your reputation, bribes corrupt your faith, but the gout is a sure inheritance ; neither thieves nor knaves ; neither time, nor envy, nor any thing else, can despoil you of it. A man may himself, if he has a mind to it, squander his estate, blemish his comely form, injure his fame, and renounce his honesty ; but let him get rid of the gout if he can—that blessing he may take comfort in, being secure that it is for his life. They say there's more care and trouble in keeping an estate than getting it ; as for the gout, there may be some trouble in getting it, tho' that is mixt with pleasure too, but no man is put to the least care or trouble for the safe keeping of the gout. Possibly a wise and worthy person may secure his virtue against dangerous temptations, but then he must be always upon his guard ; but let him take as little care of himself as he pleases, he shall never have the less gout for his loose way of living."

Our author now concludes his epistle of 70 pages, by professing that he is unable to proceed in consequence of an abatement of his paroxysms, "sensible," as he observes, "that no man can do honour to the gout by a just and adequate panegyric, except he, at the time of writing, feels it in extremity."

Considering that a work must be written before it is dedicated, he chuses advisedly to place the dedication at the end. It is, "to all the numerous offspring of Apollo, whether dogmatical sons of art, or empirical by-blows ;" and conceiving that his epistle will spoil their trade, he recommends them "to travel"—

to Botany Bay probably, as an excellent spot for the study of *simples*. "You have known," says he, "an overgrown *farrier* from abroad make a great *doctor* in England ;" and, as ~~one~~ good turn deserves another, he adds, "why should not you make as good *farriers* abroad as they do *doctors* here?" The fees, it is true, will not be so high, but "you can't," he exclaims, "in conscience expect as much for *killing* a horse, as a man." And should they be at a loss for an apology for this professional change, he directs them to say, "that when *the devils* were ejected out of *human bodies*, they were suffered to enter into *swine*."

E. D.

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## SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### GERMANY.

#### *The Easter Fair at Leipsig.*

In a letter from Professor B——.

WHATEVER complaints may sometimes be made of the decline of literature, it must be owned that they do not appear to be countenanced by the German book fair at Leipsig,

which is a central point of innumerable ramifications. Besides 60 houses in the town itself, (half of which, however, rather carry on business as commissioners for other houses in different parts of Germany,) there are in Germany, and other countries where German is spoken, no less than 300, the greater of which send their

representatives to this fair; nay, we had partners of four Paris houses (among which we must particularly mention the highly respected firm of Treuttel and Wurtz), two from London, Black and Bohte, and eight from houses in Denmark, Sweden, St. Petersburg, and the Russian provinces on the Baltic, who attended in person. It is true, indeed, that the voluminous catalogue contains many trifling articles, many old friends with new faces (i. e. new titles), and a great deal of literary rubbish. But even the mere manufacture gives subsistence to a multitude of paper-makers, printers, book-binders, &c. &c. How many thousand blossoms fall, in each succeeding spring, unproductive, to the ground! But, at the same time, the fairest fruit thrives and comes to maturity, *et pleno defundit Copia cornu*. The standing complaints of the German booksellers, viz. the plunder of literary property by piracy, and the restrictions of the censorship, were heard as usual on this occasion; but there was nowhere any impediment to the most active interchange of ideas (let us recollect the sixth edition of the *Lexicon of Conversation*, and of the fourth division of the ample and accurate *Supplements*, from which the article *Greece* was immediately translated into English); and freedom of expression, within legal bounds, is everywhere admitted. Cheap editions are printed to counteract the manœuvres of those who thrive by pirating the property of the rightful publisher. That of Schiller is now completed. The works of Klopstock and Wieland, on the same plan, are now publishing by Goschen, and those of Jacobi by a house at Zurich. Several houses have united to publish the works of esteemed authors; for instance, Heeren's works, of which the last volumes (x. xi. xii.) contain the account of the Asiatic nations of antiquity, entirely re-written. We consider it as a pleasing proof of the solidity of the instruction given to youth in the German high schools and universities, that nearly one-eighth part of the new publications appertain to the classic literature of Greece and Rome. Series of Greek and Roman authors, very various in price and size, appear at once at ten different publishers; among these the stereotype editions of Tauchnitz, and

those of Weigel and Teutner in Leipzig, are very useful in diffusing Greek literature as much as possible. Philologists were gratified with Bahr's *Ctesias*, Bornemann's *Symposion of Xenophon*, Galen (which will make 16 volumes), the Greek tragedians (together 20 new editions), Cicero (alone occupying 16 articles), Horace (nearly completed by Döring), the Greek lexicographers, the collection of the Roman jurists, the Greek dictionaries of Riemer and Passow, now completed, and several very good translations, for instance, from the *Anthology*, by Jacobs, in the *Life and Arts of the Ancients*, and *Aratus*, by Voss. In ancient geography, we had the 12th sheet of Reichard's *Orbis Antiquus*, containing ancient Germany, and the work belonging to it—Germany under the Romans; and the new edition of the *Map of Peutinger*, executed by Manert, under the auspices of the Bavarian Academy, had a great sale. Two-eighths of the new publications consist of voyages, travels, descriptions of countries, &c. in which we may observe that the attention of the Germans is particularly directed to Brazil by the *Travels and plates of the Prince of Neuwied*, and of the Bavarian academicians, Spix and Martins; by the accounts of Freireis and Von Eschwege, and of Schäffer, physician to the Empress of Brazil, who was sent to Vienna, and is now gone back to Rio de Janeiro, his *Brazil*, published at Altona, may be supposed to contain the best as well as the latest information. The finest book of the fair is Baron Minutoli's *Journey to the Oases and Upper Egypt*, edited in a most masterly manner by Professor Tolken, and illustrated with 38 plates and maps. Nor must we omit the twelfth number of Gau's splendid work on Nubia. The great geographical work of Hassel deserves honourable mention. In theology, in which the dictionaries of Bretschneider and Gesenius are particularly to be distinguished, the controversy between Catholics and Protestants respecting mixed marriages is the order of the day; as in medical science, that between dynamic medicine, and Hahnemann's *Homœopathy*, with the profession; and in jurisprudence, the question of the publicity of judicial proceedings. Literary history has been enriched



by the revised edition of Wachler's Manual, now completed in three parts; the Ancient History of Greece, by Otto Müller's Dorians; and modern history by the third volume of Raumer's Princes of the house of Hohenstaufen, and Menzel's History of our Times. Regenerated Greece alone has employed the pens of 40 narrators and compilers. Almost three-eighths of our literary productions belong to the various departments of natural history, and especially botany. Göthe's Morphology has given a great impulse in this respect. There is a multitude of Encyclopedias and Historical Dictionaries, compressing wisdom into pocket books, and cutting up science into slices: we are rejoiced, however, at seeing that truly classical production of German assiduity, Ersch and Gruber's Universal Encyclopedia advanced another step by the publication of the twelfth part, which comes to the dramatic poet Brezner.

A great portion of the sum which the generality can allot to literature, as well as of the time that they can devote to reading, is absorbed by our daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals, to the multitude of which already existing, the catalogue of the present fair presents us with an addition of twenty-four new ones; one of the best of these is the *Rheinische Morgenzeitung*, called also "Charis," edited by Baron Von Erlach, which has been published since the beginning of this year, four times a week, by Groos, at Heidelberg. If the insatiable appetite of the public that daily devours a novel or a tragedy (and to supply which the 300 circulating libraries of the lowest kind, scattered through Germany, possess an ample store, of novels that no person of education reads, and plays that are never performed) is not left unprovided for in this thick catalogue, there are, on the other hand, many productions of merit, by Tieck, Schilling, Laun, Van der Velde, &c.; a volume of tales by F. Jacobs; Pictures of Switzerland, by Zschokke; the New Thousand and One Nights, that is, such of the tales in the Arabian Nights as have not before been published, translated from Arabic into French, by Mr. Joseph Von Hammer, and from the French manuscript into German. Maps make

JULY, 1824.

a distinct article, not only in the catalogue, but in the trade of the Leipsig booksellers. Each of the houses in this line has its own Geographer. We leave it to judges in these matters to decide, whether Weiland, for the *Industriecomptoir*, at Weimar; Stieler, for Perthes in Gotha; Spohr, for the *Kunstcomptoir*, at Brunswick; or Reichard and Mannert, for Campe, in Nuremberg, deserve the preference; but they will certainly not overlook the fine map of South Germany, by Green, publishing by Cotta; the improved Historical Atlas, by Kruse; Kärcher's Ancient Geography for Schools; and the beautiful and accurate maps published at Vienna. It is only to be lamented that the Austrian government seems to act on the principle of discouraging all kinds of literary intercourse with other countries. Thus there were only two booksellers in person at the fair, from all the extensive and flourishing states which compose the Austrian empire. Scarcely any of the numerous maps published in the Imperial capital were anywhere to be met with, and only the great topographical map of Galicia and Lodomeria in thirteen sections was to be seen in commission at Mr. Vogel's, Leipsig. In the department of the fine arts we had, besides Gau's Nubia already mentioned, Boisserée's Cathedral of Cologne, the 8th number of Lithographic and Copper-plates, after Boisserée's gallery of Ancient Paintings at Stuttgart, the 33d number of the Lithographic plates from the Royal gallery of Munich and Schleisheim. As a magnificent treat for the eye we were gratified with Mr. Whitaker's brilliant work, representing the Coronation of his Majesty the King of England, which was brought by Bohté from London. Another splendid production, such as we have not for many years had from the English press, and which is not merely a book of pictures, is a critical inquiry into Ancient Armour, by Dr. Meyrick, in 3 vols. large 4to. We have here a vast number of finely coloured plates of kings, knights, and warriors, in various costume and armour. Such a series of accurate representations chronologically arranged would be very valuable without any addition; but their value is greatly enhanced by a dissertation,

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evidently the result of laborious research, which however, so far from being dry, is highly interesting by numerous historical anecdotes and extracts from scarce books. Meyrick's object was to make a chronological classification of the various descriptions of arms and armour, which, notwithstanding the preceding works of Grose and Daniel, was still a literary desideratum. He has successfully executed his task, and afforded much valuable information to the historian, as well as a most welcome authority to artists of every description, to whom a knowledge of costume is necessary.—We were pleased also at seeing many other English works of merit, such as Parry's *Voyage*, Lyall's *Account of the Russians*, Lady Morgan's *Salvator Rosa*, of which a translation is already published, &c. In fact, our translators are so on the alert to lay hold of every thing that is published both in France and England, that there is reason to be surprised that so many French and English books are sold in Germany, especially when we consider how many English books in particular are reprinted in Germany. Thus we have very neat editions of all the novels attributed to Sir Walter Scott, as well as his poetical works; the poems of Lord Byron, Southey, &c. It may be considered as a proof of the extent to which English literature is studied among us, that Archdeacon Nares' *Glossary of Old Words* has been reprinted at Vienna. A really good English and German Dictionary is, however, still a desideratum. The one most in use is founded on Bailey's Dictionary, which has gone through twelve or thirteen editions. The first nine editions were very defective; the two or three following, edited by Dr. Fahrenkruger, were far superior; the last, published a few months ago, is edited by a Mr. Wagner. It is in 2 vols. 8vo. In English Grammars we abound; most of them are below criticism; others are very respectable, but being written by Germans are not so satisfactory as might be wished. The best we have seen, and of which our critical journals speak in the highest terms, is by a Mr. Lloyd, who, from the preface, appears to be an Englishman long resident in Germany. We had not

seen the first edition; but the second, lately published, justifies the commendations which have been bestowed upon it. The perfect knowledge which the author evinces of the German language, which he writes with the greatest purity, enables him to compare the grammatical forms of the two languages, and to explain the points in which they differ. This Grammar, we may add, is adopted in some of the German Universities. We once heard of a German and English Dictionary published, or announced, by a Mr. Lloyd, but are ignorant whether this is the same person, or indeed whether such a dictionary ever was published.

#### ITALY.

The literary intercourse with Italy is unfortunately so infrequent and dilatory, that in general we can give but little more than the title of some new work, and that too very often some months after the publication. Among those of which we have lately had some account, the following appear the most deserving of notice—The *History of Italy from 1789 to 1814*, by Charles Botta, published at Florence, in 4 vols. 4to. A French translation in 5 vols. 8vo. has just appeared in Paris. Considering the vast importance of the period which it embraces, we would willingly have given some more particular account of this history; but it was only a few hours before writing this that we received both the Italian original and the French translation, and can at present only say that we believe we shall not be judging too favourably if we pronounce that the historian of the American War is fully equal to his subject, and that he has surpassed himself in this new and remarkable production—The *History of Ancient and Modern Italy*, by L. Bossi, of which the 1st vol. was published in 1819, is now complete in 19 vols. 8vo. with 100 plates—Rampoldi's *Annals of the Musselmén*, 8vo. the first 5 vols. of which come down only to the 10th century of our era—The *State of Literature, Science, and Art, among the Romans, from the foundation of the city till the time of Augustus*, by Federico Cavriani, 2 vols. 8vo.—A second edition of Cicognara's splendid work, the *History of Sculpture*, revised and enlarged by the author—The 32d No.



of Etrusian Monuments, designed and engraved by F. Inghirami—Monography of the Serpents of Rome and its environs, by Professor L. Melaxa, 4to. with coloured plates.

## NORWAY.

The Principles of Legislation, 3 vols. 8vo. by Mr. N. Treskow, are spoken of in high terms.

## POLAND.

Letters of John III, King of Poland, to Queen Maria Casimire, during the Campaign before Vienna in 1683.

## RUSSIA.

A supplement to the History of the Huns, the Turks, and the Moguls, containing an Abridgment of the History and Dominion of the Usbecks in Great Bucharia, from their settlement in the country till 1709, and the continuation of the History of Kharesen, from the death of Aboul-Ghari Khan to the same time, by Joseph Senkouski, 4to.

## FRANCE.

The attention of the public has been so deeply and almost exclusively engaged by important political matters, that not only have the journals for some time past been extremely barren of literary intelligence, but among the works published a more than ordinary proportion is dedicated to temporary and political topics. Under these circumstances our report will be brief.

*The Drama.*—A few successful trifles have appeared at the minor theatres, but no tragedy or comedy has been brought forward at the principal theatres. M. Lemer cier has published his tragedy of Richard III. and Jane Shore, in which he has made considerable changes for the better. The 3d livraison of M. Jouy's works, contains two comedies, The Inheritance, or the Manners of the Age, and the Intrigues of the Court, the representation of which was prohibited.

*History, Memoirs, and Biography.*—Maria Antoinette at the Conciergerie, contains an interesting account of the sufferings of the Queen, and of the exertions of Mademoiselle Fouché and the Abbé Magnin, who succeeded in obtaining access to the dungeon where she was confined, and in administering to her the consolations of religion. History of the French Revolution, by F. A. Mignet,

2 vols. 8vo. The journals of the opposite party differ so widely in their judgment of this work, that it is hardly possible to form an opinion on it. M. Pigault Lebrun has published two volumes of a concise Critical and Philosophical History of France. It was hardly to be expected that the author of many popular novels could be thoroughly qualified for the task of an historian; but the attempt and the execution do him credit, and his work merits a place among the historians of France. M. Pouqueville's history of the Regeneration of Greece, 4 vols. 8vo. is a highly interesting work, full of curious anecdotes, and of facts hitherto unknown, or imperfectly so, and which throws great light on the state of the Ottoman Empire. The History of the celebrated Ali Pacha, which is given at great length, might, we think, have been much abridged; the chief particulars of the life of that extraordinary personage being previously known.

*Natural History.*—Le Vaillant's Birds of Africa being out of print, a second edition is announced in fifty numbers, making 6 vols. in folio, at 25 francs per number, or in 4to. at 15 francs. Unfortunately the work is not complete; the history of the Gallinaceæ, of the Strand Birds (or Waders), and of Water fowl, being wanting. The author has long since had the descriptions and the drawings ready; and it is expected, if the public gives sufficient encouragement to the second edition of the first six volumes, that the remainder will be published to complete the work. Second editions are published of Abbé Haüy's Mineralogy, 4 vols. 8vo. with 120 plates in 4to. and of his Crystallography, 2 vols. 8vo. with 84 plates, revised and much enlarged by the author.

*Voyages.*—M. Freycinet's Voyage round the World is ordered to be published. It will make eight vols. 4to. with 340 plates. Two of the volumes, with 110 plates, will contain the narrative of the expedition. The other divisions are zoology and botany, &c. each of which may be purchased separately. Numerous publications appearing in successive parts or numbers, and of which we have already spoken, are regularly continued.

## VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

WE are sorry to say that official dispatches have been received from Africa, confirming in their fullest extent the reports to which we alluded in our last, with respect to the defeat and destruction of the British forces in that quarter of the world. It appears that the Governor, Sir Charles McCarthy, wearied by the representations of the Fantees, a friendly tribe, of the hostile intentions of the Ashantee race, determined upon marching forth to reduce them to obedience,—he had planned a junction with a division of troops under Major Chisholm, commanding himself in person a body of about 2000 men, British and Fantees. The Ashantee General, however, whose force amounted to about 10,000, anticipating the plan of the campaign, attacked the division under the Governor, before the junction could be effected. The battle commenced a little before two in the afternoon, and was carried on with great bravery by both parties till about four o'clock, when it was discovered that our ammunition was completely exhausted, and that the quantity with which our troops had been suffered to commence the engagement amounted to but twenty rounds per man! The Governor, it seems, had given particular orders upon this very point to the ordnance storekeeper, who is alleged most strangely to have neglected them, and some private letters go the length of declaring that when, towards the close of the battle, some of the supposed ammunition kegs were opened, they were found to contain nothing but *macaroni*! Of course, we give these details merely on the faith of private letters. There does not seem, however, to be the slightest doubt that very great neglect rests somewhere, the British ammunition being totally exhausted within two hours after the commencement of the attack! When the Ashantee General, who appears to have acted with considerable skill throughout, perceived our fire beginning to slacken, he immediately directed a general attack in front, and dispatched a large force towards our force to intercept it in case of a re-

treat. The consequences were easily foreseen; the most determined valour, which, to do our troops justice, they throughout exhibited, could not resist long so overwhelming a superiority of force. Our troops were not merely routed but literally cut in pieces, all the officers, with the exception of one or two, who escaped in the bush by a miracle, were killed, and Sir Charles McCarthy himself was wounded, taken prisoner, and then savagely assassinated. One of the few who escaped declares that he saw the Governor's head fixed entire upon a pole, surrounded by the jaw bones of eighty of our officers; it seems, it is a custom with these barbarians thus to mutilate the heads of all their prisoners of rank. Accounts of this dismal event had reached Sierra Leone, where it had caused a very melancholy sensation, the Governor having been universally beloved by all ranks of people. Two of the Council had fallen along with him. Such are the details of this affair, too fully confirmed by the arrival of Captain Laing who brought the dispatches. We observe that some of the private letters from Sierra Leone recommended an European reinforcement of 2000 men to avenge this defeat. Upon this subject, we would merely ask "*cui bono*?" The valour of our troops is too well proved to suffer any stain from an overthrow caused chiefly by want of ammunition, and we have yet to learn what advantage is to be derived from even the success of our colonization in that most destructive climate. Sierra Leone has already been the grave of much valour and some talent. Its political or commercial returns are at best but equivocal. It has been chiefly advocated and patronized by a certain party in this country, whose entire political vision seems jaundiced by negroes and bounded by the slave trade. Even in this measure of philanthropy, and as such we certainly esteem it, we fear the policy of England can only be effectually exerted by erasing from *her own annals* the stigma of giving it continuance or countenance—but the *domestic* atmosphere is as yet too cloudy to en-



able us to see our way clearly enough to undertake a crusade against the world for Fantee emancipation, and for our own parts, we would rather see the whole jaw-extracting Ashantee tribe fat and hearty amongst the sugar canes of Jamaica, than let the head of another Sir Charles McCarthy ornament the shambles of their sovereign butcher. We would recommend the theorists upon this subject to read the communication made by Mr. Brougham to the House of Commons in our parliamentary abstract, which proves how little even the most civilized of our European allies are disposed to second our philosophic sacrifices.

Every intelligence from Spain confirms the deplorable state to which Royal perfidy and priestly fanaticism have reduced that country. Ferdinand may be said to be kept on his throne, and the two factions from almost devouring each other, by the fear of the French army of occupation. A new treaty has been entered into, by which they are to remain until January 1825, when of course, another can continue them till the following new year's day, and so on, till the new year's days of fraud and treachery shall have been numbered. There was a report of an insurrection against Ferdinand, headed by one of his brothers—it has not been confirmed, and is perhaps premature—we should be curious to hear the grounds upon which one of Ferdinand's brethren would rebel against him—it is impossible for any one to sustain his family name better than he does, unless indeed the Portuguese Queen, his sister, may dispute the palm with him; by the bye, she has *bred* uncommonly well—her son, Don Miguel, seems every way worthy of the mother and the uncle—legitimacy never whelped a purer specimen, as our readers will see by the accounts from Portugal. The Spanish amnesty has made its appearance in Madrid: we are glad to observe, that the traitor Abisbal is one of the exceptions—the document would neither have been complete, characteristic, nor consistent, had it not inculpated some friend or follower. We grieve at being obliged to add to the number of Ferdinand's victims the interesting and unfortunate wi-

dow of Riego. She died in London within the last month, her gentle spirit having gradually pined itself away ever since the intelligence of her husband's fate had been communicated to her. When she found herself dying, she dictated a testamentary paper, expressing her gratitude to England for the refuge it had afforded to her in her misfortunes, and declaring it to be a sacred duty to the memory of her murdered husband to publish to the world that his private sentiments had ever accorded with the public principles, to the maintenance of which he fell a victim. Having performed this solemn act of virtuous affection—thereby redeeming a brave man's name from the calumnies which crafty despotism would fling on it—she breathed her last in the arms of her sister, who shared her exile and helped to alleviate its sufferings.

Those who under the idea of supporting legitimacy are assiduously employed in giving it its death blow, have again rendered Portugal the scene of discord and commotion. The conspiracy, to which we alluded in our last, between the Queen and Don Miguel, the Infant of Portugal, against the authority of the King, was of so serious a nature that his Majesty was obliged to take refuge on board the Windsor Castle, one of our ships of war which had anchored within cannon shot of the shore. He was accompanied by all the foreign ambassadors, and immediately followed by his unnatural son, who was inveigled thither by a stratagem. The King severely reprimanded and forgave him, after having denounced his conduct in a public proclamation, released the multitude he had presumed to imprison, deprived him of his military command, and finally ordered him out of the kingdom on his travels. Had the king always displayed even any disposition to such firmness, he need not have had so painful an occasion as this for its exercise. From the official papers published by the French and British embassies, it would seem as if Miguel, during his temporary usurpation, for such it really was, had filled the prisons completely, and had actually, amongst others, incarcerated the chaplain to the

French embassy. It was at first supposed that so desperate an attempt would not have been made without the secret countenance of France, but the circumstance to which we have just alluded, together with the prompt determination evinced by the French ambassador, seems to set all suspicion on that subject at rest. Indeed there is no calculating either from analogy or probability upon what such a creature as this Miguel might attempt—never rising to the level of reason himself, he baffles every process of reasoning in others. That he has however a strong party in Lisbon, we fear the fact of his absence being thought necessary must evince. He arrived at Brest, with his favourite bull-fighter, his pet-dog, and many other royal associates—he made the best of his way to Paris, and was introduced at Court, where, as it appeared, his dog and himself had studied in the same school, and were of course equally intelligible in the French tongue; he was obliged to be invited to dinner on the next Sunday through the medium of an interpreter. As the French Royal Sunday dinner is a public one, the good people of Paris will of course have an opportunity of beholding their august visitor in person—dinner however is a meal at which the Royal Host need not fear a comparison with any one. The King of Portugal having passed his birthday, the 13th of May, on board the Windsor Castle, landed again upon the 15th, and was received, say the papers, with acclamations of joy. He had previously distributed honours to the most distinguished, and evinced, as it is said, his sense of justice still farther by ordering the Queen to a convent. He is undoubtedly placed in a situation which requires a union of great prudence with great firmness, qualities, in which, if he now fails, he may be spared their exercise, at least on a throne, in a much shorter time than he imagines. His Brazilian successor has, it seems, promulgated a constitution which has given much satisfaction to his subjects—he and his Queen have publicly sworn to obey it—it is quite wonderful what a quantity of oaths the Kings and Queens of this august race have taken lately. We question

much whether their most inert member would not outnumber far the most active witness for the Suppression of Vice men.

One of those unaccountable political intrigues which have so invariably distinguished the old regime in France, has just been played off in the capital of that country. A party, consisting chiefly of Priests and Ultras, headed by Chateaubriant, the War Minister, has succeeded in throwing out the measure for the reduction of the rentes, proposed by the Minister Villele, in the House of Peers. The King has sided with the defeated party, and thrown Chateaubriant out of the Ministry, an event which has moved exceedingly the Coteries of Paris. The rejection of the measure is popular—though not exactly perhaps with Mr. Rothschild:—as to its consequence, the dismissal of Chateaubriant, it exhibits the rather singular spectacle of a defeated Minister displacing a triumphant one—if indeed any thing can be singular in France. As to Chateaubriant himself, we believe the world cares very little whether he is in or out of office—as no great friends to the Holy Allies we rejoice at it—as great admirers of every thing approaching to a moral retribution, we are not sorry for it—Chateaubriant was alternately the abject idolater of Napoleon, and the still more abject toad-eater to the Bourbons—he has, therefore, in his disgrace, an alternative consolation—if he cannot solace himself in his closet by perusing his rhapsody in behalf of St. Louis, he has only to retire to his chapel and drop his tears into the bottle of holy water which he brought from the river Jordan to baptize the King of Rome.

There are no accounts from South America on which any reliance can be placed. Some say that Canterac, the Spanish Royalist leader in Peru, has, since the rejection of the Constitutional system by Ferdinand, joined Bolivar, and declared for the independence of that country; others, that an action has taken place in which Bolivar was defeated. Neither of these very contradictory reports can be traced to any authentic source, and it is more than probable that they have been both propagated for



stock jobbing purposes. There is intelligence, however, from Mexico, which declares that country to be in a state of such commotion, that, after the old Roman example, a dictator has been appointed. The government there seem to have been apprised of all Iturbide's movements, and to have suppressed his pension on his departure from Italy for England. The province seems to be not only in a discontented but very desperate state, and it is impossible to say what effect the enterprise of that military adventurer may produce—every thing, of course, depends upon his continued favouritism with the army, upon whose support, it is said, he chiefly calculates; a support, we lament to say, rarely given to the friend of liberty.

We have nothing to add, favourable or otherwise, on the state of Greece. The United States have remitted 6600*l.* to the Greek Government, being the amount of the subscriptions received in that country, and 2000*l.* more has been collected in our settlements in India.

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Our number for this month will, in all probability, conclude the labours of parliament for the present very uninteresting session; in our next, we shall give the speech at its prorogation, which will be delivered too late to enable us to include it according to our accustomed arrangements. We continue, of course, our summary, which we have laboured to render as complete as possible, consistent with the brevity requisite in a publication of this nature. The House of Commons was occupied for two nights in a somewhat tedious debate upon the case of Mr. Smith, the Demerara Missionary, who was tried by a court martial in that colony, on the charge of having contributed to the revolt of the negroes, was condemned to death, recommended to mercy, pardoned in consequence, but died of illness in prison, previous to the communication to him of the extension of the Royal mercy. A great many petitions had been presented to the House from different parts of the country, praying for an inquiry into this case, and the present debate was commenced by Mr. Brougham, by a motion for that purpose. We can

merely give the motion, which certainly went to affix a lasting stigma on the members of the Court, had it been acquiesced in; as to the debate itself, it would more than occupy our entire number. Mr. Brougham moved "that an humble address be presented to his Majesty, setting forth that the House, having taken into their most serious consideration the proceedings which had taken place on the trial of Mr. John Smith, at Demerara, contemplated with the most serious alarm the violation of law and justice which had then been committed; and they did earnestly pray that his Majesty would be most graciously pleased to give orders for such an impartial and humane administration of the law in that colony, as would secure the rights not only of the negroes but of the planters themselves." This motion was negatived by a majority of 46. The numbers being on a division—for it 147—against it 193.—We cannot omit recording upon this subject what may be only *a bit of scandal* respecting the honourable House: our readers may observe that the debate was adjourned; upon the second night, however, the members are said to have almost all rushed suddenly out to see a balloon which was ascending in their neighbourhood, in consequence of which the great legislative assembly being diminished below 40 members, the order became a dropped order, and the balloon itself had dropped an entire week before the debate could be resumed! This little incident, if true, may furnish Mr. Canning with a new argument against any innovation on the perfection of such an assembly.

An ineffectual motion was made by Mr. Hume for the better regulation of the naval service, a duty which the present system of that service rendered imperative, and which the leisure of the present moment rendered now particularly expedient. The principal objection raised by the honourable member was to the impressment of our seamen, a practice which made our sea service one of general terror and abhorrence. The necessity which was urged in its extenuation did not, in fact, exist; men were found in abundance for the army, but for the other service so invincible a repug-

nance arose, that many even mutilated themselves to avoid it; and yet the navy enjoyed many advantages not participated by the merchant service. In the American navy there was no impressment, neither was there such long intervals as existed in the British, between the earning and the receipt of wages. Another objection was the length of service. He himself had seen seamen, who, after many years' absence from their country, were returning to enjoy their hard earnings, torn away by a man-of-war's boat before they could reach the shore, and, without a moment's rest, obliged to commence a new service which was to end perhaps only with their lives. Another evil arose from the mode of punishment; the practice of inflicting punishment at the discretion of courts martial was a bad one, but it was still worse to punish at the discretion or whim of officers, without any court martial whatsoever. The employment of so many young captains, and the unequal distribution of prize money, were evils also calling for correction. The honourable member said that he had a plan of his own to propose in lieu of the present system, but thinking it better to refer the subject to a committee, he should conclude by moving "That this House being well aware of the difficulty of manning the navy in time of war, and of the evils of forcibly impressing men for that purpose; and, considering that a time of profound peace will best admit of the fullest and fairest examination of that most important subject, will, early in the next session of parliament, take that subject into their most serious consideration, with a view to the adoption of such regulations as may prevent those evils in future, consistently with the efficiency of the navy, and the best interests of the country." This motion was opposed by Sir George Cockburn, and several naval officers. It was, they contended, impossible to do away with the practice of impressment, without maintaining in time of peace as well as war a sufficient number of seamen to man both our navy and our merchant ships. With respect to what had been said of corporal punishment, it was well known that the very lowest and vilest of criminals

were often sent on board ship, and it was absolutely necessary to invest their commander with those prompt and summary powers, the exercise of which could alone strike terror into such minds as theirs. The British seamen were, at present, well disposed and contented, a spirit which grew out of the liberality of parliament, in granting to them the "long service pensions." In a few years there was every reason to expect that the crime of desertion would be more scarce in the British naval service than in any other. Mr. Hume's motion was finally negatived by a majority of 108 to 38.

On the 11th of June, as Mr. Brougham was proceeding through the lobby of the House of Commons into the house, he was assaulted by a gentleman of the name of Gourlay, for whom some years ago he had presented a petition. Mr. Gourlay accused the honourable member of having "betrayed him," and had, as Mr. Brougham declared, "a great wildness in his countenance." The Speaker notified the fact to the house as a breach of privilege, and Mr. Gourlay was detained by the Serjeant at Arms. Several members declared their doubts as to the unfortunate gentleman's sanity, and his case was referred to two eminent physicians, who gave it as their opinion that he was affected by a temporary alienation of mind. He accordingly remains still in confinement. Mr. Gourlay is very indignant at the mental imputation, and has published certainly a very sane letter, declaring it unfounded. Our readers may, perhaps, recognise in this gentleman the name of the person who recently, by a protracted and rather stormy litigation with the Duke of Somerset, attracted so much public attention.

A petition was presented by Mr. Hume to the House, from a person of the name of Carlisle, who was convicted of publishing a blasphemous libel, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment. It appeared that the term of his imprisonment had for some time expired, but he was still detained on the non-payment of the fine. Considering himself therefore as a Crown debtor, he had forwarded the present petition. On the part of the Crown, it was denied that he was its debtor, and Mr. Peel de-



clared that he was obliged to order even a more strict confinement, in consequence of this man's asserting that, conceiving his further imprisonment illegal, he considered himself quite justified in putting every one to death who was hereafter accessory to it. As to the fine, it was quite necessary that those who were sentenced to such punishment, should remain for some time in confinement, or fines never would be paid; but non-payment of a fine never led to perpetual imprisonment. The petition was ordered to lie upon the table.

Mr. Lambton, in moving that a petition from Mr. Buckingham should be brought up, went at considerable length into the case of that gentleman. Mr. Buckingham, it appears, had been connected with the press in India, and in the year 1808 established a paper called the *Calcutta Journal*, which brought him in a profit of 8000*l.* per annum; the independent spirit of the paper gave offence to the government, the consequence of which was the prosecution and acquittal of Mr. Buckingham; he was soon after, however, banished from India by Mr. Adam, who succeeded Lord Hastings *pro tempore*, as was also his successor Mr. Arnot, and the paper itself was subsequently suppressed. The immediate cause of the removal of Mr. Buckingham was alleged to be his having rather freely commented on the appointment of a Doctor Brice, who was at the head of the Presbyterian Church in India, to supply the government offices with stationery—this appointment was afterwards cancelled by the Court of Directors, and censured by the Presbytery of Scotland as degrading to their body, and yet Mr. Buckingham was banished for having merely disapproved of it! The conduct of the Indian government was vindicated by the President of the Board of Control, on the ground that Mr. Buckingham had already commenced proceedings against Mr. Adam in a Court of Law, and that therefore the House should not interpose. The petitioner had been warned no less than five times not to continue the course he had commenced, on pain of the withdrawal of his licence; these admonitions, however, he had chosen to disregard, and Mr. Adam; in concur-

rence with the whole council, adopted the step for which, if wrong, he was legally responsible. As to the alleged tyranny of Lord Amherst, Mr. Canning declared that he would just as soon believe that he had become a tyger as a tyrant on arriving in India. Mr. Lambton, in reply, declared that Mr. Buckingham had publicly abandoned all legal proceedings; but that having done his duty in giving publicity to this case of oppression, he must add that he had never expected any redress from the House of Commons. The petition was ordered to lie upon the table, and to be printed.

Mr. Hume, after some very severe, but, as it appears to us, very just remarks as to the present practice of committees upon private bills, moved that all members interested in any private bill should be excluded from voting upon such bill in the committees held above stairs. In the course of the discussion, the way in which those committees were got up, and in which "wandering members" were brought in to vote, in utter ignorance of all anterior proceedings, was particularly commented on. Mr. Grenfell pointedly declared, that the mode of proceeding amounted not only to a perversion but to a denial of justice. Mr. Hume's motion was in some degree modified, and a select committee was appointed, with an injunction to report their minutes of proceedings, and also their opinions to the house.

On some papers connected with the slave trade being laid upon the table by Mr. Canning, Mr. Brougham declared that he had authentic intelligence that this traffic was carried on now with as much vigour in the ports of France, as before its pretended abolition by that government!

Sir James Mackintosh in presenting a petition from a body of London merchants praying for the recognition of the independence of such South American States as had achieved their freedom, entered at large into that interesting subject. Sir James said, the recognition which he meant was merely a practical measure, by which we should treat those states as independent, and establish with them the same relations and interests that we had been accustomed to maintain with ancient

governments. Such a recognition implied no alliance, no guarantee, no assistance, no approbation — with these things we had nothing to do — we had merely to maintain our own rights and security. Mr. Canning declared that this country had only thought it fair to Spain to give it the opportunity of a precedency on this subject, hoping she would avail herself of it; that hope was now at an end, and therefore we must act as we thought most expedient. At the same time, to continue the present discussion, might rather retard than precipitate the object in view. Government had taken means to arrive at that information by which alone it could be led to a decision.

Mr. Canning, adverting to a late treaty entered into between this country and the Netherlands, with respect to our East India possessions, stated, that we had acquired Singapore, got rid of the Dutch possessions which were a source of irritation to us on the Continent of India, and obtained a recognition of the principle of a free trade — as an equivalent for these advantages, we had only ceded Bencoolen, which cost us 87,000*l.* a-year, and agreed to a line of demarcation between the Dutch and British settlements in India. It was intended to place the new possessions under the administration of the East India Company.

Sir James Mackintosh gave notice of two motions for next session; one to amend the law of Copyright — the other to repeal the act of Geo. II., giving to the Lord Chamberlain, or his deputy, the right of licensing plays.

The proceedings in the House of Lords have been almost entirely destitute of interest during the last month. The County Courts Bill and the Cruelty to Animals Bill, which had both passed the Commons, were rejected by their Lordships. Earl Grey presented the Catholic Petition to which we adverted in our last, and declared, as did Mr. Brougham in the House of Commons, his dissent from certain parts of it. To what a wretched condition have these men reduced themselves, when even their own advocates are compelled thus to protect themselves from a participation in their absurdities. That Parliament are not inclined to

go at least to the extreme of illiberality, is evident from the fact of their unanimously passing a bill to enable the Duke of Norfolk to hold the now vacant office of Deputy Earl Marshal of England without taking those oaths by which Catholics have been hitherto excluded. Bills have also passed, restoring, through the Royal Grace, several attainted Scotch Peerages, amongst which is the Earldom of Mar.

Our domestic intelligence is almost confined to the parliamentary abstract.

There have been several balloon ascents lately, one of which, we lament to say, has terminated in the death of Mr. Harris the aeronaut. The unfortunate gentleman was accompanied by a female of the name of Stocks, and after a fine ascent unhappily let too much gas escape on his return, by which means the machine rapidly descended, and was found on the ground completely collapsed, with Mr. Harris in the car quite dead, and the female in a state of stupor; she has, however, since recovered. Mr. Graham made a successful ascent on the very day of Mr. Harris's funeral. The unfortunate deceased has left a widow and child. His father deposed upon the inquest, that he had often told him during the progress of the balloon that "he was building a machine which would be the death of him." A sad omen, and sadly verified.

Several occurrences have taken place in our Courts of Law within the last month not altogether unworthy of notice. No less than eight indictments have been tried during the last Old Bailey sessions, against poor illiterate wretches charged with selling the Age of Reason. These men, or rather boys, seemed to consider themselves quite as martyrs, and were sentenced to six months, two years, and three years' imprisonment for the same offence. The Recorder alleged the difference of the defences as the reason for the difference of punishment!

At the Surrey Sessions where Lord Eastnor presided, a gentleman of the name of O'Callaghan was found guilty of an assault upon a clergyman of the name of Saurin. Mr. O'Callaghan conceived that Mr. Saurin had insulted some ladies under



his protection, and the jury, after hearing the evidence, recommended the defendant to mercy on the ground that he had received "*the strongest provocation.*" The assault consisted in one blow struck with a switch which the defendant wrested out of Mr. Saurin's hand, and the Rev. Gentleman declared that he would have "MET" the defendant had his friends permitted! The Court sentenced the defendant to a month's imprisonment in the House of Correction, and to pay a fine of 20/!! Mr. O'Callaghan has been kept on bread and water—refused permission to purchase his own food, and not even allowed to see his friends except through an iron grating, where they are exposed to the severest inclemency of the weather. This treatment has excited a powerful sensation throughout the metropolis, and will, we hope, however grievous towards the individual, produce some benefit to the public. We believe the case from beginning to the end to be unparalleled in the annals of this country.

Mr. John Hunt has been at last sentenced for the publication of the *Vision of Judgment*, a libel on the late King. He was fined 100/. The King's Bench have done themselves infinite credit by such a sentence. Justice adds much to its dignity, and loses nothing of its force by being tempered with mercy.

#### AGRICULTURE.

The variations in the weather have been as great during the latter part of May, and the whole of June, as at any other period of the present year. The temperature of the air has been continually changeable—the middle of the day warm, and the morning and evening cold, with the wind generally north or north-east, bringing with it some very severe frosts. The late rains have, however, much altered the general appearance of the crops upon the light warm soils for the better, while those upon the wet cold lands are not at all improved. The wheats are upon the whole, however, looking well; but it is still doubtful whether the crop will be very productive. The barleys have not entirely recovered from the severe check they received; upon the high heath lands they are almost perished, notwithstanding the late rains. The grasses were expected to have been very heavy, owing to the excellent appearance of the layers in the winter; if the length be not great, the bottom is generally excellent. In

some parts the hay harvest has begun with good promise. For the ensuing turnip crop the farmers are in active preparation. Swedes are already sown in many places, and are got in well. The markets have been very dull during the last month, notwithstanding the small arrivals, and the prices have consequently fallen most particularly for inferior samples of wheat.

The average arrivals during the month have been of—wheat 6090 quarters; barley 1576 quarters; oats 16,662 quarters; English flour 5560 sacks; foreign flour 716 bolls; and the average prices for the week ending June 5th, for wheat 63s. 8d.; barley 32s. 2d.; and oats 26s. 4d. Flour continues exceedingly dull, and fetches from 55s. to 60s. per sack.

The reports respecting the hop plantations are various. Those from Maidstone represent the vines as having made but small progress of late in consequence of the cold, while the Worcester statements give a favourable account; the vines are said to be growing rapidly, and gaining so much strength, that at least half a crop is expected. The duty is laid at 130,000/.

Oak bark fetches from 8/ to 10/ a ton; and the wool trade is brisk, but the prices are nominal.

In Smithfield the market for beef and lamb is higher, but the mutton trade is dull.

Mr. Sutton's Pamphlet containing the recipe for the destruction of the turnip fly is published. The opinions of agriculturists concerning its efficacy are very conflicting, some representing it as a "mere catch," while others speak of it in high terms. His method, as it will be seen, certainly goes completely contrary to the established opinion, that the seed should be sown immediately after the ploughing. The plan which Mr. Sutton offers to the public is very simple, and, what is also a most important consideration, may be tried at an extremely small expense. Whether it will be found to answer upon a large scale is yet to be determined, the experiments having been limited in their extent. The attention of Mr. Sutton was particularly directed to this subject by the following circumstance. He says, "Early in the summer of the year 1822, when the weather was extremely hot, and the ground quite parched, I had a piece of land of about twenty perches, which was dug up and prepared for a crop of turnips—but on account of the dry weather that prevailed, I did not sow it till eight or ten days after, when a little rain fell. I immediately, for the same purpose, prepared several other plats of ground in the same garden, the whole of which I sowed with turnip seed at the same time. All the plants came up well; but in the course of a few days, all

that had been sown on the last prepared land were completely destroyed by the fly; while, to my great astonishment, those that had been sown on the twenty perches of stale fallow remained untouched, and in a prosperous state. Nor were there any traces of the insect to be discovered on the latter ground, except on its edges, which lay contiguous to the pieces which had been destroyed, and where the fly remained in such large numbers, that when I examined some cabbage leaves which I had thrown on that part of the ground, they were literally black with the insects which in the extremity of hunger had collected upon them."

To ascertain the cause of this partial attack, Mr. Sutton made several experiments, of which this is one:

"I took a quantity of fresh earth and put it into a hot oven, till it was thoroughly baked; I then took a similar quantity of fresh earth from the same place; I put both quantities into large pots, and when duly moistened I sowed turnip seed in each, placed them in a good sunny situation, and carefully covered them with glass lights. In a few days the plants made their appearance, and the following important result was the consequence:—the plants which were contained in the pot of baked earth had not a single fly upon them, while those in the other pot were soon destroyed by the insect."

From this and other experiments Mr. Sutton was led to suppose that by allowing the ground to continue exposed eight or ten days to the action of the sun the flies would totally disappear, and then the seed might be sown in safety. The following is the substance of his directions for the preparation of the land.

The soil must undergo the usual ploughing and cleaning about a fortnight previous to sowing. Five or six days afterwards the flies will rise, and if the soil be well cleaned they will soon perish. The more the land is ploughed and moved, the more effectually will the fly be destroyed. After the land has lain three or four days, care must be taken to cut up all the weeds that may have grown; for no food must be left for the flies. In order to ascertain if the fly be destroyed, cabbage leaves must be thrown here and there on the land; and if there be any flies, the leaves will soon be covered; if no flies should appear, the seed may then be sown, but without turning up the land again, as that would bring more eggs to the surface. If the weather should be cloudy or wet, a longer period must be allowed for the destruction of the fly; for it has been ascertained that these insects are able to remain much longer without food in cloudy or wet than in warm dry weather.

Such is the substance of the plan; its efficacy will now shortly be proved. If it

is successful, it will render a hitherto precarious but very important crop in a comparative degree perfectly secure.

#### COMMERCE.

June 22, 1824.

Nothing worthy of particular attention has occurred since our last report, except that some uneasiness has been excited by the passing of a new tariff by the Senate at Washington, which, if carried into effect, will prove greatly detrimental to the British merchants; but the Senate having made several amendments, which were transmitted to the Representatives, it was thought probable that the bill would be ultimately lost.

*Cotton.*—The market has, on the whole, been rather dull for the last month; the first week in June was the most favourable, when about 2000 bags were sold. The fluctuations both here and at Liverpool have been insignificant. The sales at Liverpool, in four weeks, ending 19th of June, were 43,040 bags; the arrivals 39,270 bags.

*Sugar.*—The demand has, on the whole, been good and steady, especially for the good qualities of Muscovades; last week the market was dull, but without a reduction of the prices. Numerous arrivals being looked for the buyers hold back, expecting a better show, and lower prices.

In the refined market there was a considerable improvement last week; about 1000 casks crushed were purchased, a great proportion for the Mediterranean; there were also parcels of lumps taken for Hambro, and as there was still a scarcity of goods the prices advanced 1s. to 2s.; the improvement was chiefly in the low and middling descriptions; the fine was little varied.—Molasses were 25s. 6d. to 26s. the former the nearest quotation.

In the refined market this forenoon the purchases of crushed from 33s. to 35s. are very considerable; there were also many inquiries for lumps; none offer under 76s., and so very few are to be purchased even at that rate, that several parcels are reported to be under contract for forward delivery.—Molasses remain at last week's prices, buyers at 25s. 6d.

No purchases of foreign sugars by private contract are reported.

*Coffee.*—The market has been on the whole steady.

The public sales last week were considerable, the Jamaica, Demerara, and Berbice, went off steadily at the previous prices: the Dominica sold at an advance of 2s. to 3s. per cwt.; St. Domingo declined 1s. per cwt. very good quality being sold at 60s. to 61s. 6d.

There were three public sales this forenoon; 335 bags St. Domingo sold at previous prices, good ordinary colour 61s. to



61s. 6d. fine ordinary 62s. 6d.; 262 bags from Laguira, fine ordinary 63s.; all the finer descriptions of coffee sold again at a further advance of 2s. to 3s. per cwt.; fine ordinary Dominica 72s. to 73s. 6d.; good middling Jamaica 96s. to 97s. — Generally the coffee market is firm, with every prospect of a further improvement.

*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.*—The market remains in a languid and depressed state; the purchases by private contract are quite inconsiderable. By public sale last week, 80 puncheons fine Jamaica rum, landed in 1823, sold, 36 to 40 O. P. at 2s. 2d. to 2s. 3d. average 40 at 2s. 4d.—Brandy continues very dull; free on board to arrive 2s. 6d. housed 2s. 7d.—In Geneva there is no alteration to notice.

*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.*—The tallow market continues in a very depressed state;

the new yellow candle tallow may be quoted 34s. to 34s. 3d.; old 33s.—For July and August shipments 35s. 3d. to 35s. 6d.; free on board 29s.—Hemp 35l. 5s. to 35l. 10s.; and for July and August shipments 35l. 12s. 6d.—In flax there is little alteration to notice; St. Petersburg 12-head 43l. to 44l.—In the Exchange there is no alteration, nine 7-16ths.

*Oils.*—Little is doing in fish oils; the first intelligence respecting the result of the fishery is anxiously expected.

*Tea* having declined considerably, great interest was felt in the India House sale, which began on the first of this month. The Bohea and Congou sold rather lower than at the preceding sale; no alteration has since taken place, except that low Hyson Skins bear a premium of 1½d. per lb.

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## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the press:—

Dr. Forbes, of Chichester, will shortly publish a Translation of Avenbrugger, and a Series of Original Cases and Dissections, illustrating the utility of the Stethoscope and Percussion.

An Enquiry into the Duties and Perplexities of Medical Men as Witnesses in Courts of Justice: with Cautions, and Directions for their Guidance, by J. G. Smith, MD.

A Diagram, Illustrative of the Formation of the Human Character, suggested by Mr. Owen's Developement of a New View of Society.

Memoirs of the Rose, Comprising Botanical, Poetical, and Miscellaneous Recollections of that celebrated Flower, in a Series of Letters to a Lady, 1 vol. royal 18mo.

Patmos and other Poems, by James Edmeston, Author of Sacred Lyrics, in One Volume. Published for the Benefit of Benevolent Institutions connected with the Churches and Congregations of the Rev. H. F. Burder, and of the Rev. F. A. Cox, of Hackney.

The Rev. T. Arnold, MA. late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, has been for many years employed in writing a History of Rome from the earliest Times to the Death of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. The First Volume, from the Rise of the Roman State to the Formation of the Second Triumvirate, A. U. C. 710; B. C. 44. will soon be published.

Five Years' Residence in the Canadas, including a Tour through the United States of America in 1823, by E. A. Talbot, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

A Voyage to Cochin China. By Lieut. White, of the United States Navy.

A Chronological History of the West Indies. By Capt. Thomas Southey. In 3 vols. 8vo.

Tales of a Traveller. By the Author of the Sketch Book.

The Human Heart. 1 vol. post 8vo.

Sylvan Sketches, by the Author of Flora Domestica. One vol. 8vo.

The Remains of Robert Bloomfield, consisting of Unpublished Pieces in Prose and Poetry, will be published in a few days, for the exclusive benefit of his widow.

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## WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

### *Fine Arts.*

Physiognomical Portraits. One Hundred distinguished Characters, from undoubted Originals, engraved by the most eminent British Artists. 2 Vols. Imperial 8vo. 10l. 10s.; India Proofs 4to. 21l.

Illustrations of the Historical Romances, in Six Plates. 12mo. 6s.—8vo. 9s. Proofs 13s.

### *History and Biography.*

Life and Remains of the Rev. Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Professor of Mine-

ralogy in the University of Cambridge. By the Rev. William Otter. 4to. 3l. 3s.

History of Mexico, from the Spanish Conquest to the present Æra. By Nicholas Mill, Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Memoirs of Henry the Great, and of the Court of France during his Reign. 2 Vols. 8vo. 24s.

Biography of Celebrated Roman Characters, with Anecdotes of their Lives and Actions. By the Rev. W. Bingley, MA. 12mo. 7s.

Natural History of Quadrupeds for Children, with Plates. 12mo. 4s.

Grecian Stories, by Maria Hack. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of the Right Hon. George Baillie, of Jerviswood, and of Lady Griselda Baillie. By their Daughter, Lady Murray, of Stanhope. 7s. 6d.

History of Suli and Parga, containing their Chronology and their Wars, particularly those with Ali Pacha, Prince of Greece. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

#### *Medicine and Surgery.*

Harrison on the Arteries. Vol. I. 5s.

#### *Miscellaneous.*

The Etymologic Interpreter, or Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. Part I. by James Gilchrist. 8vo. 8s.

Notes of the War in Spain. By Thos. Steel, Esq. MA. 8vo. 9s.

Boxiana, Vol. IV. 8vo. 18s.

Views of Calcutta and its Environs, from Drawings executed by James B. Fraser, Esq. Part I. 2l. 2s.

The Butterfly Collector's Vade Mecum, or a Synoptical Table of English Butterflies. 12mo. 5s.

Account of the Bell Rock Light House. By Robert Stevenson, Civil Engineer. Royal 4to. with Engravings, 5l. 5s.

An Inquiry into the Principles of the Distribution of Wealth most conducive to Human Happiness. By William Thompson. 8vo. 14s.

Noontide Leisure, or Sketches in Summer. By Nathan Drake, MD. 2 Vols. 18s.

The Sweepings of my Study, 7s. 6d.

A Key, or Familiar Introduction to the Science of Botany, 5s.

Edinburgh Annual Register for 1823. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Narration of the Conversion and Death of Count Struensee. With Notes. By the Rev. Thomas Rennell, BD. 8vo. 8s.

Gesta Romanorum, or entertaining Moral Stories invented by the Monks. Translated by the Rev. Charles Swan. 2 Vols. 12mo. 18s.

#### *Novels and Tales.*

Redgauntlet: a Tale of the 18th Cen-

tury. By the Author of Waverley. 3 Vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Tales from afar. By a Clergyman lately resident abroad, Author of an Alpine Tale; Tales from Switzerland, &c. &c.

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The Witch Finder: a Romance. By the Author of the Lollards, &c. 3 Vols. 1l. 1s.

Historical Romances of the Author of Waverley. Miniature Edit. 6 Vols. 18mo. 2l. 2s.

#### *Poetry and the Drama.*

Poems from the Portuguese of Louis De Camoens, with Remarks on his Life and Writings, Notes, &c. &c. By Lord Viscount Strangford, a new Edition, 7s.

Posthumous Poems, of Percy Bysshe Shelley. 8vo. 15s.

Letters in Rhyme from a Mother at Home to her Children at School. 18mo. Price 2s. extra boards.

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The Widow of the City of Nain; and the Outlaw of Taurus. By the Rev. Thos. Dale. New Editions, 5s. 6d. each, sewed.

The Tragedies of Sophocles. Translated by the Rev. Thos. Dale. 2 Vols. 8vo. 25s.

The Silent River, and Faithful and Forsaken. Dramatic Poems. By Robert Sullivan. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. boards.

#### *Theology.*

Sunday Enjoyments; or Religion made Pleasant to Children. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

The Relapse; or True and False Morality. Foolscap, 5s.

Love to God. By the Rev. Jas. Joyce, AM. Second Edition, 8vo. 9s.

#### *Voyages and Travels.*

Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont, and Researches among the Vaudois, or Waldenses, Protestant Inhabitants of the Cottian Alps. By the Rev. William Stephen Gilly, MA. 4to. 2l. 2s.

Tour in Germany, and some of the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire. 1820—1822. 2 Vols. 12mo. 16s.

Letters from North America, Written during a Tour in the United States and Canada. By Adam Hodgson. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

Six Months' Residence and Travels in Mexico. By W. Bullock, FLS. 8vo. 13s.

A Tour on the Continent through Part of France, Switzerland, and Italy, in the Years 1817 and 1818. By Roger Hog, Esq. Author of Adelaide de Grammont and Poems. 8s.



## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. J. R. Buckland, BD. Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, elected head master of Uppingham School, Rutland, on the resignation of Rev. T. Roberts, MA.—Rev. W. S. Gilly, MA. Rector of North Fambridge, Essex, elected Preacher to the Philanthropic Society, in the room of the Rev. Dr. Yates, resigned.—Rev. J. Goodenough, BCL. of Balliol College, Oxford, presented to the Rectory of Godmanstone, and the Perpetual Curacy of Nether Cerne, in the county of Dorset.—The Rev. James Donne, jun. MA. of St. John's College, Cambridge, instituted to the Vicarage of St. Paul's, Bedford, on the presentation of Lord Viscount Carteret.—The Lord Chancellor has presented the following Gentlemen to the under-mentioned Livings:—The Rev. Thomas S. Gosset, MA. to the Vicarage of Old Windsor; the Rev. Dr. French, Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, to the Vicarage of Creetingham, in the county of Suffolk; the Rev. Solomon Piggott, to the Rectory of Dunstable, in Bedfordshire; the Rev. James Millner, to the Vicarage of Cudham, in the county of Kent.—Rev. Henry Michael Wagner, MA. late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, presented to the Vicarage of Brighton, vacated by the promotion of Dr. Carr to the Bishopric of Chichester.—Rev. Henry George Liddell, MA. instituted by the Bishop of Chester, to the Rectory of Kenaldkirk, Yorkshire, on the presentation of the trustees of the late Earl of Strathmore.—Rev. John Thomas Grant, to the Rectory of Butlerlagh, in the county of Devon.—Rev. Rob. Tredcroft, to the Rectory of West Itchnor, in the county of Sussex.—Rev. Cornelius Pitt, to the Rectory of Hasleton, with Enworth Chapel, in the county of Gloucester.—The Rev. James Knight,

AM. of Halifax, appointed Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Sheffield, vice the late Rev. Thomas Cotterill.—The Rev. Charles Heathcote, MA. of Trinity College, Cambridge, elected a Chaplain of that Society, vice the Rev. W. Hildyard, MA.—A dispensation has passed the Great Seal to enable the Rev. J. S. Hewett, DD. Chaplain of Downing College, and late Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, to hold the Rectory of Ewhurst, with the Rectory of Rotherhithe, Surrey.—The Rev. W. Kaye Hett, BA. has been appointed Master of Heighington School, near Lincoln.

OXFORD, June 5.—The Chancellor's Prizes for this year have been adjudged as follows:

Latin Essay.—"Coloniæ apud Græcos et Romanos inter se Comparatio." Edward Bouverie Pusey, BA. of Christ Church, now Fellow of Oriel College.

English Essay.—"Athens in the time of Pericles, and Rome in the time of Augustus." William Ralph Churton, BA. of Queen's College, now Fellow of Oriel College.

Latin Verses.—"Babylon." Robert William Mackay, Commoner of Brasenose College.

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize.—English Verse.—"The Arch of Titus." John Thomas Hope, Commoner of Christ Church.

The whole Number of Degrees in Easter Term was DD. four; DCL. one; BD. seven; BCL. one; MA. forty-one; BA. sixty-two; Matriculations, eighty-nine.

CAMBRIDGE, June 11.—The Chancellor's Gold Medal for the best English Poem by a resident undergraduate, is adjudged to Winthrop Mackworth Praed, Scholar of Trinity College. Subject, Athens.

## BIRTHS.

May 24, 1824.—At Pradoc, the Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, a son.

31. In Upper Harley-street, the lady of Chas. Montague Williams, Esq. a daughter.

June 3.—The lady of Captain Franklin, RN. a daughter.

3. The lady of Thos. Beckwith, Esq. of Bedford-place, a daughter.

10. At Balham Hill, Surrey, Mrs. Henry Harford, a son and heir.

—At Holbrook Hall, Suffolk, the lady of Captain Job Hamner, RN. a son.

11. In Old Broad-street, the lady of Dr. Birkbeck, a son.

—In Tavistock-place, the lady of F. W. Sumner, Esq. a son.

13. At Park-house, Maidstone, the lady of Sir H. R. Calder, Bart., a son.

14. The lady of Jas. Heygate, Jun. Esq. a daughter.

15. The lady of Dr. Seymour, of George-street, Hanover Square, a son.

## MARRIAGES.

May 26.—At Lewisham, by the Hon. and Right Rev. the Bishop of Oxford, James Steward, Esq. to Eliza, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Waite, of Lewisham Hill.

27. At Lowestoft, John Barnard Turner, Esq. Grandson of the late Sir Barnard Turner, Knt. to Charlotte Louisa, third daughter of the late Col. Belford, formerly of the Blues.

29. At St. Pancras, Thos. Pilkington, Esq. of Habberley, to Harriet Alice, widow of Major Watkins, of the 56th Regiment.

June 1.—At Berry Pomeroy, Totness, Devonshire, Henry Richard Roe, Esq. of Knaton House, to Anne Maria, eldest daughter of Christopher Farwell, Esq. of Totness.

—Sir Daniel Williams, of Whitehall, Glamorganshire, to Ann, second daughter of the late Henry Jones, Esq. of Maesychochan House, Monmouthshire.

—At St. Luke's, Chelsea, Dr. Veitch, to Mary, widow of the late Capt. Jermyn, RN.

—At Sunbury, David Ricardo, Esq. of Gatcomb

Park, Gloucestershire, to Catherine, youngest daughter of the late Thos. William St. Quintin, Esq. of Scampston, Yorkshire.

1. At Great Houghton, Northamptonshire, Capt. Croxton, of the Bengal Artillery, to Charlotte, second daughter of the Rev. Richard Williams, Rector of that place, and Prebendary of Lincoln.

2. Sir David Jones, of Penguin Hall, Glamorganshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Rees Edwards, of Neath.

3. At Islington, Robt. Bell, Esq. Barrister-at-law, to Margaret, second daughter of the late Capt. Peter Gordon, of the Wellesley East Indiaman.

7. Falconer Atlee, Esq. of West-hill House, Surrey, to Emma, daughter of the late Daniel Hardingham Wilson, Esq. and Grand-daughter of John Foote, Esq. of Charlton Place, Kent.

—At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Hon. Captain W. L. Fitzgerald De Roos, of the First Regiment of Life Guards, to Lady Georgiana Lenox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond. After partaking of a grand dinner at Earl Bathurst's, the new-married couple set off for his Lordship's seat at Cirencester to spend the honey-moon.

—At Tunbridge Wells, Wm. Thomas Thornton, Esq. second son of the late Edmund Thornton, Esq. of Whittington Hall, Lancashire, to Cornelia Harriet Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Col. Halkett, of Craigie Hall, in the county of Fife, NB.

10. At Milford, Hants, John Kingsmill, Esq. of Cavendish-square, to Eliza Katherine, only surviving daughter of the late Sir Robt. Kingsmill, Bart. of Sidmouth House in that county.

—At St. Pancras, Charles Gonne, Esq. of York-place, Portman Square, to Susanna, second daughter of Daniel Beale, Esq. of Fitzroy Square.

Lately at Newbury, the Rev. F. Milman, Rector of St. Mary's, Reading, and Author of the "Fall of Jerusalem," &c. to Arabella, youngest daughter of Gen. Cockell.

12. At Newcastle, Thos. P. Lang, Esq. of the 13th Light Dragoons, to Ann Mary, second daughter of the late Job Bulman, Esq. of Cox Lodge, Northumberland.

15. At Chesham, Captain E. J. Samuel, of the Madras Cavalry, to Ann, eldest daughter of the late J. Field, Esq. of Chesham Hall, Bucks.  
 — At St. Ann's, Limehouse, Joseph Hunter, Esq. of Whitby, Yorkshire, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of the late Luke Lyons, Esq. of Shadwell.  
 16. The Rev. John Hewlett, BA. of Peppard, near Henley on Thames, and of Worcester College, Oxford, to Charlotte Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Hewlett, of Oxford.  
 — At Clifton, Thomas Baillie, Esq. of Hanwell Park, Middlesex, to Elizabeth, second daughter of T. M. Hall, Esq. of Erina, county of Clare.  
 — By the very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle, Cramer Roberts, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late C. Gowen, Esq.  
 19. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Captain Fox, son of Lord Holland, to Miss Mary Fitz-Clarence. The Duke of York gave away the bride; and the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, and Lord and Lady Holland were present at the ceremony.

## ABROAD.

- At Paris, Geo. Mundy, Esq. only son of the late Admiral Sir G. Mundy, KCB, to Alicia, eldest daughter of Thomas Strickland, Esq. of La Sagerie, near Tours, and formerly of Elm Grove near Liverpool.  
 At Hamburg, Chas. D. Tolme, Esq. of that City, to Eliza, widow of the late Advocate Jacobsen, of Altona.

## DEATHS.

- May 13.—At Bridgenorth, Shropshire, in his 85th year, Wm. Haslewood, Esq. who served as Captain in the 63d Regiment in the American War, when all his superior officers having fallen in battle, he commanded the Regiment for many months; but being subsequently disappointed in his expectations of promotion he retired from the service.  
 21. In his 84th year, at his seat, Hawkestone, Shropshire, Sir John Hill, Bart.  
 23. Suddenly in his 71st year, at Birmingham, on his way from his seat at Putney, to Manchester, Jas. Ackers, Esq. of Lark Hill. He served the office of High Sheriff for the county of Lancashire in 1800.  
 23. At Mrs. Hawkes's, Clapham Common, aged 17, Susan Elizabeth, eldest daughter of J. Cousins, Esq. of Weymouth, and niece of Lord Audley, and the Marchioness of Waterford.  
 — At Belvidere, in his 54th year, the Hon. S. E. Eardley, only son of Lord Eardley.  
 27. At Edgebaston-house, near Birmingham, Sarah, wife of W. Francis, Esq.  
 — In Lower Brook-street, Mrs. Rattray, widow of the late Colonel John Rattray, of Craighall, Perthshire.  
 28. At his Chambers, Bernard's Inn, in his 76th year, Philip Neve, Esq. Barrister-at-law, a Commissioner of Bankrupts, and a Magistrate for the county of Middlesex.  
 31. At Bath, after a long illness, the lady of Sir George Abercrombie Robinson, Bart.  
 — C. M. Powell, Marine Painter, who has left a widow and eight children in extreme distress.  
 June 1.—R. Filmer, Esq. of Upper Montague-street, Russell-square, son of the late Sir Edm. Filmer, Bart. and brother to Sir John Filmer, of East Sutton Park, Kent.  
 3. At his house, at Brighton, Abigail, wife of M. Mocatta, Esq.  
 — At Ford's Grove, near Winchmore Hill, Sarah Thomasin, wife of Edward Busk, Esq. in her 53d year.  
 4. At the Parsonage, East Horseley, Surrey, aged 70, the Rev. John Owen, Rector of that Parish, and of St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf; Archdeacon of Richmond, Yorkshire, and Chaplain General to his Majesty's Forces. His remains were interred at East Horseley on the 11th. He is reported to have left two or three large legacies to the Bible and Missionary Societies, and half the remainder of his fortune, said to be upwards of 100,000*l.* to his nephew, Joseph Beardmore, Esq. his sole male relative. Mr. Owen was in the East Indies from about 1783 to 1793, with the Duke of York in the Expedition to Holland,

and with the Duke of Wellington in Portugal. He was appointed to the Chaplain-Generalcy in 1812.

6. At Chartley Castle, his father's seat, Lord Viscount Tamworth, son of the Earl of Ferrers, of an inflammation in the bowels.  
 — At Margate, R. E. Hunter, MD. FLS.  
 — At Ammersdown Park, Somersetshire, having nearly completed his 78th year, Thomas Samuel Jolliffe, Esq. This gentleman formerly mingled in the most brilliant circles of the metropolis, and sat in several parliaments during the administration of Lord North, and the commencement of that of Mr. Pitt. Of late years he resided entirely in the country.  
 7. At Croom's Hall, Greenwich, aged 19, the lady of Captain Cruickshank.  
 9. In South Audley-street, Thos. Chevalier, FRS. FLS. and FHS. Surgeon in ordinary to the King, and Professor of Anatomy and Surgery at the Royal College of Surgeons.  
 — Suddenly of apoplexy, at his house, the Craven's Head, Drury-lane, W. Oxberry. This excellent actor in the walk of low comedy was born in 1784, and was originally designed for an artist, for which purpose he was placed with the late Mr. Stubbs; but he soon relinquished the pencil, and was apprenticed to a printer. About this time he acquired a taste for theatrical pursuits, after which he joined some itinerant companies, and at length made his *début* at Covent-garden, in Nov. 1807. Since this period he has always been engaged at some one of the London houses, and had, just previously to his decease, entered into an engagement with Mr. Elliston, for the term of three years.  
 10. At Walton-on-Thames, in his 6th year, Henry Charles, only son of the Hon. Grey Bennet.  
 12. At Trinity College, Cambridge, in his 64th year, the Rev. Thomas Lee, DD. who presided over that society 16 years.  
 16. At Cambridge, Diana Elizabeth, wife of Sir Brodrick Chinnery, Bart. of Flintfield, county of Cork, and daughter of the late George Vernon, Esq. of Clontarf-castle, near Dublin.  
 17. After a few days' illness, in Lower Grosvenor-street, the Right Hon. Lord Henry Thomas Howard Molyneux Howard, brother to the Duke of Norfolk; Deputy Earl Marshall, and MP. for Steyning.  
 Late, in Grosvenor-street, the Hon. Mrs. Henrietta S. Walpole, in her 93d year.
- ABROAD.
- At Paris, at an advanced age, Sir M. Cromie, Bart.  
 At Paris, aged 85, General John Murray, father of Major-General Murray, late Governor of Demerara.  
 At Montcallier, near Turin (May 26th), in his 73d year, Capel Lofft, Esq. of Troston Hall, near Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk. This gentleman, who was the nephew of the late Edmund Capel, Esq. the Commentator on Shakspeare, was educated for the bar, and published many works on subjects connected with his profession, but he was known also to the literary world in general as a man of very various acquirements, being well versed in Mathematics, Classics, Poetry, Music, and Criticism; and by his contributions to the Monthly Magazine, and other journals. He was the first patron of the late Robert Bloomfield, to whose *Farmer's Boy* he prefixed a preface. Mr. Lofft was twice married, first to a daughter of Mr. Emlyn of Windsor (the surviving children of which marriage are a son, in the military service of the East India Company, and a daughter);—secondly, to a daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Finch of Cambridge, by whom he had two daughters (now in Italy with their mother), and a son, at Eton. In 1816 he retired to the Continent, where he resided until his death. As a poet he was particularly successful in the Sonnet, of which he gave some elegant specimens in a collection published under the title of *Laura*, in 5 vols.  
 At Bombay, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, S. P. W. Johnson, Esq. Assistant Secretary to his Majesty's government at Ceylon, eldest son of Sir Alexander Johnson.  
 At Demerara, aged 27, Robert Roberts, Esq. attorney-at-law, eldest son of E. Roberts, Esq. of North Brixton.